This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HDI
HW 3MR6 E

P161.7

Harvard College Library

FROM THE LIBRARY OF

FRANKLIN HAVEN

OF BOSTON

AND OF

FRANKLIN HAVEN, JR.

(Class of 1857)

GIFT OF

MARY E. HAVEN

July 2, 1914

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

NOV. 1814.....FEB. 1815.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. XXIV.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by David Willison,
FOR ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND COMPANY, EDINBURGH: AND
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND BROWN,
LONDON.

1815.

Digitized by Google

F P 161.7

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
MARY E. HAVEN
JULY 2, 1914.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF No. XLVII.

ART. I. The Excursion, being a portion of the Recluse, a Poem. By William Wordsworth - p. 1

II. On the Light of the Cassegrainian Telescope, compared with that of the Gregorian. By Captain Henry Kater, Brigade-Major - - 31

III. The History of Fiction: being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present age. By John Dunlop - - - 38

IV. Select Passages of the Writings of St Chrysostom, St Gregory Nazianzen, and St Basil. Translated from the Greek by Hugh Stuart Boyd - 58

V. An Account of the Systems of Husbandry adopted in the more improved Districts of Scotland: with some Observations on the Improvements of which they are susceptible. By the Right Honourable Sir John Sinclair, Bart.

General Report of the Agricultural State and Political Circumstances of Scotland: Drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, under the Directions of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, the President - 72

VI. Publications concerning the Revival of the Slave Trade 106

VII. Researches concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient Inhabitants of America: with Descriptions of the most striking Scenes in the Cordilleras. Written in French by Alexander de Humboldt; and translated into English by Helen Maria Williams - - - - - 133

VIII. The Queen's Wake, a Legendary Poem. By James Hogg - - - - - - 157

IX. Anster Fair, a Poem in Six Cantos. With other Poems. By W. Tennant - - - 174

Digitized by Google

ART. X. Memorial of M. Carnot, Lieutenant-General in the French Army, Knight of the Order of St Louis, Member of the Legion of Honour, and of the Institute of France. Addressed to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. Translated from the French Manuscript Copy. To which is subjoined, a Sketch of M. Carnot's Life, together with some remarkable Speeches which he made on former occasions in the National Convention and Tribunate. By Lewis Goldsmith, Author of The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte, &c. - p. 182

XI. Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since - - 208

XII. Letters from Canada, written during a Residence there in the Years 1806, 1807, and 1808; showing the present State of Canada, its Productions, Trade, Commercial Importance, and Political Relations: Exhibiting also the Commercial Importance of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, &c. By Hugh Gray.

The Right and Practice of Impressment, as concerning Great Britain and America, considered - 243

Quarterly List of New Publications - - 265

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS OF No. XLVIII.

ART. I. The Lord of the Isles. A Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. - - - - - - p. 273

II. An Inquiry concerning the Rise and Progress, the Redemption and Present State, and the Management of the National Debt of Great Britain. By Robert Hamilton, LL. D. F. R. S. E. &c. - - - 294

III. The Wanderer: or, Female Difficulties. A Novel, by Madame D'Arblay - - - - 320

IV. A short Account of Experiments and Instruments, depending on the Relations of Air to Heat and Moisture. By John Leslie, F. R. S. E. &c. - - 339

V. Researches in Greece. By William Martin-Leake 353

VI. Additional Observations on the Effects of Magnesia, in preventing an increased Formation of Uric Acid: With Remarks on the Influence of Acids upon the Composition of the Urine. By William Thomas Brande Esq. F. R. S. &c. - - - 369

VII. A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, embellished with Plans of the Battles of the Moskwa, and Malo-Jaroslavitz, containing a faithful Description of the affecting and interesting Scenes of which the Author was an Eyewitness. By Eugene Labaume - - - - 374

VIII. The Paradise of Coquettes: A Poem, in Nine Parts 397

IX. Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean; performed by Order of the Government of the United States, in the Years 1804, 1805, 1806. By Captains Lewis and Clarke - - - 412

X. Observations on the Functions of the Brain. By Sir Everard Home, Bart. F. R. S. - - 439

XI. Publications respecting Joanna Southcott - 452

XII. The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa in the Year 1805, by Mungo Park: Together with other Documents, Official and Private, relative to the same Expedition: To which is prefixed, an Account of the Life of Mr Park - - 471

Digitized by Google

ART. XIII. Observations on the Effects of the Corn Laws, and of a Rise or Fall in the Price of Corn on the Agriculture and general Wealth of the Country. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus. And,
The Grounds of an Opinion on the Policy of Restricting the Importation of Foreign Corn, intended as an Appendix to 'Observations on the Corn Laws.' By the Same - - - p. 491
XIV. Tracts; on the Spirit of Conquest, the Liberty of the Press, Constitutions and Ministerial Responsibility. By Benjamin de Constant.
A Visit to Paris in 1814. By John Scott.
Notes on a Journey through France. By Moses Birkbeck - - - - 505
Quarterly List of New Publications - 537
Index - - - - - 550

Digitized by Google

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

NOVEMBER 1814.

1-30

No. XLVII.

ART. I. *The Excursion, being a portion of the Recluse, a Poem.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 4to. pp. 447. London, 1814.

THIS will never do. It bears no doubt the stamp of the author's heart and fancy; but unfortunately not half so visibly as that of his peculiar system. His former poems were intended to recommend that system, and to bespeak favour for it by their individual merit;—but this, we suspect, must be recommended by the system—and can only expect to succeed where it has been previously established. It is longer, weaker, and tamer, than any of Mr Wordsworth's other productions; with less boldness of originality, and less even of that extreme simplicity and lowliness of tone which wavered so prettily, in the Lyrical Ballads, between silliness and pathos. We have imitations of Cowper, and even of Milton here, engrafted on the natural drawl of the Lakers—and all diluted into harmony by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of this school of poetry, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style.

Though it fairly fills four hundred and twenty good quarto pages, without note, vignette, or any sort of extraneous assistance, it is stated in the title—with something of an imprudent candour—to be but 'a portion' of a larger work; and in the preface, where an attempt is rather unsuccessfully made to explain the whole design, it is still more rashly disclosed, that it is but 'a part of the second part of a *long* and laborious work'—which is to consist of three parts.

What Mr Wordsworth's ideas of length are, we have no means of accurately judging; but we cannot help suspecting that they are liberal, to a degree that will alarm the weakness of most modern readers. As far as we can gather from the pre-

Digitized by Google

face, the entire poem—or one of them, for we really are not sure whether there is to be one or two—is of a biographical nature; and is to contain the history of the author's mind, and of the origin and progress of his poetical powers, up to the period when they were sufficiently matured to qualify him for the great work on which he has been so long employed. Now, the quarto before us contains an account of one of his youthful rambles in the vales of Cumberland, and occupies precisely the period of three days; so that, by the use of a very powerful *calculus*, some estimate may be formed of the probable extent of the entire biography.

This small specimen, however, and the statements with which it is prefaced, have been sufficient to set our minds at rest in one particular. The case of Mr Wordsworth, we perceive, is now manifestly hopeless; and we give him up as altogether incurable, and beyond the power of criticism. We cannot indeed altogether omit taking precautions now and then against the spreading of the malady;—but for himself, though we shall watch the progress of his symptoms as a matter of professional curiosity and instruction, we really think it right not to harass him any longer with nauseous remedies,—but rather to throw in cordials and lenitives, and wait in patience for the natural termination of the disorder. In order to justify this desertion of our patient, however, it is proper to state why we despair of the success of a more active practice.

A man who has been for twenty years at work on such matter as is now before us, and who comes complacently forward with a whole quarto of it after all the admonitions he has received, cannot reasonably be expected to 'change his hand, or check his pride,' upon the suggestion of far weightier monitors than we can pretend to be. Inveterate habit must now have given a kind of sanctity to the errors of early taste; and the very powers of which we lament the perversion, have probably become incapable of any other application. The very quantity, too, that he has written, and is at this moment working up for publication upon the old pattern, makes it almost hopeless to look for any change of it. All this is so much capital already sunk in the concern; which must be sacrificed if it be abandoned: and no man likes to give up for lost the time and talent and labour which he has embodied in any permanent production. We were not previously aware of these obstacles to Mr Wordsworth's conversion; and, considering the peculiarities of his former writings merely as the result of certain wanton and capricious experiments on public taste and indulgence, conceived it to be our duty to discourage their repetition by all the

Digitized by Google

means in our power. We now see clearly, however, how the case stands;—and, making up our minds, though with the most sincere pain and reluctance, to consider him as finally lost to the good cause of poetry, shall endeavour to be thankful for the occasional gleams of tenderness and beauty which the natural force of his imagination and affections must still shed over all his productions,—and to which we shall ever turn with delight, in spite of the affectation and mysticism and prolixity, with which they are so abundantly contrasted.

Long habits of seclusion, and an excessive ambition of originality, can alone account for the disproportion which seems to exist between this author's taste and his genius; or for the devotion with which he has sacrificed so many precious gifts at the shrine of those paltry idols which he has set up for himself among his lakes and his mountains. Solitary musings, amidst such scenes, might no doubt be expected to nurse up the mind to the majesty of poetical conception,—(though it is remarkable, that all the greater poets lived, or had lived, in the full current of society):—But the collision of equal minds,—the admonition of prevailing impressions—seems necessary to reduce its redundancies, and repress that tendency to extravagance or puerility, into which the self-indulgence and self-admiration of genius is so apt to be betrayed, when it is allowed to wanton, without awe or restraint, in the triumph and delight of its own intoxication. That its flights should be graceful and glorious in the eyes of men, it seems almost to be necessary that they should be made in the consciousness that mens' eyes are to behold them,—and that the inward transport and vigour by which they are inspired, should be tempered by an occassional reference to what will be thought of them by those ultimate dispensers of glory. An habitual and general knowledge of the few settled and permanent maxims, which form the canon of general taste in all large and polished societies—a certain tact, which informs us at once that many things, which we still love and are moved by in secret, must necessarily be despised as childish, or derided as absurd, in all such societies—though it will not stand in the place of genius, seems necessary to the success of its exertions; and though it will never enable any one to produce the higher beauties of art, can alone secure the talent which does produce them, from errors that must render it useless. Those who have most of the talent, however, commonly acquire this knowledge with the greatest facility;—and if Mr Wordsworth, instead of confining himself almost entirely to the society of the dalesmen and cottagers, and little children, who form the subjects of his book, had condescended to mingle a little more with

Digitized by Google

the people that were to read and judge of it, we cannot help thinking, that its texture would have been considerably improved: At least it appears to us to be absolutely impossible, that any one who had lived or mixed familiarly with men of literature and ordinary judgment in poetry, (of course we exclude the coadjutors and disciples of his own school), could ever have fallen into such gross faults, or so long mistaken them for beauties. His first essays we looked upon in a good degree as poetical paradoxes,—maintained experimentally, in order to display talent, and court notoriety;—and so maintained, with no more serious belief in their truth, than is usually generated by an ingenious and animated defence of other paradoxes. But when we find, that he has been for twenty years exclusively employed upon articles of this very fabric, and that he has still enough of raw material on hand to keep him so employed for twenty years to come, we cannot refuse him the justice of believing that he is a sincere convert to his own system, and must ascribe the peculiarities of his composition, not to any transient affectation, or accidental caprice of imagination, but to a settled perversity of taste or understanding, which has been fostered, if not altogether created, by the circumstances to which we have already alluded.

The volume before us, if we were to describe it very shortly, we should characterize as a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, in which innumerable changes are rung upon a few very simple and familiar ideas:—but with such an accompaniment of long words, long sentences, and unwieldy phrases—and such a hubbub of strained raptures and fantastical sublimities, that it is often extremely difficult for the most skilful and attentive student to obtain a glimpse of the author's meaning—and altogether impossible for an ordinary reader to conjecture what he is about. Moral and religious enthusiasm, though undoubtedly poetical emotions, are at the same time but dangerous inspirers of poetry; nothing being so apt to run into interminable dulness or mellifluous extravagance, without giving the unfortunate author the slightest intimation of his danger. His laudable zeal for the efficacy of his preachments, he very naturally mistakes for the ardour of poetical inspiration;—and, while dealing out the high words and glowing phrases which are so readily supplied by themes of this description, can scarcely avoid believing that he is eminently original and impressive:—All sorts of commonplace notions and expressions are sanctified in his eyes, by the sublime ends for which they are employed; and the mystical verbiage of the methodist pulpit is repeated, till the speaker entertains no doubt that he is the elected organ of divine truth and persuasion. But

Digitized by Google

if such be the common hazards of seeking inspiration from those potent fountains, it may easily be conceived what chance Mr Wordsworth had of escaping their enchantment,—with his natural propensities to wordiness, and his unlucky habit of debasing pathos with vulgarity. The fact accordingly is, that in this production he is more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the seventeenth century; and more verbose 'than even himself of yore;' while the wilfulness with which he persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society, will be sufficiently apparent, from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue, and chief advocate of Providence and Virtue, *an old Scotch Pedlar*—retired indeed from business—but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers, without his pack on his shoulders. The other persons of the drama are, a retired military chaplain, who has grown half an atheist and half a misanthrope—the wife of an unprosperous weaver—a servant girl with her infant—a parish pauper, and one or two other personages of equal rank and dignity.

The character of the work is decidedly didactic; and more than nine tenths of it are occupied with a species of dialogue, or rather a series of long sermons or harangues which pass between the pedlar, the author, the old chaplain, and a worthy vicar, who entertains the whole party at dinner on the last day of their excursion. The incidents which occur in the course of it are as few and trifling as can be imagined;—and those which the different speakers narrate in the course of their discourses, are introduced rather to illustrate their arguments or opinions, than for any interest they are supposed to possess of their own. —The doctrine which the work is intended to enforce, we are by no means certain that we have discovered. In so far as we can collect, however, it seems to be neither more nor less than the old familiar one, that a firm belief in the providence of a wise and beneficent Being must be our great stay and support under all afflictions and perplexities upon earth—and that there are indications of his power and goodness in all the aspects of the visible universe, whether living or inanimate—every part of which should therefore be regarded with love and reverence, as exponents of those great attributes. We can testify, at least, that these salutary and important truths are inculcated at far greater length, and with more repetitions, than in any ten volumes of sermons that we ever perused. It is also maintained, with equal conciseness and originality, that there is frequently much good sense, as well as much enjoyment, in the humbler conditions of

Digitized by Google

life; and that, in spite of great vices and abuses, there is a reasonable allowance both of happiness and goodness in society at large. If there be any deeper or more recondite doctrines in Mr Wordsworth's book, we must confess that they have escaped us;—and, convinced as we are of the truth and soundness of those to which we have alluded, we cannot help thinking that they might have been better enforced with less parade and prolixity. His effusions on what may be called the physiognomy of external nature, or its moral and theological expression, are eminently fantastic, obscure, and affected.—It is quite time, however, that we should give the reader a more particular account of this singular performance.

It opens with a picture of the author toiling across a bare common in a hot summer day, and reaching at last a ruined hut surrounded with tall trees, where he meets by appointment with a hale old man, with an iron-pointed staff lying beside him. Then follows a retrospective account of their first acquaintance—formed, it seems, when the author was at a village school; and his aged friend occupied 'one room,—the fifth part of a house' in the neighbourhood. After this, we have the history of this reverend person at no small length. He was born, we are happy to find, in Scotland—among the hills of Athol; and his mother, after his father's death, married the parish schoolmaster—so that he was taught his letters betimes: But then, as it is here set forth with much solemnity,

'From his sixth year, the boy, of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the hills.'

And again, a few pages after, that there may be no risk of mistake as to a point of such essential importance—

'From early childhood, even, as hath been said,
From his *sixth year*, he had been sent abroad,
In summer, to tend herds: Such was his task!'

In the course of this occupation, it is next recorded, that he acquired such a taste for rural scenery and open air, that when he was sent to teach a school in a neighbouring village, he found it 'a misery to him;' and determined to embrace the more romantic occupation of a Pedlar—or, as Mr Wordsworth more musically expresses it,

'A vagrant merchant bent beneath his load;'

—and in the course of his peregrinations had acquired a very large acquaintance, which, after he had given up dealing, he frequently took a summer ramble to visit.

The author, on coming up to this interesting personage, finds him sitting with his eyes half shut;—and, not being quite sure whether he is asleep or awake, stands 'some minutes space' in

Digitized by Google

silence beside him. 'At length,' says he, with his own delightful simplicity—

> 'At length I hailed him—*seeing that his hat*
> *Was moist* with water-drops, as if the brim
> Had newly scooped a running stream!—
> ——— "'Tis," said I, "a burning day;
> My lips are parched with thirst;—but you, I guess,
> Have somewhere found relief."'

Upon this, the benevolent old man points him out a well in a corner, to which the author repairs; and, after minutely describing its situation, beyond a broken wall, and between two alders that 'grew in a cold damp nook,' he thus faithfully chronicles the process of his return.

> 'My thirst I slaked—and from the cheerless spot
> Withdrawing, straightway to the shade returned,
> Where sate the old man on the cottage bench.'

The Pedlar then gives an account of the last inhabitants of the deserted cottage beside them. These were, a good industrious weaver and his wife and children. They were very happy for a while; till sickness and want of work came upon them; and then the father enlisted as a soldier, and the wife pined in the lonely cottage—growing every year more careless and desponding, as her anxiety and fears for her absent husband, of whom no tidings ever reached her, accumulated. Her children died, and left her cheerless and alone; and at last she died also; and the cottage fell to decay. We must say, that there is very considerable pathos in the telling of this simple story; and that they who can get over the repugnance excited by the triteness of its incidents, and the lowness of its objects, will not fail to be struck with the author's knowledge of the human heart, and the power he possesses of stirring up its deepest and gentlest sympathies. His prolixity, indeed, it is not so easy to get over. This little story fills about twenty-five quarto pages; and abounds, of course, with mawkish sentiment, and details of preposterous minuteness. When the tale is told, the travellers take their staffs, and end their first day's journey, without further adventure, at a little inn.

The Second book sets them forward betimes in the morning. They pass by a Village Wake; and as they approach a more solitary part of the mountains, the old man tells the author that he is taking him to see an old friend of his, who had formerly been chaplain to a Highland regiment—had lost a beloved wife—been roused from his dejection by the first enthusiasm of the French Revolution—had emigrated on its miscarriage to America—and returned disgusted to hide himself in the retreat to which they were now ascending. That retreat is then most te-

Digitized by Google

diously described—a smooth green valley in the heart of the mountain, without trees, and with only one dwelling. Just as they get sight of it from the ridge above, they see a funeral train proceeding from the solitary abode, and hurry on with some apprehension for the fate of the misanthrope—whom they find, however, in very tolerable condition at the door, and learn that the funeral was that of an aged pauper who had been boarded out by the parish in that cheap farm-house, and had died in consequence of long exposure to heavy rain. The old chaplain, or, as Mr Wordsworth is pleased to call him, the Solitary, tells this dull story at prodigious length; and after giving an inflated description of an effect of mountain-mists in the evening sun, treats his visitors with a rustic dinner—and they walk out to the fields at the close of the second book.

The Third makes no progress in the excursion. It is entirely filled with moral and religious conversation and debate, and with a more ample detail of the Solitary's past life, than had been given in the sketch of his friend. The conversation is exceedingly dull and mystical; and the Solitary's confessions insufferably diffuse. Yet there is very considerable force of writing and tenderness of sentiment in this part of the work.

The Fourth book is also filled with dialogues ethical and theological; and, with the exception of some brilliant and forcible expressions here and there, consists of an exposition of truisms, more cloudy, wordy, and inconceivably prolix, than any thing we ever met with.

In the beginning of the Fifth book, they leave the solitary valley, taking its pensive inhabitant along with them, and stray on to where the landscape sinks down into milder features, till they arrive at a church, which stands on a moderate elevation in the centre of a wide and fertile vale. Here they meditate for a while among the monuments, till the vicar comes out and joins them;—and recognizing the pedlar for an old acquaintance, mixes graciously in the conversation, which proceeds in a very edifying manner till the close of the book.

The Sixth contains a choice obituary, or characteristic account of several of the persons who lie buried before this groupe of moralizers;—an unsuccessful lover, who finds consolation in natural history—a miner, who worked on for twenty years, in despite of universal ridicule, and at last found the vein he had expected—two political enemies reconciled in old age to each other—an old female miser—a seduced damsel—and two widowers, one who devoted himself to the education of his daughters, and one who married a prudent middle-aged woman to take care of them.

In the beginning of the Eighth Book, the worthy vicar ex-

Digitized by Google

presses, in the words of Mr Wordsworth's own epitome, 'his apprehensions that he had detained his auditors too long—invites them to his house—Solitary, disinclined to comply, rallies the Wanderer, and somewhat playfully draws a comparison between his itinerant profession and that of a knight-errant—which leads to the Wanderer giving an account of changes in the country, from the manufacturing spirit—Its favourable effects—The other side of the picture,' &c. &c. After these very poetical themes are exhausted, they all go into the house, where they are introduced to the Vicar's wife and daughter; and while they sit chatting in the parlour over a family dinner, his son and one of his companions come in with a fine dish of trouts piled on a blue slate; and, after being caressed by the company, are sent to dinner in the nursery.—This ends the eighth book.

The Ninth and last is chiefly occupied with the mystical discourses of the Pedlar; who maintains, that the whole universe is animated by an active principle, the noblest seat of which is in the human soul; and moreover, that the final end of old age is to train and enable us

> 'To hear the mighty stream of *Tendency*
> Uttering, for elevation of our thought,
> A clear sonorous voice, inaudible
> To the vast multitude whose doom it is
> To run the giddy round of vain delight—'

with other matters as luminous and emphatic. The hostess at length breaks off the harangue, by proposing that they should all make a little excursion on the lake,—and they embark accordingly; and, after navigating for some time along its shores, and drinking tea on a little island, land at last on a remote promontory, from which they see the sun go down,—and listen to a solemn and pious, but rather long prayer from the Vicar. They then walk back to the parsonage door, where the author and his friend propose to spend the evening;—but the Solitary prefers walking back in the moonshine to his own valley, after promising to take another ramble with them—

> 'If time, with free consent, be yours to give,
> And season favours.'

—And here the publication somewhat abruptly closes.

Our abstract of the story has been so extremely concise, that it is more than usually necessary for us to lay some specimens of the work itself before our readers. Its grand staple, as we have already said, consists of a kind of mystical morality: and the chief characteristics of the style are, that it is prolix and very frequently unintelligible: and though we are very sensible that no great gratification is to be expected from the exhibition of those

Digitized by Google

qualities, yet it is necessary to give our readers a taste of them, both to justify the sentence we have passed, and to satisfy them that it was really beyond our power to present them with any abstract or intelligible account of those long conversations which we have had so much occasion to notice in our brief sketch of its contents. We need give ourselves no trouble however to select passages for this purpose. Here is the first that presents itself to us on opening the volume; and if our readers can form the slightest guess at its meaning, we must give them credit for a sagacity to which we have no pretension.

'But, by the storms *of circumstance* unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse or wane,
Duty exists;—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is, where Time and Space are not:
Of other converse, which mind, soul, and heart,
Do, with united urgency, require,
What more, that may not perish? Thou, dread Source,
Prime, self-existing Cause and End of all,
That, in the scale of Being, fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustained;—Thou—who didst wrap the cloud
Of Infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturbed—
For adoration thou endurest; endure
For consciousness the motions of thy will;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure Intellect, that stand as laws,
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to thy Being's infinite majesty!'
'Tis, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven,
This is not easy:—to relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness and joy,—
And stand in freedom loosened from this world;
I deem not arduous:—but most needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the Soul's desires.' p. 144–147.

This is a fair sample of that rapturous mysticism which eludes all comprehension, and fills the despairing reader with painful giddiness and terror. The following, which we meet with on the very next page, is in the same general strain:—though the first part of it affords a good specimen of the author's talent for enveloping a plain and trite observation in all the mock majesty of solemn verbosity. A reader of plain understanding, we sus-

Digitized by Google

pect, could hardly recognize the familiar remark, that excessive grief for our departed friends is not very consistent with a firm belief in their immortal felicity, in the first twenty lines of the following passage:—In the sequel we do not ourselves pretend to recognize any thing.

'From this infirmity of mortal kind
Sorrow proceeds, which else were not;—at least,
If Grief be something hallowed and ordained,
If, in proportion, it be just and meet,
Through this, 'tis able to maintain its hold,
In that excess which Conscience disapproves.
For who could sink and settle to that point
Of selfishness; so senseless who could be
In framing estimates of loss and gain,
As long and perseveringly to mourn
For any Object of his love, removed
From this unstable world, if he could fix
A satisfying view upon that state
Of pure, imperishable blessedness,
Which Reason promises, and holy Writ
Ensures to all Believers?—Yet mistrust
Is of such incapacity, methinks,
No natural branch of despondency far less.
—And, if there be whose tender frames have drooped
Even to the dust; apparently, through weight
Of anguish unrelieved, and lack of power
An agonizing sorrow to transmute,
Infer not hence a hope from those withheld
When wanted most: a confidence impaired
So pitiably, that, having ceased to see
With bodily eyes, they are borne down by love
Of what is lost, and perish through regret.
Oh! no, full oft the innocent Sufferer sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realize the Vision with intense
And overconstant yearning—There—there lies
The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy; and, all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course
Along the line of limitless desires.
I, speaking now from such disorder free,
Nor sleep, nor craving, but in settled peace,
I cannot doubt that They whom you deplore
Are glorified.' p. 148, 149.

Digitized by Google

If any farther specimen be wanted of the learned author's propensity to deal out the most familiar truths as the oracles of his own inspired understanding, the following wordy paraphrase of the ordinary remark, that the best consolation in distress is to be found in the exercises of piety, and the testimony of a good conscience, may be found on turning the leaf.

'What then remains?—To seek
Those helps, for his occasions ever near,
Who lacks not will to use them; vows, renewed
On the first motion of a holy thought;
Vigils of contemplation; praise; and prayer,
A Stream, which, from the fountain of the heart,
Issuing however feebly, no where flows
Without access of unexpected strength.
But, above all, the victory is most sure
For Him, who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of Conscience; Conscience reverenced and obeyed,
As God's most intimate Presence in the soul,
And his most perfect Image in the world.' p. 151.

We have kept the book too long open, however, at one place, and shall now take a dip in it nearer the beginning. The following account of the pedlar's early training, and lonely meditations among the mountains, is a good example of the forced and affected ecstasies in which this author abounds.

——'Nor did he fail,
While yet a Child, with a Child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite: nor this alone
Appeased his yearning:—in the after day
Of Boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags
He sate, and even in their fix'd lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppress'd,
Even in their fix'd and steady lineaments
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind.' p. 11.

We should like extremely to know what is meant by tracing an ebbing and flowing mind in the fixed lineaments of naked crags?—but this is but the beginning of the raving fit. The young pedlar's sensations at sunrise are thus naturally recorded.

——'The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank

Digitized by Google

The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him; it was blessedness and love!' p. 13, 14.

In this majestic solitude he used also to read his Bible;—and

There did he see the writing;—all things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life
And greatness still revolving; infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects; nor did he believe,—he *saw*.
What wonder if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude.' p. 14, 15.

What follows about nature, triangles, stars, and the laws of light, is still more incomprehensible.

——' Yet still uppermost
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power
In all things which from her sweet influence
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.
While yet he lingered in the rudiments
Of science, and among her simplest laws,
His *triangles*—they were the *stars* of heaven,
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight
To measure th' altitude of some tall crag
Which is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak
Familiar with forgotten years, that shews
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,
Upon its bleak and visionary sides;—
———and I have heard him say
That often, failing at this time to gain
The peace required, he scanned the laws of light
Amid the roar of torrents, where they send
From hollow clefts up to the clearer air
A cloud of mist, which in the sunshine frames
A lasting tablet—for the observer's eye

Digitized by Google

Varying its rainbow hues. But vainly thus,
And vainly by all other means, he strove
To mitigate the fever of his heart.' p. 16–18.

The whole book, indeed, is full of such stuff. The following is the author's own sublime aspiration after the delight of becoming *a Motion*, or *a Presence*, or *an Energy* among multitudinous streams.

" Oh! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a Body (this our vital Frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood)
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a Spirit!—How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as *a Presence* or *a Motion*—one
Among the many there; and, while the Mists
Flying, and rainy Vapours, call out Shapes
And Phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a Musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and, while the Streams—
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties)
Descending from the region of the clouds
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment—rend
Their way before them, what a joy to roam
An Equal among mightiest *Energies*;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud
Be this continued so from day to day,
Nor let it have an end from month to month!" p. 164, 165.

We suppose the reader is now satisfied with Mr Wordsworth's sublimities—which occupy rather more than half the volume:—Of his tamer and more creeping prolixity, we have not the heart to load him with many specimens. The following amplification of the vulgar comparison of human life to a stream, has the merit of adding much obscurity to wordiness; at least, we have not ingenuity enough to refer the conglobated bubbles and murmurs, and floating islands to their vital prototypes.

——' The tenor
Which my life holds, he readily may conceive

Whoe'er hath stood to watch a mountain Brook,
In some still passage of its course, and seen,
Within the depths of its capacious breast,
Inverted trees, and rocks, and azure sky;
And, on its glassy surface, specks of foam,
And conglobated bubbles undissolved,
Numerous as stars; that, by their onward lapse,
Betray to sight the motion of the stream,
Else imperceptible; meanwhile, is heard
Perchance, a roar or murmur; and the sound
Though soothing, and the little floating isles
Though beautiful, are both by Nature charged
With the same pensive office; and make known
Through what perplexing labyrinths, abrupt
Precipitations, and untoward straits,
The earth-born wanderer hath passed; and quickly,
That respite o'er, like traverses and toils
Must be again encountered.—Such a stream
Is human Life.' p. 139, 140.

The following, however, is a better example of the useless and most tedious minuteness with which the author so frequently details circumstances of no interest in themselves,—of no importance to the story,—and possessing no graphical merit whatsoever as pieces of description. On their approach to the old chaplain's cottage, the author gets before his companion,

——' when behold
An object that enticed my steps aside!
It was an Entry, narrow as a door;
A passage whose brief windings opened out
Into a platform; that lay, *sheepfold-wise*,
Enclosed between a single mass of rock
And one old moss-grown wall;—a cool Recess,
And fanciful! For, where the rock and wall
Met in an angle, hung a tiny roof,
Or penthouse, which most quaintly had been framed
By thrusting two rude sticks into the wall
And overlaying them with mountain sods;
To weather-fend a little turf-built seat
Whereon a full-grown man might rest, nor dread
The burning sunshine, or a transient shower;
But the whole plainly wrought by Children's hands!
Whose simple skill had thronged the grassy floor
With work of frame less solid, a proud show
Of baby-houses, curiously arranged;
Nor wanting ornament of walks between,
With mimic trees inserted in the turf,
And gardens interposed. Pleased with the sight,
I could not choose but beckon to my Guide,

Digitized by Google

> Who, having entered, carelessly looked round,
> And now would have passed on; when I exclaimed,
> "Lo! what is here?" and, stooping down, drew forth
> A Book,' &c. p. 71, 72.

And this book, which he

> ——' found to be a work
> In the French Tongue, a Novel of Voltaire,'

leads to no incident or remark of any value or importance, to apologize for this long story of its finding. There is no beauty, we think, it must be admitted, in such passages; and so little either of interest or curiosity in the incidents they disclose, that we can scarcely conceive that any man to whom they had actually occurred, should take the trouble to recount them to his wife and children by his idle fireside:—but, that man or child should think them worth writing down in blank verse, and printing in magnificent quarto, we should certainly have supposed altogether impossible, had it not been for the ample proofs which Mr Wordsworth has afforded to the contrary.

Sometimes their silliness is enhanced by a paltry attempt at effect and emphasis:—as in the following account of that very touching and extraordinary occurrence of a lamb bleating among the mountains. The poet would actually persuade us that he thought the mountains themselves were bleating;—and that nothing could be so grand or impressive. 'List!' cries the old Pedlar, suddenly breaking off in the middle of one of his daintiest ravings—

> ——" List!—I heard,
> From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat;
> Sent forth as if it were the Mountain's voice!
> As if the visible Mountain made the cry!
> Again!"—The effect upon the soul was such
> As he expressed; for, from the Mountain's heart
> The solemn bleat appeared to come; there was
> No other—and the region all around
> Stood silent, empty of all shape of life.
> —It was a Lamb—left somewhere to itself!' p. 159.

What we have now quoted will give the reader a notion of the taste and spirit in which this volume is composed; and yet, if it had not contained something a good deal better, we do not know how we should have been justified in troubling him with any account of it. But the truth is, that Mr Wordsworth, with all his perversities, is a person of great powers; and has frequently a force in his moral declamations, and a tenderness in his pathetic narratives, which neither his prolixity nor his affectation can altogether deprive of their effect. We shall venture to give some

Digitized by Google

extracts from the simple tale of the weaver's solitary cottage. Its heroine is the deserted wife; and its chief interest consists in the picture of her despairing despondence and anxiety after his disappearance. The Pedlar, recurring to the well to which he had directed his companion, observes,

——'As I stooped to drink,
Upon the slimy foot-stone I espied
The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
Green with the moss of years; a pensive sight
That moved my heart!—recalling former days
When I could never pass that road but She
Who lived within these walls, at my approach,
A Daughter's welcome gave me; and I loved her
As my own child. O Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.'
——'By some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being—who by adding love to peace
Might live on earth a life of happiness.' p. 27, 28.

The bliss and tranquillity of these prosperous years, is well and copiously described;—but at last came sickness, and want of employment;—and the effect on the kind-hearted and industrious mechanic is strikingly delineated.

——'At his door he stood,
And whistled many a snatch of merry tunes
That had no mirth in them; or with his knife
Carved uncouth figures on the heads of sticks—
Then, not less idly, sought, through every nook
In house or garden, any casual work
Of use or ornament.'—
'One while he would speak lightly of his Babes,
And with a cruel tongue: at other times
He toss'd them with a false unnatural joy:
And 'twas a rueful thing to see the looks
Of the poor innocent children.' p. 31.

At last, he steals from his cottage, and enlists as a soldier; and when the benevolent Pedlar comes, in his rounds, in hope of a cheerful welcome, he meets with a scene of despair.

——'Having reached the door
I knock'd,—and, when I entered with the hope
Of usual greeting, Margaret looked at me
A little while; then turn'd her head away
Speechless,—and sitting down upon a chair
Wept bitterly. I wist not what to do,
Or how to speak to her. Poor Wretch! at last
She rose from off her seat, and then,—O Sir!
I cannot *tell* how she pronounced my name.—

Digitized by Google

With fervent love, and with a face of grief
Unutterably helpless.' p. 34, 35.

Hope, however, and native cheerfulness, were not yet subdued; and her spirit still bore up against the pressure of this desertion.

——' Long we had not talked
Ere we built up a pile of better thoughts,
And with a brighter eye she look'd around
As if she had been shedding tears of joy.'
' We parted.—'Twas the time of early spring;
I left her busy with her garden tools;
And well remember, o'er that fence she looked,
And, while I paced along the foot way path,
Called out, and sent a blessing after me,
With tender cheerfulness; and with a voice
That seem'd the very sound of happy thoughts.' p. 36, 37.

The gradual sinking of the spirit under the load of continued anxiety, and the destruction of all the finer springs of the soul, by a course of unvarying sadness, are very feelingly represented in the sequel of this simple narrative.

——' I journey'd back this way
Towards the wane of Summer; when the wheat
Was yellow; and the soft and bladed grass
Springing afresh had o'er the hay-field spread
Its tender verdure. At the door arrived,
I found that she was absent. In the shade,
Where now we sit, I waited her return.
Her Cottage, then a cheerful Object, wore
Its customary look,—only, I thought,
The honeysuckle, crowding round the porch,
Hung down in heavier tufts: and that bright weed,
The yellow stone-crop, suffered to take root
Along the window's edge, profusely grew,
Blinding the lower panes. I turned aside,
And strolled into her garden. It appeared
To lag behind the season, and had lost
Its pride of neatness.'—
' The sun was sinking in the west; and now
I sate with sad impatience. From within
Her solitary Infant cried aloud;
Then, like a blast that dies away self-stilled,
The voice was silent.' p. 37—39.

The desolate woman had now an air of still and listless, though patient sorrow.

——' Evermore
Her eyelids drooped, her eyes were downward cast;
And, when she at her table gave me food,
She did not look at me. Her voice was low,

Digitized by Google

Her body was subdued. In every act
Pertaining to her house affairs, appeared
The careless stillness of a thinking mind
Self-occupied; to which all outward things
Are like an idle matter. Still she sighed,
But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
I knew not how, and hardly whence they came.
———I returned,
And took my rounds along this road again
Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the Spring.
I found her sad and drooping; she had learned
No tidings of her Husband; if he lived
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead
She knew not he was dead. She seem'd the same
In person and appearance; but her House
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence.
———Her Infant Babe
Had from its Mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings.' p. 41—43.

Returning seasons only deepened this gloom, and confirmed this neglect. Her child died; and she spent her weary days in roaming over the country, and repeating her fond and vain inquiries to every passer by.

'Meantime her House by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was sapped; and while she slept the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and in the stormy day
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind;
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot: and here, my Friend,
In sickness she remained; and here she died,
Last human Tenant of these ruined Walls.' p. 46.

The story of the old chaplain, though a little less lowly, is of the same mournful cast, and almost equally destitute of incidents;—for Mr Wordsworth delineates only feelings—and all his adventures are of the heart. The narrative which is given by the sufferer himself, is, in our opinion, the most spirited and interesting part of the poem. He begins thus, and addressing himself, after a long pause, to his ancient countryman and friend the Pedlar—

'You never saw, your eyes did never look
On the bright Form of Her whom once I loved.—
Her silver voice was heard upon the earth,
A sound unknown to you; else, honored Friend,
Your heart had borne a pitiable share

Digitized by Google

Of what I suffered, when I wept that loss,
And suffer now, not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.' p. 117.

The following account of his marriage and early felicity is written with great sweetness—a sweetness like that of Massinger, in his softer and more mellifluous passages.

——'This fair Bride—
In the devotedness of youthful Love
Preferring me to Parents, and the choir
Of gay companions, to the natal roof,
And all known places and familiar sights,
(Resigned with sadness gently weighing down
Her trembling expectations, but no more
Than did to her due honour, and to me
Yielded, that day, a confidence sublime
In what I had to build upon)—this Bride,
Young, modest, meek, and beautiful, I led
To a low Cottage in a sunny Bay,
Where the salt sea innocuously breaks,
And the sea breeze as innocently breathes,
On Devon's leafy shores;—a sheltered Hold,
In a soft clime encouraging the soil
To a luxuriant bounty!—As our steps
Approach the embowered Abode, our chosen Seat,
See, rooted in the earth, its kindly bed,
The unendangered Myrtle, decked with flowers,' &c.
'—Wild were our walks upon those lonely Downs,
Whence, unmolested Wanderers, we beheld
The shining Giver of the Day diffuse
His brightness, o'er a tract of sea and land
Gay as our spirits, free as our desires,
As our enjoyments boundless.—From these Heights
We dropped, at pleasure, into sylvan Combs;
Where arbours of impenetrable shade,
And mossy seats detained us side by side,
With hearts at ease, and knowledge in our hearts
"That all the grove and all the day was ours."' p. 118–120.

There, seven years of unmolested happiness were blessed with two lovely children.

'And on these pillars rested, as on air,
Our solitude.'

Suddenly a contagious malady swept off both the infants.

'Calm as a frozen Lake when ruthless Winds
Blow fiercely, agitating earth and sky,
The Mother now remained.'

——'Yet stealing slow,
Dimness o'er this clear Luminary crept

Digitized by Google

Insensibly;—the immortal and divine
Yielded to mortal reflux; her pure Glory,
As from the pinnacle of worldly state
Wretched Ambition drops astounded, fell
Into a gulph obscure of silent grief,
And keen heart-anguish—of itself ashamed,
Yet obstinately cherishing itself:
And, so consumed, She melted from my arms;
And left me, on this earth, disconsolate.' p. 125, 126.

The agony of mind into which the survivor was thrown, is described with a powerful eloquence; as well as the doubts and distracting fears which the sceptical speculations of his careless days had raised in his spirit. There is something peculiarly grand and terrible to our feelings in the imagery of these three lines—

'By pain of heart, now checked, and now impelled,
The Intellectual Power, through words and things,
Went sounding on, a dim and perilous way!'

At last he is roused from this dejected mood, by the glorious promises which seemed held out to human nature at the first dawn of the French Revolution;—and it indicates a fine perception of the secret springs of character and emotion, to choose a being so circumstanced as the most ardent votary of that far-spread enthusiasm.

'Thus was I reconverted to the world;
Society became my glittering Bride,
And airy hopes my Children.—If busy Men
In sober conclave met, to weave a web
Of amity, whose living threads should stretch
Beyond the seas, and to the farthest pole,
There did I sit, assisting. If, with noise
And acclamation, crowds in open air
Expressed the tumult of their minds, my voice
There mingled, heard or not. The powers of song
I left not uninvoked; and, in still groves,
Where mild Enthusiasts tuned a pensive lay
Of thanks and expectation, in accord
With their belief, I sang Saturnian Rule
Returned,—a progeny of golden years
Permitted to descend, and bless mankind.' p. 128, 129.

On the disappearance of that bright vision, he was inclined to take part with the desperate party who still aimed at establishing universal regeneration, though by more questionable instruments than they had originally assumed. But the military despotism which ensued, soon closed the scene against all such exertions: and, disgusted with men and Europe, he sought for

Digitized by Google

shelter in the wilds of America. In the calm of the voyage, Memory and Conscience awoke him to a sense of his misery.

——' Feebly must They have felt
Who, in old time, attired with snakes and whips
The vengeful Furies. *Beautiful* regards
Were turned on me—the face of her I loved;
The Wife and Mother, pitifully fixing
Tender reproaches, insupportable!' p. 133, 134.

His disappointment, and ultimate seclusion in England, have been already sufficiently detailed.

We must trespass upon our readers with the fragments of yet another story. It is that of a simple, seduced and deserted girl, told with great sweetness, pathos and indulgence by the Vicar of the parish, by the side of her untimely grave. Looking down on the turf, he says—

'As, on a sunny bank, a tender Lamb,
Lurks in safe shelter, from the winds of March
Screened by its Parent, so that little mound
Lies guarded by its neighbour; the small heap
Speaks for itself;—an Infant there doth rest,
The sheltering Hillock is the Mother's grave.—
There, by her innocent Baby's precious grave,
Yea, doubtless, on the turf that roofs her own,
The Mother oft was seen to stand, or kneel
In the broad day, a weeping Magdalene.
Now she is not; the swelling turf reports
Of the fresh shower, but of poor Ellen's tears
Is silent; nor is any vestige left
Upon the pathway, of her mournful tread;
Nor of that pace with which she once had moved
In virgin fearlessness—a step that seemed
Caught from the pressure of elastic turf
Upon the mountains wet with morning dew,
In the prime hour of sweetest scents and airs.' p. 285–287.

Her virgin graces and tenderness are then very beautifully described, and her seduction and lonely anguish passed over very lightly.

'—"Ah why," said Ellen, sighing to herself,
"Why do not words, and kiss, and solemn pledge;
"And nature that is kind in Woman's breast,
"And reason that in Man is wise and good,
"And fear of him who is a righteous Judge,
"Why do not these prevail for human life,
"To keep two Hearts together, that began
"Their spring-time with one love, and that have need
"Of mutual pity and forgiveness, sweet
"To grant, or be received." p, 289,

Digitized by Google

'A kindlier passion opened on her soul
When that poor Child was born. Upon its face
She looked as on a pure and spotless gift
Of unexpected promise, where a grief
Or dread was all that had been thought of.
——————— "Till this hour,"
Thus in her Mother's hearing Ellen spake,
"There was a stony region in my heart;
"But he, at whose command the parched rock
"Was smitten, and poured forth a quenching stream,
"Hath softened that obduracy, and made
"Unlooked-for gladness in the desart place,
"To save the perishing; and, henceforth, I look
"Upon the light with cheerfulness, for thee
"My Infant; and for that good Mother dear,
"Who bore me,—and hath prayed for me in vain;—
"Yet not in vain, it shall not be in vain."
—Through four months' space the Infant drew its food
From the maternal breast. Then scruples rose;
Thoughts, which the rich are free from, came and crossed
The sweet affection. She no more could bear
By her offence to lay a twofold weight
On a kind parent willing to forget
Their slender means; so, to that parent's care
Trusting her child, she left their common home,
And with contented spirit undertook
A Foster-Mother's office.' p. 291--293.

Here the parents of her new nursling, soon forbade her all intercourse with her own most precious child;—and a sudden malady carried it off in this period of forced desertion.

———'Once, only once,
She saw it in that mortal malady:
And, on the burial day, could scarcely gain
Permission to attend its obsequies.
She reached the house—last of the funeral train;
And some One, as she entered, having chanced
To urge unthinkingly their prompt departure,
"Nay," said she, with commanding look, a spirit
Of anger never seen in her before,
"Nay ye must wait my time!" and down she sate,
And by the unclosed coffin kept her seat
Weeping and looking, looking on and weeping
Upon the last sweet slumber of her Child,
Until at length her soul was satisfied.
You see the Infant's Grave;—and to this Spot,
The Mother, oft as she was sent abroad
And whatsoe'er the errand, urged her steps:
Hither she came; and here she stood, or knelt
In the broad day—a rueful Magdalene!' p. 294.

Digitized by Google

Overwhelmed with this calamity, she was at last obliged to leave her service.

'But the green stalk of Ellen's life was snapped
And the flower drooped; as every eye might see.'
'Her fond maternal Heart had built a Nest
In blindness all too near the river's edge;
That Work a summer flood with hasty swell
Had swept away; and now her spirit longed
For its last flight to Heaven's security.'
'—Meek Saint! through patience glorified on earth!
In whom, as by her lonely hearth she sate,
The ghastly face of cold decay put on
A sun-like beauty, and appeared divine!
So, through the cloud of death, her Spirit passed
Into that pure and unknown world of love,
Where injury cannot come:—and here is laid
The mortal Body by her Infant's side.' p. 296, 297.

These passages, we think, are among the most touching with which the volume presents us; though there are many in a more lofty and impassioned style. The following commemoration of a beautiful and glorious youth, the love and the pride of the valley, is full of warmth and poetry.

——'The mountain Ash,
Decked with autumnal berries that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms, yields a splendid show,
Amid the leafy woods; and ye have seen,
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn,—the pool
Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native Vale
Such and so glorious did this Youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had bounteously arrayed him. As old Bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering Gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of Mortals, (if such fables without blame
May find chance-mention on this sacred ground),
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise,
In him revealed a Scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a Hero walked
Our unpretending valley.' p. 342, 343.

Digitized by Google

This is lofty and energetic;—but Mr Wordsworth descends, we cannot think very gracefully, when he proceeds to describe how the quoit *whizzed* when his arm launched it—and how the football mounted as high as a lark, at the touch of his toe;—neither is it a suitable catastrophe, for one so nobly endowed, to catch cold by standing too long in the river washing sheep, and die of spasms in consequence. The general reflections on the indiscriminating rapacity of death, though by no means original in themselves, and expressed with too bold a rivalry of the seven ages of Shakespeare, have yet a character of vigour and truth about them that entitles them to notice.

'This file of Infants; some that never breathed,
And the besprinkled Nursling, unrequired
Till he begins to smile upon the breast
That feeds him; and the tottering Little-one
Taken from air and sunshine when the rose
Of Infancy first blooms upon his cheek;
The thinking, thoughtless School-boy; the bold Youth
Of soul impetuous, and the bashful Maid
Smitten while all the promises of life
Are opening round her; those of middle age,
Cast down while confident in strength they stand,
Like pillars fixed more firmly, as might seem,
And more secure, by very weight of all
That, for support, rests on them; the decayed
And burthensome; and, lastly, that poor few
Whose light of reason is with age extinct;
The hopeful and the hopeless, first and last,
The earliest summoned and the longest spared,
Are here deposited, with tribute paid
Various; but unto each some tribute paid;
As if, amid these peaceful hills and groves,
Society were touched with kind concern,
And gentle "Nature grieved that One should die."'

p. 244, 245.

There is a lively and impressive appeal on the injury done to the health, happiness, and morality of the lower orders, by the unceasing and premature labours of our crowded manufactories. The description of night-working is picturesque. In lonely and romantic regions, he says, when silence and darkness incline all to repose—

——'An unnatural light,
Prepared for never-resting Labour's eyes,
Breaks from a many-windowed Fabric huge;
And at the appointed hour a Bell is heard—
Of harsher import than the Curfew-knoll
That spake the Norman Conqueror's stern behest.

Digitized by Google

A local summons to unceasing toil!
Disgorged are now the Ministers of day;
And, as they issue from the illumined Pile,
A fresh Band meets them, at the crowded door,—
And in the Courts—and where the rumbling Stream,
That turns the multitude of dizzy wheels,
Glares, like a troubled Spirit, in its bed
Among the rocks below. Men, Maidens, Youths,
Mother and little Children, Boys and Girls,
Enter, and each the wonted task resumes
Within this Temple—where is offered up
To Gain—the Master Idol of the Realm,
Perpetual sacrifice.' p. 367.

The effects on the ordinary life of the poor are delineated in graver colours.

——' Domestic bliss,
(Or call it comfort, by a humbler name,)
How art thou blighted for the poor Man's heart!
Lo! in such neighbourhood, from morn to eve,
The Habitations empty! or perchance
The Mother left alone,—no helping hand
To rock the cradle of her peevish babe;
No daughters round her, busy at the wheel,
Or in despatch of each day's little growth
Of household occupation; no nice arts
Of needle-work; no bustle at the fire,
Where once the dinner was prepared with pride;
Nothing to speed the day, or cheer the mind;
Nothing to praise, to teach, or to command!
—The Father, if perchance he still retain
His old employments, goes to field or wood,
No longer led or followed by his Sons;
Idlers perchance they were,—but in *his* sight;
Breathing fresh air, and treading the green earth;
Till their short holiday of childhood ceased,
Ne'er to return! That birth-right now is lost.' 371, 372.

The dissertation is closed with an ardent hope, that the farther improvement and the universal diffusion of these arts may take away the temptation for us to embark so largely in their cultivation; and that we may once more hold out inducements for the return of old manners and domestic charities,

' Learning, though late, that all true glory rests,
All praise, all safety, and all happiness,
Upon the Moral law. Egyptian Thebes;
Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves;
Palmyra, central in the Desart, fell;
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.

Digitized by Google

—'Call Archimedes from his buried Tomb
Upon the plain of vanished Syracuse,
And feelingly the Sage shall make report
How insecure, how baseless in itself,
Is that Philosophy, whose sway is framed
For mere material instruments:—How weak
Those Arts, and high Inventions, if unpropped
By Virtue.' p. 369.

There is also a very animated exhortation to the more general diffusion of education among the lower orders; and a glowing and eloquent assertion of their capacity for all virtues and all enjoyments.

——' Believe it not:
The primal duties shine aloft—like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure thoughts—
No mystery is here; no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly graced
And not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends
To heaven as lightly from the Cottage hearth
As from the haughty palace.' p. 398.

The blessings and the necessities that now render this a peculiar duty in the rulers of this empire, are urged in a still loftier tone.

'Look! and behold, from Calpe's sunburnt cliffs
To the flat margin of the Baltic sea,
Long-reverenced Titles cast away as weeds;
Laws overturned,—and Territory split;
Like fields of ice rent by the polar wind
And forced to join in less obnoxious shapes,
Which, ere they gain consistence, by a gust
Of the same breath are shattered and destroyed.
Meantime, the Sovereignty of these fair Isles
Remains entire and indivisible;
And, if that ignorance were removed, which acts
Within the compass of their several shores
To breed commotion and disquietude,
Each might preserve the beautiful repose
Of heavenly Bodies shining in their spheres.
—The discipline of slavery is unknown
Amongst us,—hence the more do we require
The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.' p. 402, 403.

There is a good deal of fine description in the course of this work; but we have left ourselves no room for any specimen.

Digitized by Google

The following few lines, however, are a fine epitome of a lake voyage.

——' Right across the Lake
Our pinnace moves: then, coasting creek and bay,
Glades we behold—and into thickets peep—
Where couch the spotted deer; or raise our eyes
To shaggy steeps on which the careless goat
Browzed by the side of dashing waterfalls.' p. 412.

We add also the following more elaborate and fantastic picture—which, however, is not without its beauty.

' Then having reached a bridge, that overarched
The hasty rivulet where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A two-fold Image; on a grassy bank
A snow-white Ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing Creature stood! as beautiful,
Beneath him, showed his shadowy Counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!' p. 407.

Besides those more extended passages of interest or beauty, which we have quoted, and omitted to quote, there are scattered up and down the book, and in the midst of its most repulsive portions, a very great number of single lines and images, that sparkle like gems in the desart, and startle us with an intimation of the great poetic powers that lie buried in the rubbish that has been heaped around them. It is difficult to pick up these, after we have once passed them by; but we shall endeavour to light upon one or two. The beneficial effect of intervals of relaxation and pastime on youthful minds, is finely expressed, we think, in a single line, when it is said to be—

' Like vernal ground to Sabbath sunshine left.'

The following image of the bursting forth of a mountain-spring, seems to us also to be conceived with great elegance and beauty.

' And a few steps may bring us to the spot,
Where haply crown'd with flowrets and green herbs;
The Mountain Infant to the Sun comes forth
Like human life from darkness.'—

The ameliorating effects of song and music on the minds which most delight in them, are likewise very poetically expressed.

Digitized by Google

——'And when the stream
Which overflowed the soul was passed away,
A consciousness remained that it had left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of Memory, images and precious thoughts,
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.'

Nor is any thing more elegant than the representation of the graceful tranquillity occasionally put on by one of the author's favourites; who, though gay and airy, in general—

'Was graceful, when it pleased him, smooth and still
As the mute Swan that floats adown the stream,
Or on the waters of th' unruffled lake
Anchored her placid beauty. Not a leaf
That flutters on the bough more light than he,
And not a flower that droops in the green shade,
More winningly reserved.'——

Nor are there wanting morsels of a sterner and more majestic beauty; as when, assuming the weightier diction of Cowper, he says, in language which the hearts of all readers of modern history must have responded—

——'Earth is sick,
And Heaven is weary of the hollow words
Which States and Kingdoms utter when they speak
Of Truth and Justice.'

These examples, we perceive, are not very well chosen—but we have not leisure to improve the selection; and, such as they are, they may serve to give the reader a notion of the sort of merit which we meant to illustrate by their citation.—When we look back to them, indeed, and to the other passages which we have now extracted, we feel half inclined to rescind the severe sentence which we passed on the work at the beginning:—But when we look into the work itself, we perceive that it cannot be rescinded. Nobody can be more disposed to do justice to the great powers of Mr Wordsworth than we are; and, from the first time that he came before us, down to the present moment, we have uniformly testified in their favour, and assigned indeed our high sense of their value as the chief ground of the bitterness with which we resented their perversion. That perversion, however, is now far more visible than their original dignity; and while we collect the fragments, it is impossible not to lament the ruins from which we are condemned to pick them. If any one should doubt of the existence of such a perversion, or be disposed to dispute about the instances we have hastily brought forward, we would just beg leave to refer him to the general plan and the characters of the poem now before us.—Why should Mr Wordsworth have made his hero a superan-

Digitized by Google

nuated Pedlar? What but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment, could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr Wordsworth really imagine, that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain any thing in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgle about tape, or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature? For, after he has thus wilfully debased his moral teacher by a low occupation, is there one word that he puts into his mouth, or one sentiment of which he makes him the organ, that has the most remote reference to that occupation? Is there any thing in his learned, abstracted, and logical harangues, that savours of the calling that is ascribed to him? Are any of their materials such as a pedlar could possibly have dealt in? Are the manners, the diction, the sentiments, in any, the very smallest degree, accommodated to a person in that condition? or are they not eminently and conspicuously such as could not by possibility belong to it? A man who went about selling flannel and pocket-handkerchiefs in this lofty diction, would soon frighten away all his customers; and would infallibly pass either for a madman, or for some learned and affected gentleman, who, in a frolic, had taken up a character which he was peculiarly ill qualified for supporting.

The absurdity in this case, we think, is palpable and glaring; but it is exactly of the same nature with that which infects the whole substance of the work—a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms; and an affected passion for simplicity and humble life, most awkwardly combined with a taste for mystical refinements, and all the gorgeousness of obscure phraseology. His taste for simplicity is evinced, by sprinkling up and down his interminable declamations, a few descriptions of baby-houses, and of old hats with wet brims; and his amiable partiality for humble life, by assuring us, that a wordy rhetorician, who talks about Thebes, and allegorizes all the heathen mythology, was once a pedlar—and making him break in upon his magnificent orations with two or three awkward notices of something that he had seen when selling winter raiment about the country—or of the changes in the state of society, which had almost annihilated his former calling.

Digitized by Google

ART. II. *On the Light of the Cassegrainian Telescope, compared with that of the Gregorian.* By CAPTAIN HENRY KATER, Brigade-Major. Communicated by the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K. B. P. R. S. From Phil. Trans. for 1813. Part II.

Further Experiments on the Light of the Cassegrainian Telescope, compared with that of the Gregorian. By CAPTAIN H. KATER, Brigade-Major. In a Letter addressed to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., K. B. P. R. S. From Phil. Trans. for 1814. Part I.

IN these papers a remarkable phenomenon is recorded, which had hitherto escaped the notice of philosophers: nor was any person more ignorant of it than the author of the invention which it has a tendency to recommend. The connexion of the fact with the construction of telescopes, is by far the least important part of the question,—if indeed the inferences at which Captain Kater points have any legitimate foundation. And, at all events, we are disposed to think that his experiments open a new, and it may be, a very wide field of inquiry,—although he has not done more than merely touch the threshold. As far as he has gone, undoubtedly, he deserves great praise, and has very completely performed the trials which he prescribed to himself; yet we have seldom had occasion to see so many obvious forms of experiment passed over, which at every step of the inquiry suggest themselves. The merits and the omissions being both very considerable, it is fit that we enter somewhat more fully into the subject.

The scientific reader is well acquainted with the two instruments mentioned in the titles of these papers; and the artist and the community generally, are sufficiently familiar with one of them—the Gregorian telescope; though that of Cassegrain never has come much into use. It differs from the Gregorian, or reflecting telescope commonly used, by having the small speculum, convex, instead of concave, and placed nearer the bottom of the tube where the larger mirror is situated. This instrument, from its first invention, never enjoyed any reputation. It was proposed as a novelty in 1672, although the Gregorian had been described in the learned author's *Optica promota* nine years before; and the Newtonian had certainly been invented, we believe published, though M. Cassegrain maintained that it had not been made known on the Continent at the period of

Digitized by Google

his invention.* The merits of this instrument, small as they might be, and, in point of originality, scarcely to be mentioned, have nevertheless been treated at all times with sufficient contempt—from the period of its first publication down to the present day. It is somewhat amusing to observe the disdain which the mention of the subject excites in the celebrated historian of the Mathematicks. 'Lorsque Newton eut publié dans 'les *Transactions Philosophiques* son nouveau telescope, il y eut 'en France un homme qui pretendit lui en disputer l'invention. 'M. Cassegrain, c'est le nom de ce rival de Newton, inséra,' &c. (*Montucla Hist. des Math. II.* 540.) The result has been, that this slight variation of the Gregorian, only possessing the advantage of somewhat shortening the tube, which was thought to be counterbalanced by its inverting the object, no use has, generally speaking, been made of it; and the existence of the instrument is scarcely known, except to the learned.

The author of the Papers now before us, conceives that this prejudice has been somewhat too hasty; and he certainly has produced proofs of the quantity of light in this telescope considerably exceeding that of the Gregorian, the apertures and magnifying powers of the two instruments being equal. The difference indeed is so great as to deserve very serious attention,—not so much on account of the instruments in question, as of the theoretical difficulties which the apparently new fact seems to raise. We must be careful, however, in ascertaining whether it is really new—and then in watching the inferences sought to be drawn from it. The vigilance required on such an occasion, we hope, and not any disposition to find fault, or to undervalue the very considerable merits of these Tracts, will be received as the ground of the following observations. We shall begin with the facts brought forward.

The author having, in some astronomical observations, remarked that a Cassegrainian telescope performed much better

* In the *Journal des Sçavans* for 1672, where Montucla says Cassegrain, first published his invention, it is expressly stated, that Newton's had been described in that work before Cassegrain's was published. (p. 80.) Montucla speaks of Cassegrain having inserted '*diverses pieces*' in that work, tending to prove his priority. We can only find one paper (p. 121) of the four which the volume contains upon telescopes, in which any thing is said favourable to Cassegrain; while one of the others is a pretty severe attack on him; and the remaining two are in praise of Sir Isaac Newton's invention, without mentioning Cassegrain's. For the controversy at large, and Sir Isaac Newton's own remarks, see Phil. Trans. No. 83. p. 4056, *et seqq.* An. 1672.

Digitized by Google

than a Gregorian of the same magnifying power, he resolved to verify this by actual measurement. For this purpose he took two instruments made by the same artist, (Mr Crickmore of Ipswich, a self-taught mechanician, whose reflectors are exquisitely formed), of nearly equal powers, and the specula of which were made of the same metal and pattern. He covered the aperture of the Cassegrainian with a piece of pasteboard, on which were described concentric circles, at the distance of the twentieth of an inch from each other. By cutting out one circle or ring after another, the aperture could be enlarged at pleasure. He then viewed a printed card, at the distance of fifty yards, through the two telescopes successively, and adjusted the aperture of the Cassegrainian, until the instrument showed the letters with equal clearness and distinctness. Then deducting from the aperture of each the area of the small speculum, and its arm or rod, he found the reflecting surface of the Cassegrainian exposed to the light to be 4.632 inches; of the Gregorian 10.871; giving seven to three nearly for the light of the former to that of the latter. He repeated this experiment with another Gregorian of exquisite polish, but with the same Cassegrainian, after its speculum had become considerably tarnished. The result of the calculation, which we need not go through, was, that the lights were as three to two nearly, in favour of the Cassegrainian. The medium of the two experiments would give about 60 to 38, or somewhat less than two to one in favour of that instrument; although, from the tarnish of the speculum, it is scarcely just to adopt this second trial as of equal weight with the first. This concludes the first of these sets of experiments; the author intimating, rather in the form of a query than a positive inference, his suspicions, that the crossing of the rays in the focus of the larger speculum may, in the Gregorian telescope, diminish the light, by the obstruction which they may thus give to one another—a position indeed so novel and so inconsistent with all the other phenomena of light, as to require the utmost caution before we can adopt it.

In the second paper, Captain Kater gives a third experiment of the same kind with the Gregorian used in the last, and a very fine Cassegrainian. The magnifying power of the latter was as 157, that of the former being 125. Reducing them to the same aperture and power, their lights were as 678 to 290 in favour of the Cassegrainian. Thus, by the first experiment, we obtain the proportion (taking the Gregorian at 100) of 235; by the second 148; by the third 234; in which we may remark the exact agreement of the first and third, and probably reject the second, as influenced by the bad state of the speculum.

Digitized by Google

The author then gives a series of experiments, conducted in a manner more likely to elucidate the subject, by simplifying the apparatus, and examining the relative intensities of reflected images on opposite sides of the focus. We still think he has taken an imperfect method; and would remind him, that the great discovery of the composition of light was only made when opticians began to examine the prismatic phenomena in a darkened room. Captain Kater's experiments are all, except one, made with candles or lamps, and in the night. The mirror used was one belonging to a Newtonian reflector. Being placed in the sun's light, an image was received on a card within the focus; the card was then removed beyond that point, until the image was equal in size; but its degree of illumination was sensibly smaller. In like manner the image of a candle was received within the focus; and an observer fixing in his mind its degree of illumination, the card was moved beyond the focus, until he pronounced the intensity of the light equal to what it had been in the first position. The mean of four trials by different observers, two of them illiterate persons, gave the ratio of intensity at equal distances within and without the focus, as 1000 to 477.5. He now endeavoured to compare the intensities more accurately, by viewing them at one time. For this purpose, white circles on black grounds were placed on a rod fixed in the axis of the speculum, and so that they could slide backwards and forwards. One being fixed within the focus, the other was moved beyond it, and fixed where the illumination of the white seemed the same as that of the other circle. The mean of nine observations gave the ratio of 1000 to 451.2, reduced to the same distance. A similar experiment with transparent circles, gave the proportion of 1000 to 451; and another, somewhat varied, being repeated six times, gave, as the medium, 1000 to 448.5. Another with transparent disks, thrice repeated, gave 1000 to 468.7 as the medium; and one with plaster-of-Paris balls, gave 1000 to 451.1, as the mean of six trials. There is certainly a great agreement in these experiments. The medium of the whole is, that the intensity within is to the intensity without the focus, as 1000 to 449.2, being considerably more than double.

A friend of the author's suggested another form of experiment. It consisted in using two lamps of equal sized flames, and placing them at different distances from the speculum, so that their images were received on cards,—one being illuminated by the image of one lamp within its focus, the other by the image of the other lamp without its focus. The advantage sought in this arrangement was to obtain a simultaneous view of both images, for the purpose of comparing their intensities. A mean of

Digitized by Google

three observations gave the proportion of 1000 to 788; and the experiment being repeated with disks of ground glass, a mean of three trials gave 1000 to 655. Our author observing the difference between these results, and that of all the former experiments, examined the cones of both the lamps within their respective foci, and found that they varied somewhat in their intensities. The intensity of the light within the focus of the furthest lamp was somewhat greater.

Having analyzed the experiments of our author, we shall now proceed to state our remarks upon the relative value of the conclusions deduced from them; and the desiderata which they suggest for further investigation.

The fact appears to be well established, that an advantage is gained in the construction of telescopes by adopting the Cassegrainian method. Yet we own that we could have wished to see a greater body of experiments even upon this part of the subject. At present we have only two; for the second must clearly be rejected on account of its inaccuracy; not to mention that the same Gregorian was used as in the third. The observation of a greater variety of telescopes must have proved satisfactory as to the fact of the superiority now stated, and would in all probability have led to a solution of that extraordinary circumstance. A doubt would also have been removed, which at present strikes us, with respect to the size of the small speculum. We observe that in all the three experiments it was larger in the Cassegrainian than in the Gregorian. In the first it was as 98 to 78 nearly; in the second as 1.485 to 0.709, above twice the size; in the third, the proportion of the areas was that of 2.886 to 1.188, or near two and a half to one. It is possible that the Gregorian lesser speculum may have been too small in proportion to the pencil which it had to reflect, and that light might thus have been lost; while the Cassegrainian was always sufficiently large. The form of the lesser speculum, and particularly the centre to which it is ground, is not mentioned, unless we are to take the statement of the speculum in both being of the same pattern, (which is given in the first experiment), as showing that both specula were equal. Now the difference of radius, and consequently of convexity, would affect the incidence, and consequently increase or diminish the reflecting power.

Our author quotes an observation of Dr Brewster, as similar to his own. It is where that ingenious writer is treating of a particular kind of micrometer; and he says, that 'the circular 'images, or the sections of the cone of rays, are never so dis-'tinct and well defined after the rays have crossed as before.' But, upon referring to Dr Brewster's excellent treatise, (pp. 44

Digitized by Google

and 193), we find he is speaking of rays that have crossed at the focus of *refraction*; and consequently the dispersive effect must be taken into the account, and the errors caused by the different refrangibility of the light, which must be greater beyond the focus. We beg leave also to refer to a well known property of spherical reflectors with respect to the quantity of aberration. It is demonstrable, that if parallel rays be reflected from a concave speculum, and then, before they come to a focus, reflected again from a convex one, as in Cassegrain's telescope, the aberration of the lateral rays produced by the first reflexion, must be corrected in a considerable degree. But, if the second reflexion be from a concave speculum, the aberration produced by the second reflexion, is in the same direction with that caused by the first, and consequently increases instead of compensating it. These propositions are demonstrated in Wood's Optics, (pp. 211 and 212), expressly with a reference to the Cassegrainian and Gregorian telescopes. There is another circumstance to be taken into account; we mean, the irregular reflexion from superficial defects, which, by never conveying it to any focus, must render the light weaker the further any illuminated body is placed from the speculum. The experiment ought also to have been tried with the Newtonian telescope, where the plain reflector is placed within the focus; and where, if there is any foundation for the author's conjecture, that it is the crossing at the focus which occasions the difference, a similar superiority should be perceived after deducting the effect of the inclination of the plain speculum.

But it is by other and more accurate means that this difficulty can alone be cleared up, and the truth or falsehood of the author's hypothesis brought to the test. His experiments on lamps and candles are liable to great imperfection, from not being performed in a darkened room; and from relying upon so fallible a test of light, as the mere ocular observation or recollection of its illuminating power. It would be proper to repeat and vary the author's experiments, by receiving a beam on a speculum through an aperture in a darkened room, and then examining the intensity of the light in its progress. But an obvious method of proceeding, is to use the photometer of Mr Leslie. We have always maintained it indeed to be merely a thermometer of a most delicate and ingenious structure; but it measures the quantity of light by the best test known: and as there is no reason to suppose that invisible rays could disturb the experiment with reflecting bodies, it is scarcely to be doubted that some decisive results may be obtained.

Other experiments suggest themselves, with the view of examining the very startling notion of the light by the impact of its rays

Digitized by Google

on each other in the focus, being dissipated. If such an impact exists, we might expect to find the motion of the rays chiefly impeded, when the reflected beam was in the same line with the incident; that is, when the incidence was perpendicular to the speculum. In like manner, one beam meeting another in the same line, should greatly impede its passage. It is very difficult however to apply the photometer in such a collision of rays; as the very interposition of its bulb must impede the impact, and instantly put an end to their interference. In these circumstances the most promising suggestion that occurs to us, is to place a concave mirror in a beam, with the photometer at any distance beyond the focus, and then to throw the focus of another concave mirror, so that it should coincide with the former focus. The whole rays of the one speculum passing through the point where all the rays of the other meet, the photometer will fall very sensibly, if the light is affected by the mutual impact of its rays. Perhaps, merely darkening half of a speculum might determine the question, on a different principle. For the photometer being wholly within the cone of diverging rays, the cutting off the semicone where it is not, cannot diminish the light that falls on it, while it removes half of the rays which formerly passed through the focus, and are supposed to have produced a disturbing effect by their impact.

A variety of other experiments will present themselves to the learned reader. It is an obvious one, to substitute lenses for specula, and to combine both together. It is equally clear, that the experiments should be repeated with homogeneous light, by means of the prism. The invisible rays, sensible to the photometer, afford a new field of observation; and it will be very important to ascertain how far the focus of heat resembles that of light, in respect of the diminution of intensity beyond it. The experiments of Pictet and Mr Leslie should, therefore, be repeated with this view; and the photometer being a most delicate thermometer, affords the best means of conducting them. From analogy we should expect that this instrument should fall more at any given distance beyond the focus when heat is reflected, or rise more when cold is reflected, than if it were moved to an equal distance between the focus and the speculum.

These hints and queries are thrown out for the sake of promoting an investigation that promises no inconsiderable harvest of discovery. Wherever the experimental inquirer finds a new appearance—a difficulty—something which he cannot explain by reference to his former knowledge, he may be assured that he is on the interesting road to an enlargement of the bounds of science. It becomes him, when such a matter presents itself, by no means

Digitized by Google

to reject hastily even the least probable explanations that may occur. To admit them rashly, would be to fashion hypotheses, not to study the laws of nature by induction; but while an hypothesis suggests new experiments, it is in the true spirit of analysis to entertain it, and pursue those experimental tests which may either dissipate or convert it into a legitimate conclusion. There is a *possibility* that the notion of rays interfering with each other may be better founded than it now appears to be;—at all events, it leads to experiments decisive of this point. If we are on a wrong scent, no great harm is done by the pursuit; and other well drawn inferences may spring up while that which we are seeking vanishes at our approach. The ingenious author of the Papers before us ought, in justice to himself and the inquiry he has so fairly begun, speedily to follow it; and we earnestly hope for an early opportunity of again calling the attention of our readers to the progress of his operations.

ART. III. *The History of Fiction: being a Critical Account of the most celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the present age.* By JOHN DUNLOP. 3 vol. London, 1814.

WE are very much of Mr Dunlop's opinion,—that 'life has 'few things better, than sitting at the chimney-corner 'in a winter evening, after a well-spent day, and reading an in-'teresting romance or novel.' In fact, of all the pleasures of the imagination those are by far the most captivating which are excited by the representation of our fellow-creatures struggling with great difficulties, and stimulated by high expectations or formidable alarms. And if the reader or spectator have no personal interest in the subject, his emotions are but slightly, if at all, affected by his judgment concerning its authenticity. On the contrary, the fictions of genius may be rendered far more engaging than the greater part of real history.

But the invention of interesting narratives is by no means an easy exercise; and we apprehend that tales entirely and professedly fictitious are exclusively the production of a civilized age; and are never introduced into any nation till long after the genuine exploits of its own heroes have been sung by its bards (who are the first historians), for the entertainment and information of ruder times. These journalists may indeed be expected to exaggerate the truth; and, on very slender evidence, or merely from the warmth of their imagination, to represent the powers of the invisible world as interposing their mighty influence in

Digitized by Google

the shape most agreeable to the prevalent superstitions. But in relating events which passed within the memory of their hearers, these exaggerations would generally be kept within such bounds as not to shock the credulity, and consequently be less gratifying to the national curiosity, and even to the national vanity of their audience: and hence sagacious historians are able to extract a probable narrative from the songs of cotemporary bards.

Long however before the period of sober and scrutinizing history, the more ancient of these songs would gradually receive additions and embellishments from the patriotic fancies of the persons who successively transmitted them to posterity; of the extent of which some idea may be formed from the amplifications with which the account of any surprising event is adorned, even during a short time after its first promulgation, as it passes from house to house, and from village to village. A bard also of one generation, gathering information from those of another, and from the traditionary anecdotes of the aged with whom he conversed, would be apt to compose a narrative in which a greater latitude would be assumed for adjusting it to his own views or to the taste of his countrymen, according to the remoteness of the time to which it referred, and his security from the examination of critical inquirers. And we may well suppose that his audience would receive indulgently, or rather would indispensably require a high colouring of the marvellous in the accounts of their favourite heroes.

In ruder times, therefore, the fiction would chiefly consist, not so much in the troublesome task of inventing incidents, as in exaggeration: And the tendency to exaggerate would act in two ways: it would on the one hand enlarge the scale and heighten the colours of the natural objects and real events which were understood to have existed; and on the other hand it would multiply as well as magnify, and would render distinctly visible the supernatural interpositions which were suggested by the popular creed. When Achilles in a pet retired with his myrmidons, it is probable enough that Diomed was roused to exert himself to the utmost in the common cause, and performed wonders in the first engagements after the secession of his great rival. On such an occasion it would not be unnatural for his brave companions, and still less for enraptured parasitical bards, to have expressed their admiration by saying, that they beheld him as if shining with a light from heaven in the battle; that Minerva was his friend and protector; that under her guidance he not only slew many of the Trojan chiefs, but completely routed and made an incredible havock among the throng of the less noble combatants, who furiously assailed him, led on by the God of war in

Digitized by Google

all his terrors;—in short, that Diomed was a match for Mars himself. But the heroes of the Trojan expedition were seen as visions by Homer and his cotemporaries: And, according to the representation in the fifth book of the Iliad, Minerva adorns the warrior with a real star-like flame beaming from the crest of his helmet; she obtains Jupiter's permission to assist the Greeks; rouses Diomed's courage who had been compelled to retreat; with her own divine hand, she pulls down the charioteer, mounts into his seat, and drives to where Mars was combating in propriâ personâ, but who is soon wounded by Diomed in the small guts, νειατον ἐς κενεωνα, and sent roaring as loud as nine or ten thousand men to his father Jupiter on the top of Olympus. Thus the surprising events which were but moderately hyperbolized at the time, in the relation of the eyewitnesses, and ascribed to the secret influences of the supernatural powers, rather than to the agency of their daylight apparitions, are wonderfully changed in the representation, at no great distance of time. The real hero slays his tens; the hero of the men-singers and women-singers slays his thousands and his tens of thousands: The real hero is large of bone and strong of muscle; the hero of the poet is a Hercules; and if not a giant, he is much more—like Tom Thumb he is the conqueror of giants: Those superior Beings, with whom the popular religion or superstition has peopled heaven and earth and hell, mingle openly in the fray; they are seen and recognized as distinctly as any others of the Dramatis Personæ, and act and converse very sensibly, sometimes very foolishly, not only with each other, but with their mortal associates. These superior Beings themselves, indeed, frequently owe their supernatural character, and, in some cases, their very existence, to exaggeration. The heroes in process of time become demi-gods; and at last are invested with the full honours and emoluments of Deities acknowledged and established by law;

Romulus et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux;
Post ingentia facta Deorum in templa recepti.

The unknown causes which actuate the material world,—the passions which agitate the human breast,—and even several of those shadows of entity, the allegorical characters, have been distinctly personified, and many of them admitted to seats of greater or less dignity in the sacred college of Divinities.

But in general the most enormous exaggeration would disfigure those events which were the most ancient in the national traditions;—those events which bordered upon utter darkness and appeared to be coeval with the birth of Time. In a period of such dim antiquity, it appears that a certain Crown

Digitized by Google

Prince of Crete, very enterprising and very unprincipled, rebelled successfully against his father, seemingly still more unprincipled than the son, and carried every thing before him. This worthy young gentleman, after being worshipped by the Cretans during his life, very much, we suppose, as other successful tyrants are worshipped, had the astonishing good fortune, in the course of a few centuries after his death, to be acknowledged as the King of Gods and men throughout all Greece, and afterwards through the whole extent of the Roman empire. The abortive insurrection of his kinsmen in Thessaly was in due time represented as the enterprise of stupendous giants, who heaped mountain upon mountain to attack the Thunderer in his Olympian Palace. And as nobody could tell any thing about the parents of these great men, it was concluded, with a degree of probability amounting to what in the language of philosophers is with much propriety called moral certainty, that they had risen out of the ground like mushrooms. The events prior to his establishment on the throne, appear dimly in the back ground of the sacred mythology—involved in all the awful obscurity of mysteries, not to be profaned by the scrutiny of impious mortals. We are told that there was a war in heaven of the Titans against Saturn the chief of the Gods, for not having devoured his son Jupiter. For it would appear that this good king, in whose reign, according to the poets, all the world, except the royal family, were virtuous and happy, had cajoled his elder brother Prince Titan out of his inheritance, under the express condition of destroying, or, according to the more elegant mystical account, of eating his male children as soon as they were born. The chief of the gods was at first defeated and imprisoned by the Titans, but was soon rescued and restored by Jupiter, the hopeful Crown Prince, who afterwards expelled his father, and reigned in his stead.

In some such manner real events are represented by the bards of future generations; with a strange fantastic jumble of hyperbole and allegory, converted partly or entirely from a figurative to a literal meaning, the marvels of superstition, childish fancies, and the brilliant conceptions of poetical genius; while during the whole time there is but little invention of incident, and far less of any thing like that artificial fabrication of a continued fiction, which critics like Bossu have ascribed to Homer so gratuitously, and indeed in such contradiction to all that is known from experience concerning the progress of the human mind in any of the arts.

Fictitious incidents would generally be at first introduced by a much easier method than invention into the narratives of the

Digitized by Google

bards. The gentlemen of this ancient, itinerant corporation would naturally, in the course of their peregrinations, become acquainted with many tales, both foreign and domestic, not generally known to the rest of their countrymen; and would be tempted to steal the most striking of the incidents, whether true or false, and transfer them to the characters in their own histories. Various instances of such pilfering are every day detected in the story-tellers of society, as well as in authors both ancient and modern; and hence it sometimes happens that the same transaction appears in several different associations. Thus, much use has been made, in various books, of the transaction so well known to the readers of plays and romances,—the conspiracy for ruining a lady's reputation by carrying her friends to a hiding-place from whence they could spy the improper behaviour of a person who was dressed so as to resemble her. This clumsy contrivance seems to have been stolen by Bandello from Ariosto,—and has been employed both by Shakespeare and Spenser. And when authors endowed with so fertile inventions condescend to borrow incidents so ill-contrived, (and indeed they sometimes stoop to still poorer thefts), we cannot doubt that similar plagiarisms must have been frequent among the inferior practitioners in the trade of story-making.

In fact, the piracy of incidents may be traced from the most remote antiquity down to modern times, in the histories both of supernatural agents and of mortal men. There are strong presumptions that the Grecian archives of Hercules, and of Jupiter himself, have been enlarged by plunder both from Egypt and Asia. The Jewish visionaries superadded to the truths of the sacred Scriptures many curious anecdotes relating to the celestial principalities,—which they learned from the authentic records of their Chaldean conquerors. The Romances of chivalry have been enriched by contributions from various quarters; from the songs of the Scalds, the bards of the Northern tribes that overran so many provinces of the Roman empire; from the tales of Arabia, Persia, and other eastern nations; and also from the fables transmitted by the classics of Greece and Rome. Mr Dunlop very properly rejects any theory which would ascribe the beauties of romantic fiction to any one of these sources exclusively, and we shall quote his general account of the subject, as a fair specimen of his style and sagacity.

'From a view of the character of Arabian and Gothic fiction, it appears that neither is exclusively entitled to the credit of having given birth to the wonders of romance. The early framers of the tales of chivalry may be indebted to the northern bards for those wild and terrible images congenial to a frozen region, and owe to

Digitized by Google

Arabian invention that magnificence and splendour, those glowing descriptions and luxuriant ornaments, suggested by the enchanting scenery of an eastern climate,

'*And wonders wild of Arabesque combine*
'*With Gothic imagery of darker shade.*

'It cannot be denied, and indeed has been acknowledged by Mr Warton, that the fictions of the Arabians and Scalds are totally different. The fables and superstitions of the Northern bards are of a darker shade and more savage complexion than those of the Arabians. There is something in their fictions that chills the imagination. The formidable objects of nature with which they were familiarized in their northern solitudes, their precipices and frozen mountains and gloomy forests, acted on their fancy, and gave a tincture of horror to their imagery. Spirits who send storms over the deep, who rejoice in the shriek of the drowning mariner, or diffuse irresistible pestilence; spells which preserve from poison, blunt the weapons of an enemy, or call up the dead from their tombs—these are the ornaments of northern poetry. The Arabian fictions are of a more splendid nature; they are less terrible indeed, but possess more variety and magnificence; they lead us through delightful forests, and raise up palaces glittering with gold and diamonds.

'It may also be observed, that, allowing the early Scaldic odes to be genuine, we find in them no dragons, giants, magic rings, or enchanted castles. These are only to be met with in the compositions of the bards who flourished after the native vein of Runic fabling had been enriched by the tales of the Arabians. But if we look in vain to the early Gothic poetry for many of those fables which adorn the works of the romancers, we shall easily find them in the ample field of oriental fiction. Thus the Asiatic romances and chemical works of the Arabians are full of enchantments similar to those described in the Spanish, and even in the French, tales of chivalry. Magical rings were an important part of the eastern philosophy, and seem to have given rise to those which are of so much service to the Italian poets. In the Eastern peris, we may trace the origin of the European fairies in their qualities, and perhaps in their name. The griffin or hippogriff of the Italian writers, seems to be the famous Simurgh of the Persians, which makes such a figure in the epic poems of Sadii and Ferdusii.

'A great number of these romantic wonders were collected in the East by that idle and lying horde of pilgrims and palmers who visited the Holy Land through curiosity, restlessness, or devotion, and who, returning from so great a distance, imposed every fiction on a believing audience. They were subsequently introduced into Europe by the Fablers of France, who took up arms and followed their barons to the conquest of Jerusalem. At their return, they imported into Europe the wonders they had heard, and enriched romance with an infinite variety of Oriental fictions.

Digitized by Google

'A fourth hypothesis has been suggested, which represents the machinery and colouring of fiction, the stories of inchanted gardens, monsters, and winged steeds, which have been introduced into romance, as derived from the classical and mythological authors; and as being merely the ancient stories of Greece, grafted on modern manners, and modified by the customs of the age. The classical authors, it is true, were in the middle ages scarcely known; but the superstitions they inculcated had been prevalent for too long a period, and had taken too firm a hold on the mind, to be easily obliterated. The mythological ideas which still lingered behind were diffused in a multitude of popular works. In the travels of Sir John Mandeville, there are many allusions to ancient fable; and, as Middleton has shown that a great number of the Popish rites were derived from Pagan ceremonies, it is scarcely to be doubted, that many classical were converted into romantic fictions. This at least is certain, that the classical system presents the most numerous and least exceptionable prototypes of the fables of romance.

'In many of the tales of chivalry, there is a knight detained from his guest, by the enticements of a sorceress; and who is nothing more than the Calypso or Circe of Homer. The story of Andromeda might give rise to the fable of damsels being rescued by their favourite knight, when on the point of being devoured by a sea monster. The heroes of the Iliad and Eneid were both furnished with enchanted armour; and in the story of Polyphemus, a giant and his cave are exhibited. Herodotus, in his history, speaks of a race of Cyclops who inhabited the North, and waged perpetual war with the tribe of Griffons, which was in possession of mines of gold. The expedition of Jason in search of the golden fleece; the apples of the Hesperides, watched by a dragon; the king's daughter who is an enchantress, who falls in love with and saves the knight,—are akin to the marvels of romantic fiction—especially of that sort supposed to have been introduced by the Arabians. Some of the less familiar fables of classical mythology, as the image in the Theogony of Hesiod, of the murky prisons in which the Titans were pent up by Jupiter, under the custody of strong armed giants, bear a striking resemblance to the more wild sublimity of the Gothic fictions.' (vol. I. p. 135.)

Thus Bayes is not the only poet whose invention is indebted to his memory or commonplace book;—and the art of fictitious narrative, like every other art, seems to have arisen gradually from very humble beginnings; and to have consisted, at first, not in the invention of incidents, but in the exaggeration, natural even to eyewitnesses, in relating any interesting or surprising event; and afterwards, in borrowing incidents, true or false, from every quarter, whenever such a license had the chance of escaping detection, or of being favourably received.

But the license, whether of exaggerating, of borrowing, or

Digitized by Google

of inventing incidents, would be more freely assumed by the bard, and more indulgently admitted by his audience; and indeed the reports of travellers, who have always enjoyed a peculiar privilege, would provide the materials of fiction in greater variety, and of a more wonderful kind, when the scene of the hero's adventures happened to be in distant and unknown regions, inhabited by other races of men, enclosed by other mountains and other seas, subject to the influence of other skies, and governed by other gods and another order of Nature.—The Odyssey is a curious example.—If we except the usual interposition of the usual deities; the history of what passes in Ithaca and Greece seems to contain little which may not be more easily conceived to have actually happened, than to have been invented by the poet. But when we accompany Ulysses to Italy, Sicily and Ogygia, countries so little known in those early times to the inhabitants of Ionia or Greece, we find ourselves in another world. We meet with the enchantments of Circe, the mother of a large family of enchantresses; and the songs of Sirens—whose fascinating progeny has multiplied still more extensively both in verse and in prose. We meet with Giants who devoured human flesh, and are manifestly near of kin to the raw-boned gentlemen against whom not only the knights-errant of aftertimes, but also our dearly beloved schoolfellow Jack the Giant-killer exerted his prowess and sagacity—though we have some pleasure in remarking that the more modern giants are of a finer breed, and farther removed from the savage state, as they look through two eyes instead of one, and live in castles instead of caves. What is more wonderful, we meet with the road to hell; not indeed the broad way through the wide gate, so well known and so much frequented by men of all ranks in every age of the world; but the secret path which it requires mystic rites to open, and by which a hero, a saint, or a poet, with a proper guide and good interest at court, may not only descend with all his flesh and blood about him to gratify his curiosity, but also return safe and sound, to entertain his friends above ground with the sights he saw below.

It appears, then, in what manner the bards, prompted by patriotism, and the desire of exciting the wonder of their auditors, might be enabled, without any great trouble of invention, to adorn with fiction the songs which recorded the exploits of their own countrymen; and their freedom in this respect would be the greater, according to the distance of time or place. But all restraint would be removed, when the hero of the tale was a foreigner. The historical truth would in this case be indifferent to the audience, and the narrative would be more accept-

Digitized by Google

able, according as it was more extraordinary, affecting, and miraculous. Now it is obvious, that as the bards were indebted to their powers of amusing company for their estimation in society, and even for their livelihood, they would be prompted, by vanity and interest, as well as by their genius and habits, to provide an ample store and variety of tales; and not to confine themselves to transactions where they must have been fettered by the national records or traditions, but to adopt also those other subjects, where they could employ without controul all the materials which were furnished by their experience, memory or fancy. It is obvious, too, that recourse to foreign subjects would become the more frequent, according as the nation advanced in knowledge and refinement, and ceased to depend on their poets for the preservation of their history. And when the professions of the poets and historians were completely separated, the former would be fully and for ever invested with the privilege of fiction, the *quidlibet audendi potestas*, in all their narratives, whether of foreign or domestic transactions—subject only to the remonstrances of the critics, not for telling lies, but for telling ill-contrived or uninteresting lies.

We have dwelt the longer on the origin of fictitious narrative, not only because the subject has been strangely misrepresented by the critics, but also because it is entirely overlooked in our author's history. And this oversight seems to have produced another very material defect, the limitation of his plan to fictions *in prose*.

The earliest fictions are obviously entitled to the greatest attention, on account of the information which may be extracted from them with regard to the history, manners, and opinions of the nation and age to which they belong. They are also connected with many of the succeeding fictions; so that, by a mutual comparison, they are all rendered more intelligible and agreeable, more valuable both to the antiquary, the philosopher, and the innocents who read for amusement. But all the early fictions are composed in verse; and after fiction became less connected with history, many of the finest specimens of poetry are also the finest specimens of fictitious narrative. In fact, if we except a very few Italian tales, and some of the first-rate French and English novels, by far the best fictitious narratives in existence are poems. And a history of Mathematics which should exclude Archimedes and Newton, would not be more extraordinary, than a history of Fiction which excludes Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Lucan, Ariosto, Tasso, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Scott, Campbell and Byron.

Digitized by Google

The reason alleged for this exclusion appears to us, we will confess, altogether unsatisfactory.

'The history of Fiction,' says our author in his Introduction, 'becomes in a considerable degree interesting to the philosopher, and occupies an important place in the history of the progress of society. By contemplating the fables of a people, we have a successive delineation of their prevalent modes of thinking, a picture of their feelings and tastes and habits. In this respect prose fiction appears to possess advantages considerably superior either to history or poetry. In history there is too little individuality; in poetry too much effort, to permit the poet and historian to pourtray the manners living as they rise. History treats of man, as it were, in the mass; and the individuals whom it paints, are regarded merely or principally in a public light, without taking into consideration their private feelings, tastes, or habits. Poetry is in general capable of too little detail, while its paintings at the same time are usually too much forced and exaggerated. But in Fiction we can discriminate without impropriety, and enter into detail without meanness. Hence it has been remarked, that it is chiefly in the fictions of an age that we can discover the modes of living, dress and manners of the period.'

In the two last sentences it is plain that the author means prose fictions, and not fictions in general. But we hope he will consider this matter a little more deliberately. Even though we should grant all that he has here stated, it would not afford a sufficient reason for excluding fictitious narratives in verse from the History of Fiction. But we apprehend that verse is by no means incompatible with accurate and minute description; for which we may appeal to the finest poems that have ever yet been published, as well as to the ruder lays of the bards in the North and West of Europe, which are of such importance both in the history of Fiction, and in the history of Society. Of the manners and characters of the Greeks in the heroic ages, we find a distinct and even minute account in the poems of Homer: but it would not be adviseable to form our ideas of the Greek Shepherds and Shepherdesses in any age, from a certain prose romance to which our Author has condescended to afford a conspicuous place in his history—Longus's pastoral tale of Daphnis and Chloe. We doubt much if the manners of chivalry are as correctly represented in the prose of Amadis de Gaul, and the long train of prose romances to which it gave rise, and which occupy so great a portion of the present work; as in the Orlando Furioso and Gerusalemme liberata, under all the fetters of the ottava rima. The voluminous histories of Astrea and Cleopatra, the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, and various other celebrated romances, which are admitted into our author's history on-

Digitized by Google

account of their prose, and which are chiefly deserving of attention, from the difficulty of discovering how any body could ever have been at the trouble to read them, describe a state of society which never existed any where but in the fantastic imaginations of those writers, who may κατ' ἐξοχην—be denominated Prosers. On the other hand, the Lady of the Lake, Gertrude of Wyoming, the Bride of Abydos and the Corsair, present in the most harmonious versification and highest colouring of poetry, many details of national manners which are not surpassed in accuracy by the plain prose of that most honest of all travellers, Bell of Antermony. We are far however from wishing to insinuate that any of the prose romances which we have mentioned should be excluded from the History of Fiction. On the contrary we are extremely obliged to Mr Dunlop for his judicious and elegant accounts of them. But we regret that the mere circumstance of versification should have excluded so many capital or curious works which are essentially connected with a philosophical and critical delineation of the origin and progress of Fiction in general, and particularly in the West of Europe.

The present publication, however, although it ought only to be entitled Sketches of the History of Fiction, is still interesting and amusing, and in general is respectably executed. But we have only to look at the first chapter, in order to be sensible of the imperfection of the plan. This chapter gives a view of the Greek romances in prose, and begins with a work of Antonius Diogenes in the time of Alexander the Great, entitled, Accounts of the incredible things in Thule, τῶν ὑπὲρ Θούλην ἀπίστων λόγοι. It is now, we believe, extant only in the Epitome of Photius; and is a farrago of absurd and extravagant stories, which its author acknowledges to have been collected from former writers. We mention it only to apprise the reader at how recent a period Mr Dunlop's history begins. At this period, the art of composition, both in prose and verse, had attained a high degree of excellence; the departments of history and fiction were completely separated,—though some irregular practices have existed, down to our own days, of borrowing the ornaments of the latter department to decorate the former; fiction had been long cultivated on its own account; the tales which delighted the Milesians, and which probably borrowed many of their incidents from the neighbouring and civilized nations of Persia, were then in circulation; and the intercourse which Alexander's expedition had opened with the more easterly nations, must have afforded a copious supply of materials for the story-tellers of Greece. Thus our author's history opens, not in the beginning, but in the midst, of things; an arrangement which, however commendable

Digitized by Google

in an Epic poem, does not appear so well adapted to sober history,—not even to a history of Fiction. Nor does our author, like the Epic poets, fall upon any device for carrying us back in due time to the commencement of the subject; from which indeed he is precluded by the artificial limits of his plan.

Of the Greek Romances in prose, now extant, of any considerable length, (if we except the Cyropœdia, which is a fiction of a very particular kind, and not intended for popular amusement), the oldest is not earlier than the end of the fourth century. It is the history of Theagenes and Chariclea, written by Heliodorus Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly, but before his promotion to the episcopal dignity. It is deserving of notice chiefly on account of the hints which it has furnished to succeeding writers of eminence, particularly to Tasso and Guarini; but we mention it here, chiefly for the purpose of recommending to our author a revisal of the principles of criticism which he has laid down in his remarks on this Romance. To us it appears that a story may possess novelty, probability, and variety in its incidents; that the incidents may be arranged by the narrator, so as to keep us ignorant of the final issue till the last; that it may possess all the ornaments which our author has enumerated—a good style, characters well defined and interesting in themselves, sentiments as sublime as any in Epictetus, and descriptions as fine as in the Romance of the Forest, or as correct as in Bell's Travels; nay, to crown all, we can even conceive that the story shall be written in prose;—and yet, that with all these merits, which are all that our author requires, it shall be a string of events so unimportant or unimpassioned, that a second perusal would be quite insufferable. Have we not seen Mr Cumberland's novels?

Waiting to be better instructed, we would merely hint at present, that the proper merit of a Romance consists in Interest and Pathos, including in Pathos the ludicrous as well as the serious emotions. A romance is nothing, if it does not preserve alive our anxiety for the fate of the principal characters, with a constant, though varied, agitation of the passions. For this purpose, we must be made to conceive the whole action as passing before us—to hear the conversations of the different persons—to see their demeanours and looks—to enter into their thoughts—and to have each of them as distinctly and individually present to our mind, as the several characters in the Iliad, in Marianne, in Tom Jones, or in Cecilia. When the characters are striking, either by their virtues, vices, or follies—and when our imagination is thus occupied by a succession of scenes in which

Digitized by Google

these qualities are rendered conspicuous, and in which our sympathies and aversions, our admiration and laughter, our joy and sorrow, our hopes and fears, are kept in continual play—we can forgive many improbabilities and even impossibilities in the story,—as is well known to the readers of Homer, Ariosto, and Shakespeare: still less are we displeased with borrowed incidents,—as almost all our dramatic authors can testify. In fact, there is generally but little merit in the adoption, or even invention of the simple incident, compared to the genius of the poet, the actor, or the painter, who bestows upon it life and passion. Chariclea was appointed by the priest of Apollo to present to Theagenes the lighted torch for kindling the sacrifice in the temple of Delphi. They first saw each other upon this occasion, and became mutually and deeply enamoured. But how feeble is the impression produced by this dry narrative, compared to what we feel at Raphael's glowing picture of the scene, or compared to what we would have felt if Rousseau had described the looks and thoughts of the enraptured lovers!—When they were flying from Delphi to Sicily, their ship was captured by the pirate Charinus, whom Chariclea implored in vain not to separate her from Theagenes. We hear without emotion the general account of the event; but how affecting is it to contemplate, in the picture drawn by the same great master, the attitude and countenance of Chariclea as she is kneeling at the Pirate's feet! And how could Otway have wrung the heart by the dramatic representation of such an interview!

It is amusing to observe, at the end of this chapter, how the author endeavours to persuade himself that his history opens with the origin of fictitious narrative in Greece. After some general remarks on the romances he had been reviewing, he adds, 'In 'short, these *early* fictions are such as might have been expect-'ed at the *first* effort'—as if the romances produced several centuries after the Christian era, or even in the time of Alexander the Great, were the first attmpts at fiction in the country of Homer and Hesiod.

In the second chapter, where the author proposes to review the Latin romances, the principal article is the Ass of Apuleius, which, from its great popularity, has been called the Golden Ass. It is an improvement of Lucian's whimsical tale, entitled Lucius; and relates the adventures of the author Apuleius during his transformation into an ass. This misfortune befel him at the house of a female magician in Thessaly with whom he lodged, and whose maidservant at his request had stolen a box of ointment from her mistress, by rubbing himself with which Apuleius expected to be changed into a bird; but as his friend

Digitized by Google

the damsel had by mistake given him a wrong box, he found himself compelled to bray and walk on all fours, instead of whistling and flying in the air. He is informed by her, that the eating of rose leaves is necessary for his restoration to the human form. One should imagine that roses might be found as easily in Thessaly as in this country, where an ass of ordinary observation and address might contrive, without much difficulty, to regale himself with one, if he liked it as well as a thistle—and much more, if it were an object of as great importance to him as to Apuleius. This poor beast, however, went through many adventures, some to be sure agreeable enough, but in general very unpleasant, before he had it in his power to taste a rose leaf. At last, having one evening escaped from his master, he found unexpectedly the termination of his misfortunes. We shall quote Mr Dunlop's account of this happy catastrophe.

'He fled unperceived to the fields; and having galloped for three leagues, he came to a retired place on the shore of the sea. The moon which was in full splendour, and the awful silence of the night, inspired him with sentiments of devotion. He purified himself in the manner prescribed by Pythagoras, and addressed a long prayer to the great goddess Isis. In the course of the night she appeared to him in a dream; and after giving a strange account of herself, announced to him the end of his misfortunes; but demanded in return the consecration of his whole life to her service. On awakening, he feels himself confirmed in his resolution of aspiring to a life of virtue. On this change of disposition and conquest over his passions, the author finely represents all nature as assuming a new face of cheerfulness and gaity. 'Tanta hilaritate, praeter peculiarem meam, gestire mihi cuncta videbantur; ut pecua etiam cujuscemodi, et totas domos, et ipsam diem serena facie gaudere sentirem.'

'While in this frame of mind, Apuleius perceived an innumerable multitude approaching the shore to celebrate the festival of Isis. Amid the crowd of priests, he remarked the sovereign pontiff, with a crown of roses on his head; and approached to pluck them. The pontiff, yielding to a secret inspiration, held forth the garland. Apuleius resumed his former figure, and the promise of the Goddess was fulfilled. He was then initiated into her rites—returned to Rome, and devoted himself to her service. - - - - - - - - - He was finally invited to a more mystic and solemn initiation by the Goddess herself, who rewarded him for his accumulated piety, by an abundance of temporal blessings.' Vol. I. p. 114.

This romance has acquired great celebrity, from having been pressed by Warburton into the service of Christianity, in his curious argument for the Divine Legation of Moses—which we trust is defensible upon other grounds. We cannot go so far as the learned prelate; though we think it extremely probable that

Digitized by Google

Apuleius had in view the general idea of representing, on the one hand, by his metamorphosis, the degradation of human nature in consequence of a voluptuous life; and on the other hand, the dignity and happiness of virtue, by his restoration and admission to the mysteries of Isis. The Golden Ass, however, is not calculated to make converts from pleasure; and is chiefly valuable as a book of amusement, written very agreeably, but not without affectation, and containing some beautiful tales and many diverting incidents.

Of the ancient Latin romances very few are extant; and it is probable that the production of these luxuries was checked in Italy before the end of the fourth century, though the Greek writers continued for nine or ten centuries afterwards to compose tales of various kinds both in prose and verse. But, while the idle people of Constantinople were amusing themselves with their novels, the western provinces of the Roman empire were laid waste by barbarous invaders; and a period of extreme misery was at length succeeded by a new state of society, a new state of government, manners and opinions, very different from that which had been subverted in the west, or from that which subsisted in the refined and effeminate provinces of the east, but far better adapted to rouse the ardour of a poetical imagination. Hence arose a new and remarkable class of fictions,—the fictions of Chivalry, which have so long delighted Britain and France, and Spain and Italy. They are the subject of the third and three following chapters of our Author's history.

It is in this portion of his work, particularly, that we have to lament the unhappy limitation of his plan. The prose romances of Chivalry were produced for the most part by Bayes's most expeditious recipe for original composition, namely, by turning verse into prose,—being extremely diffuse and languid compilations from the early metrical tales; and they are in general of little value to the antiquary, as neither their authors nor their dates can be ascertained. Amadis de Gaul is one of the most celebrated; and yet it remains undetermined whether the work now extant under that title has not been greatly altered from the original; nor can any one tell either who composed the original, or who manufactured the present work, or at what time either the one or the other was written. The early metrical tales are far more deserving of attention as connected with real history; and if we consider the romances of chivalry merely as amusements to the imagination, the subject appears better adapted for verse than for prose. The stately and formal manners of those ages soon grow wearisome in ordinary narrative, and require to be enlivened by the rapidity and brilliancy of poetical

Digitized by Google

description: And who does not feel that the marvellous exploits and supernatural events with which they abound, deserve rather to be sung to the sound of the harp, tabret, cymbal and all manner of musical instruments, than to be detailed in the sober language of truth, which is absurdly affected by the prose romancers, who generally announce themselves as authentic historians, and rail at the falsehood of their metrical predecessors? Accordingly it is among the poets that we are to look for the finest specimens of the fictions which we are now considering; and while the romances of Ariosto, and Tasso and Scott, are read again and again by persons of all descriptions, even Mr Southey's translation of the great Amadis de Gaul, though it is ably executed, and has much improved its original by abridging it, was never popular, and is now almost forgotten.

Our author deviates from his plan so far as to give us a slight notice of a few of the metrical romances which were preserved in the library of M. de St Palaye, the learned writer of the Memoirs on Chivalry. But with this exception, he gratifies his readers with an account of the prose romances only; of which the most ancient, and perhaps the most curious, are those which relate to the fabulous history of England. Amidst the devastation of the Roman empire in the west, this island suffered far more than its share of the general calamity. The Christian religion, which had been elsewhere not only spared but embraced by the conquerors, was exterminated by the idolatrous and unlettered Saxons who subdued the British province; and if any of the Britons were suffered to exist within its bounds, they were only poor despised stragglers of the lower orders; while the remnant of its chiefs, clergy and bards—its traditions, its records, its literature, its very language—were swept into the mountains of Wales, or beyond the sea into Britany. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the history of England should be lost in fable, from the time that the Saxons got a footing in it, about the middle of the fifth century, till the year 600, in which they began to be converted, and civilized, and instructed in letters, by Augustine and the other missionaries of Pope Gregory the Great. This dark period of 150 years, between the entrance of the Saxons under Hengist, and their conversion to Christianity, was the age of the famous King Arthur, his friend Merlin the Enchanter, and the Knights of his illustrious order of the Round Table, who are the great heroes in the older romances of chivalry. Not that these good people, although they fought stoutly against the invaders, knew any thing about the etiquette and parade of chivalry, which was not instituted as an order till long afterwards; but the romancers of the

Digitized by Google

eleventh and twelfth centuries chose to dress in the fashion of their own times, the characters whom they found in the stories of Wales and Britany, or in the chronicle of Geoffry of Monmouth, who reduced these stories into the form of a regular authentic history, ascending to Brutus the Trojan, generally denominated Le Brut by the French, and Brute by the English poets, who was the great-grandson of Æneas, and the undoubted founder of the British kingdom;—a fact which is abundantly confirmed, if it needed confirmation, by the name Britain, quasi Brutain, evidently derived from Brutus.

The earliest of the prose romances relating to Arthur, is the history of Merlin the Enchanter, who was the son of a demon and an innocent young lady, and favourite minister of Uter Pendragon, the British king. It was this monarch who instituted at Carduel (Carlisle), the order of the Round Table; at which were seated 50 or 60 of the first nobles of the country, with an empty place always left for the Sangreal. The Sangreal, our readers must know, was the most precious of all the Christian relics: it was the blood which flowed from our Saviour's wounds, preserved in the *hanap* or cup in which he drank with his apostles the night when he was betrayed. This relic was first in the possession of Joseph of Arimathea, by whom it was brought to Britain, and afterwards fell into the hands of king Pecheur, who, by a beautiful ambiguity of the French language, might have received this name either from being a great fisher or a great sinner, or both. His nephew, the redoubted knight Percival, succeeded to his uncle's kingdom and to the possession of the Sangreal; which, at the moment of Percival's death, was in the presence of his attendants carried up into heaven, and has never since been seen or heard of. But to return to the romance of Merlin, which is a favourable specimen of the class to which it belongs—we shall extract the following account from our author's history.

'Soon after this institution (of the Round Table), the king invited all his barons to the celebration of a great festival, which he proposed holding annually at Carduel.

'As the knights had obtained permission from his majesty to bring their ladies along with them, the beautiful Yguerne accompanied her husband, the Duke of Tintadiel, to one of these anniversaries. The king became deeply enamoured of the dutchess, and revealed his passion to Ulsius, one of his counsellors. Yguerne withstood all the inducements which Ulsius held forth to prepossess her in favour of his master; and ultimately disclosed to her husband the attachment and solicitations of the king. On hearing this, the duke instantly withdrew from court with Yguerne, and without taking leave of Uter. The king complained of this want of duty to his

Digitized by Google

council, who decided, that the duke should be summoned to court, and if refractory, should be treated as a rebel. As he refused to obey the citation, the king carried war into the estates of his vassal, and besieged him in the strong castle of Tintadiel, in which he had shut himself up. Yguerne was confined in a fortress at some distance, which was still more secure. During the siege, Ulsius informed his master that he had been accosted by an old man, who promised to conduct the king to Yguerne, and had offered to meet him for that purpose on the following morning. Uter proceeded with Ulsius to the rendezvous. In an old blind man whom they found at the appointed place, they recognized the enchanter Merlin, who had assumed that appearance. He bestowed on the king the form of the Duke of Tintadiel, while he endowed himself and Ulsius with the figure of his grace's two squires. Fortified by this triple metamorphosis, they proceeded to the residence of Yguerne, who, unconscious of the deceit, received the king as her husband.

'The fraud of Merlin was not detected, and the war continued to be prosecuted by Uter with the utmost vigour. At length the Duke was killed in battle, and the King, by the advice of Merlin, espoused Yguerne. Soon after the marriage she gave birth to Arthur, whom she believed to be the son of her former husband, as Uter had never communicated to her the story of his assumed appearance.

'After the death of Uter, there was an interregnum in England, as it was not known that Arthur was his son. This Prince however, was at length chosen King, in consequence of having unfixed from a miraculous stone, a sword which two hundred and one of the most valiant barons in the realm had been singly unable to extract. At the beginning of his reign, Arthur was engaged in a civil war; as the mode of his election, however judicious, was disapproved by some of the Barons, and when he had at length overcome his domestic enemies, he had long wars to sustain against the Gauls and Saxons.

'In all these contests, the art of Merlin was of great service to Arthur, as he changed himself into a dwarf, a harp player, or a stag, as the interest of his master required; or at least threw on the bystanders a spell to fascinate their eyes, and cause them to see the thing that was not. On one occasion he made an expedition to Rome, entered the King's palace in the shape of an enormous stag, and in this character delivered a formal harangue, to the utter amazement of one called Julius Cæsar; not the Julius whom the Knight Mars killed in his pavilion, but him whom Gauvaine slew, because he defied King Arthur.

'At length this renowned magician disappeared entirely from England. His voice alone was heard in a forest, where he was enclosed in a bush of hawthorn: he had been entrapped in this awkward residence by means of a charm he had communicated to his mistress Viviane, who not believing in the spell, had tried it on her

Digitized by Google

lover. The lady was sorry for the accident; but there was no extracting her admirer from his thorny coverture.

'The earliest edition of this romance was printed at Paris, in three volumes folio, 1498..... Though seldom to be met with, the Roman de Merlin is one of the most curious romances of the class to which it belongs. It comprehends all the events connected with the life of the enchanter, from his supernatural birth to his magical disappearance, and embraces a longer period of interesting fabulous history than most of the works of chivalry..... The language, which is very old French, is remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. Indeed the work bears every where the marks of very high antiquity—though it is impossible to fix the date of its composition: It has been attributed to Robert de Borron, to whom many other works of this nature have been assigned; but it is not known at what time this author existed; and indeed he is believed by many, and particularly by Mr Ritson, to be entirely a fictitious personage.' vol. I. p. 178.

Our author has given an amusing enough account, not only of the various prose romances relating to chivalry, but also of those circumstances in the state of the western nations which gave rise to the singular institutions and manners of that proud order, and consequently to this particular species of fiction; and we are moreover instructed in the origin of the marvels with which these fictions abound. The subject has been treated so ably, and in such detail, by former writers, that little new is to be expected; but we have already had occasion to commend our author's judgment,—who has not confined himself to any one of the theories which have been ingeniously and learnedly maintained on the topic last mentioned, but has shown that they are all founded on truth, and consistent with each other.

We shall now refer the reader to the work itself, of which we have produced abundant specimens. Its multifarious nature is indicated by the title-page; and it contains much curious information, both with regard to the particular romances which are reviewed, and also with regard to the transition of stories from age to age, and from the novelist to the dramatic poet. But we cannot dismiss the subject, without stating briefly one or two additional remarks, which we submit to our author's consideration in the view of another edition.

It is a material defect, that his Reviews are so general, and so uniform in their style, that although we are amused with their pleasantry, they enable us to form but a very imperfect idea of the original compositions. The abridgments of some of the narratives are extremely jejune; and although he has inserted in the Appendix to the first volume some curious passages from the old French romances, and has even been so obliging as to furnish a specimen of John Bunyan's style

Digitized by Google

in the Pilgrim's Progress, and of Mrs Radcliffe's in the Romance of the Forest, these favoured writers are almost the only ones whom he allows to address us in their own persons. Now it is obvious, that even the detail of all the incidents in a romance would be a very insufficient ground for judging of its merit. If the narrative is not animated, interesting, and impassioned, it is deficient in the essential requisites. But it is Mr Dunlop who tells all the stories; and he tells them in his own way. He tells them indeed agreeably, and in many cases, we believe, more agreeably than the authors. This, however, is not precisely the entertainment to which we understood ourselves to have been invited. At another time we shall be happy to listen to Mr Dunlop's uninterrupted lecture; but on this occasion we expected that he was to introduce us to a great company of literati,—that he was to show them off and draw them out: Yet though they are all eager to talk,—being indeed all of them professed story-tellers, he talks the whole talk himself, and allows very few of the poor gentlemen to put in a word. It is true that he is doing the honours, and consequently we expect that he should prepare us in every case for what we are to hear; but still he should have let the good people speak a little for themselves, and then we might have formed some guess of their mettle. Mr Ellis has managed this matter better in his specimens of the early metrical romances.

We must likewise observe, that our author is not always sufficiently attentive to make his criticisms intelligible to those who are not acquainted with the original works. Thus, after giving us an outline of the Greek story of Clitophon and Leucippe, he remarks (Vol. I. p. 38.) that a number of the incidents are original (how does he know that?) and well imagined; 'such as 'the beautiful incident of the Bee, which has been adopted by 'Tasso and D'Urfé:' of which mysterious bee we do not hear another syllable either before or afterwards.

The state of Fiction in modern times is by far the finest and most interesting part of the whole subject; but our author's account of it is extremely imperfect indeed, and seems to have been got up in very great haste, that the contents of his chapters might have some correspondence with his title-page. In fact, it is so inferior to what he has shown himself capable of accomplishing, that it would not be fair to advert to it more particularly.—There is however one incidental circumstance which we cannot omit. Miss Burney is mentioned, only to suggest that both the general incidents and the leading characters in Evelina have been derived from Mrs Heywood's stupid history of Betsy Thoughtless. This is really too much in the style of the schoolboy critics,—who make a prodigious noise about originality and invention,

Digitized by Google

without attending to what constitutes the real value of works addressed to the imagination. Does it derogate from Shakespeare's genius, that his fables are not his own? Or does any person now suppose that Homer invented, or would it have been much to his credit if he had invented, the story of the Trojan war, or even the principal events in his immortal poems? We will not however resume this topic, which we had already occasion to consider; but only observe, that from whatever quarter the author of Evelina may have derived the hints of her stories and characters, there are but few novelists who deserve to be compared to her in the capital merit of a powerful dramatic effect.

We shall conclude with merely suggesting that our author's history would be greatly improved if he were careful to trace the connexion between the variations in the popular fictions of the western nations of Europe, and the variations in the political, moral, religious and literary state of those nations since the first establishment of the feudal governments. There are not wanting materials and helps for such an investigation; and as Mr Dunlop is a man of erudition and research, we have no doubt that he would find it an interesting amusement for his leisure hours.

Upon the whole, though we wish to see the History of Fiction executed on a very different plan, and with a greater spirit of philosophical inquiry and critical acuteness, we recommend the present publication as an agreeable and curious Miscellany, which discovers uncommon information and learning.

ART. IV. *Select Passages of the Writings of St Chrysostom, St Gregory Nazianzen, and St Basil.* Translated from the Greek by HUGH STUART BOYD. The Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 334. London.

WE had thought that the merits of the Fathers were beginning to be pretty fairly estimated;—that, whatever reverence might still be due to those eminent men, for the sanctity of their lives, their laborious lucubrations, their zeal and intrepidity in the cause of the Church, and all those solemn and imposing lights, in which their nearness to the rising sun of Christianity places them;—yet, that the time of their authority over conscience and opinion was gone by; that they were no longer to be regarded as guides either in faith or in morals; and that we should be quite within the pale of orthodoxy in saying that, though admirable martyrs and saints, they were, after all, but indifferent Christians. In point of style, too, we had supposed

Digitized by Google

that criticism was no longer dazzled by their sanctity; that few would now agree with the learned jesuit, Garasse, that a chapter of St Augustine on the Trinity is worth all the Odes of Pindar; —that, in short, they had taken their due rank among those affected and rhetorical writers, who flourished in the decline of ancient literature, and were now, like many worthy authors we could mention, very much respected and never read.

We had supposed all this; but we find we were mistaken. An eminent dignitary of the Church of England has lately shown that, in his opinion at least, these veterans are by no means invalided in the warfare of theology; for he has brought more than seventy volumes of them into the field against the Calvinists:—And here is Mr Boyd, a gentleman of much Greek, who assures us that the Homilies of St Chrysostom, the Orations of St Gregory Nazianzen, and—*prah pudor!*—the Amours of Daphnis and Chloe, are models of eloquence, atticism, and fine writing.

Mr Boyd has certainly chosen the safer, as well as pleasanter path, through the neglected field of learning; for, tasteless as the metaphors of the Fathers are in general, they are much more innocent and digestible than their arguments;—as the learned bishop we have just alluded to may perhaps by this time acknowledge; having found, we suspect, that his seventy folios are, like elephants in battle, not only ponderous, but dangerous auxiliaries, which, when once let loose, may be at least as formidable to friends as to foes. This, indeed, has always been a characteristic of the writings of the Fathers. This ambidexterous faculty—this sort of Swiss versatility in fighting equally well upon both sides of the question, has distinguished them through the whole history of Theological controversy:—The same authors, the same passages have been quoted with equal confidence, by Arians and Athanasians, Jesuits and Jansenists, Transubstantiators and Typifiers. Nor is it only the dull and bigotted who have had recourse to these self-refuted authorities for their purpose; we often find the same anxiety for their support, the same disposition to account them, as Chillingworth says, 'Fathers 'when *for*, and children when *against*,' in quarters where a greater degree of good sense and fairness might be expected. Even Middleton himself, who makes so light of the opinions of the Fathers, in his learned and manly Inquiry into Miracles, yet courts their sanction with much assiduity for his favourite system of allegorizing the Mosaic history of the creation;—a point on which, of all others, their alliance is most dangerous, as there is no subject upon which their Pagan imaginations have rioted more ungovernably.

Digitized by Google

The errors of these primitive Doctors of the Church,—their Christian Heathenism and Heathen Christianity, which led them to look for the Trinity among those shadowy forms that peopled the twilight groves of the Academy, and to array the meek, self-humbling Christian in the proud and iron armour of the Portico,—their bigotted rejection of the most obvious truths in natural science,—the bewildering vibration of their moral doctrines, never resting between the extremes of laxity and rigour,—their credulity, their inconsistencies of conduct and opinion, and, worst of all, their forgeries and falsehoods, have already been so often and so ably exposed by divines of all countries, religions and sects—the Dupins, Mosheims, Middletons, Clarkes, Jortins, &c. that it seems superfluous to add another line upon the subject; though we are not quite sure that, in the present state of Europe, a discussion of the merits of the Fathers is not as seasonable and even fashionable a topic as we could select.—At a time when the Inquisition is reestablished by our 'beloved Ferdinand;' when the Pope again brandishes the keys of St Peter with an air worthy of a successor of the Hildebrands and Perettis; when canonization is about to be inflicted on another Louis, and little silver models of embryo princes are gravely vowed at the shrine of the Virgin;—in times like these, it is not too much to expect that such enlightened authors as St Jerome and Tertullian may soon become the classics of most of the Continental courts. We shall therefore make no further apology, for prefacing our remarks upon Mr Boyd's translations with a few brief and desultory notices of some of the most distinguished Fathers and their works.

St Justin, the Martyr, is usually considered as the well-spring of most of those strange errors which flowed so abundantly through the early ages of the Church, and spread around them in their course such luxuriance of absurdity. The most amiable, and therefore the least contagious of his heterodoxies,* was that which led him to patronize the souls of Socrates and other Pagans, in consideration of those glimmerings of the divine Logos which his fancy discovered through the dark night of Heathenism. The absurd part of this opinion remained, while its tolerant spirit evaporated: And while these Pagans were still al-

* Still more benevolent was Origen's never-to-be-forgiven dissent from the doctrine of eternal damnation. To this amiable weakness more than any thing else, this Father seems to have owed the forfeiture of his rank in the Calendar;—and in return for his anxiety to rescue the human race from hell, he has been sent thither himself by more than one Catholic theologian.

Digitized by Google

lowed to have known something of the Trinity, they were yet damned for not knowing more, with most unrelenting orthodoxy.

The belief of an intercourse between angels and women—founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis—and of an abundant progeny of demons in consequence, is one of those monstrous notions of St Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purged off the grossness of Heathen mythology, and in how many respects their Heaven was but Olympus with other names: *—Yet we can hardly be angry with them for this one error, when we recollect, that possibly to their enamoured Angels we owe the beautiful world of Sylphs and Gnomes; † and that perhaps at this moment we might have wanted Pope's most exquisite Poem, if the Septuagint Version had translated the book of Genesis correctly.

This doctrine, as far as it concerned angelic natures, was at length indignantly disavowed by St Chrysostom. But Demons were much too useful a race to be so easily surrendered to reasoning or ridicule;—there was no getting up a decent miracle without them; exorcists would have been out of employ, and saints at a loss for temptation:—Accordingly, the writings of these holy Doctors abound with such stories of demoniacal possession, as make us alternately smile at their weakness and blush for their dishonesty. ‡ Nor are they chargeable only with the impostures of their own times; the sanction they gave to this petty diabolism has made them responsible for whole centuries of juggling. Indeed, whoever is anxious to contemplate a picture of human folly and human knavery, at the same time ludicrous and melancholy, may find it in a history of the exploits of Demons, from the days of the Fathers down to modern times;—from about the date of that theatrical little devil of Tertullian,

---

* See, for their reveries upon this subject, Clem. Alex. Stromat. Lib. 5. p. 550. Ed. Lutet. 1629.—Tertullian. de Habitu Mulieb. cap. 2. and the extraordinary passage of this Father (de Virgin. veland.), where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality at the expense of his Latinity, by the substitution of the word 'excussat' for 'excusat.' See also St Basil de verâ Virginitate, tom. 1. p. 747. edit. Paris; though it is but fair to say, that Basil's biographer Hermant, and others, think this treatise spurious; and it certainly contains many things not of the most sanctified description.

† Le Comte de Gabalis.

‡ Middleton's Free Inquiry.—It would be difficult to add anything new to this writer upon the subject; and he is too well known to render extracts necessary.

Digitized by Google

(so triumphantly referred to by Jeremy Collier), who claimed a right to take possession of a woman in the theatre, 'because he there found her on his own ground,' to the gallant demons commemorated by Bodin * and Remigius, † and such tragical farces as the possession of the nuns of Loudun. The same features of craft and dupery are discoverable through the whole from beginning to end; and when we have read of that miraculous person, Gregory Thaumaturgus, writing a familiar epistle to Satan, and then turn to the story of the Young Nun, in Bodin, in whose box was found a love-letter 'à son cher dæmon,' ‡ we need not ask more perfect specimens of the two wretched extremes of imposture and credulity, than these two very different letter-writers afford.

The only class of demons whose loss we regret, and whose visitations we would gladly have restored to us, are those 'seducing sprites, who,' as Theophilus of Antioch tells us, 'confessed themselves to be the same that had inspired the Heathen Poets.' The learned Father has not favoured us with any particulars of these interesting spirits; has said nothing of the ample wings of fire, which, we doubt not, the demons of Homer and Pindar spread out, nor described the laughing eyes of Horace's familiar, nor even the pointed tail of the short devil of Martial;—but we own we should like to see such cases of possession in our days; and though we Reviewers are a kind of exorcists, employed to cast out the evil demon of scribbling, and even pride ourselves upon having performed some notable cures,—from *such* demoniacs we would refrain with reverence; nay, so anxiously dread the escape of the Spirit, that, for fear of accidents, we would not suffer a Saint to come near them.

The belief of a Millennium or temporal reign of Christ, during which the faithful were to be indulged in all sorts of sensual gratifications, may be reckoned among those gross errors, for which neither the Porch nor the Academy are accountable, but which grew up in the rank soil of oriental fanaticism, and were

---

* De la Demonomanie des Sorciers.

† Demonolatreia, lib. 1. cap. 6. The depositions of the two sorceresses, Alexia Diligæa and Claudia Fellæa, are particularly curious.

‡ He quotes the story from Wier, a great patron of the demons of that time, who, we are told, invented a 'Monarchie Diabolique avec 'les noms et les surnoms de cinq cens soixante douze Prince des 'Démons, et de sept millions quatre cens cinq mille neuf cens vingt-'six diables, sauf erreur de calcul.'—Teissier, Eloges des Hommes Savans.

Digitized by Google

nursed into doctrines of Christianity by the Fathers. Though the world's best religion comes from the East, its very worst superstitions have sprung thence also;—as in the same quarter of the heavens arises the sunbeam that gives life to the flower, and the withering gale that blasts it. There is scarcely one of these fantastic opinions of the Fathers, that may not be traced among the fables of the antient Persians and Arabians. The voluptuous Jerusalem of St Justin and Irenæus may be found in those glorious gardens of Iram, which were afterwards converted into the Paradise of the Faithful by Mahomet;—and their enamoured 'Sons of God' may be paralleled in the angels Harut and Marut of Eastern story,* who, bewildered by the influence of wine and beauty, forfeited their high celestial rank, and were degraded into teachers of magic upon earth.

The mischievous absurdity of some of the moral doctrines of the Fathers,—the state of apathy to which they would reduce their Gnostic or perfect Christian,—their condemnation of marriage and their Monkish fancies about celibacy,—the extreme to which they carried their notions of patience, even to the prohibition of all resistance to aggression, though the aggressor aimed at life itself;—the strange doctrine of St Augustine, that the Saints are the only lawful proprietors of the things of this world, and that the wicked have no right whatever to their possessions, however human laws may decree to the contrary;—the indecencies in which too many of them have indulged in their writings;†—the profane frivolity of Tertullian, in making God himself prescribe the length and measure of women's veils, in a special revelation to some ecstatic spinster; and the moral indignation with which Clemens Alexandrinus inveighs against white bread, periwigs, coloured stuffs and lap-dogs;—all these, and many more such puerile and pernicious absurdities open a wide field of weedy fancies, for ridicule to skim, and good sense to trample upon:—But we must content ourselves with referring to the works that have been written upon the subject;—particularly to the treatise 'de la Morale des Peres' of Barbeyrac;—which, though as dull and tiresome as could reasonably be expected from the joint efforts of the Fathers of the Church and a Law Professor of Groningen, abundantly proves that the moral

* Notes on the Bahar-Danush.—Mariti gives the story differently.

† We need but refer to the second and third Books of the Pædagogus of Clemens Alexandrinus;—to some passages in Tertullian 'de Animâ;'—and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his Hexameron Rustique—Journ. Second.

Digitized by Google

tenets of these holy men are for the most part unnatural, fanatical and dangerous;—founded upon false interpretations of Holy Writ, and the most gross and anile ignorance of human nature; and that a community of Christians, formed upon their plan, is the very Utopia of Monkery, idleness and fanaticism.

Luckily, the impracticability of these wretched doctrines was in general a sufficient antidote to their mischief: But there were two maxims, adopted and enforced by many of the Fathers, which deserve to be branded with particular reprobation, not only because they acted upon them continually themselves, to the disgrace of the Holy cause in which they were engaged, but because they have transmitted their contamination to posterity, and left the features of Christianity to this day disfigured by their taint. The first of these maxims—we give it in the words of Mosheim—was, 'that it is an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the Church may be promoted.' ‡ To this profligate principle the world owes, not only the fables and forgeries of these primitive times, but many of those evasions, those compromises between conscience and expediency, which are still thought necessary and justifiable for the support of religious establishments. So industrious were the churchmen of the early ages in the inculcation of this monstrous doctrine, that we find the Bishop Heliodorus insinuating it, as a general principle of conduct, through the seductive medium of his Romance Theagenes and Charicles. § The second maxim, 'equally horrible,' says Mosheim, 'though in a different point of view, was, that errors in religion, when maintained and adhered to after proper admonition, are punishable with civil penalties and corporeal tortures.' St Augustine has the credit of originating this detestable doctrine;—to him, it seems, we are indebted for first conjuring up that penal Spirit, which has now, for so many hundred years, walked the earth, and whose votaries, from the highest to the meanest, from St Augustine down to Doctor Duigenan,—from the persecutors of the African Donatists to the calumniators and oppressors of the Irish Catholics,—are all equally disgraceful to that mild religion, in whose name they have dared to torment and subjugate mankind.

With respect to the literary merits of the Fathers, it will hardly be denied, that to the sanctity of their subjects they owe much of that imposing effect which they have produced upon the minds

‡ Ecclesiast. Hist. Cent. 4. Part 2. Chap. 3.

§ Καλὸν γάρ ποτε καὶ τὸ ψεῦδος, ὅταν ὠφελῇ τοὺς λέγοντας, μηδὲν κατὰ βλάπτῃ τοὺς ἀκούοντας. Æthiopic. Lib. I.

Digitized by Google

of their admirers. We have no doubt that the incoherent rhapsodies of the Pythia (whom, Strabo tells us, the ministers of the temple now and then helped to a verse) found many an orthodox critic among their hearers who preferred them to the sublimest strains of Homer and Pindar. Indeed, the very last of the Fathers, St Gregory the Great, has at once settled the point for all critics of theological writings, by declaring that the words of Divine Wisdom are not amenable to the laws of the vulgar grammar of this world; *—'non debent verba cælestis originis 'subesse regulis Donati.'

It must surely be according to some such code of criticism that Lactantius has been ranked above Cicero, and that Erasmus himself has ventured to prefer St Basil to Demosthenes. Even the harsh, muddy and unintelligible Tertullian, whom Salmasius gave up in despair, has found a warm admirer in Balzac, who professes himself enchanted with the 'black lustre' of his style, and compares his obscurity to the rich and glossy darkness of ebony. The three Greek Fathers, whom the writer before us has selected, are in general considered the most able and eloquent of any; and of their merits our readers shall presently have an opportunity of judging, as far as a few specimens from Mr Boyd's translations can enable them:—But, for our own parts, we confess, instead of wondering with this gentleman that his massy favourites should be 'doomed to a temporary oblivion,'—we are only surprised that such affected declaimers should ever have enjoyed a better fate; or that even the gas of holiness with which they are inflated, could ever have enabled its coarse and gaudy vehicles to soar so high into the upper regions of reputation. It is South, we believe, who has said, that 'in order to be pious, it is not necessary to 'be dull;' but, even dulness itself is far more decorous than the puerile conceits, the flaunting metaphors, and all that false finery of rhetorical declamation, in which these writers have tricked out their most solemn and important subjects. At the time, indeed, when they studied and wrote, the glories of antient literature had faded;—sophists and rhetoricians had taken the place of philosophers and orators; nor is it wonderful that from such instructors as Libanius, they should learn to reason ill and write affectedly:—But the same florid effeminacies of style, which in a love-letter of Philostratus, or an ecphrasis of Libanius, are harmless at least, if not amusing, become altogether disgusting, when applied to sacred topics; and are little less offensive to piety and good taste, than those rude exhibitions of the old Mo-

* In the dedication of his Book of Morals.

Digitized by Google

ralities, in which Christ and his Apostles appeared dressed out in trinkets, tinsel, and embroidery.

The chief advantage that a scholar can now derive from the perusal of these voluminous Doctors, is the light they throw upon the rites and tenets of the Pagans,—in the exposure and refutation of which they are, as is usually the case, much more successful than in the defence and illustration of their own. In this respect Clemens Alexandrinus is one of the most valuable;—being chiefly a compiler of the dogmas of antient learning, and abounding with curious notices of the religion and literature of the Gentiles. Indeed the manner in which some of the Fathers have been edited, sufficiently proves that they were considered by their commentators as merely a sort of inferior Classics, upon which to hang notes about heathen Gods and philosophers. Ludovicus Vives, upon the 'City of God' of St Augustine, is an example of this class of theological annotators, whom a hint about the three Graces, or the God of Lampsacus, awakens into more activity than whole pages about the Trinity and the Resurrection.

The best specimen of eloquence we have met among the Fathers,—at least that which we remember to have read with most pleasure,—is the Charisteria, or Oration of Thanks, delivered by Gregory Thaumaturgus to his instructor Origen. Though rhetorical like the rest, it is of a more manly and simple character, and does credit alike to the master and the disciple. * But, upon the whole, perhaps St Augustine is the author whom—if ever we should be doomed, in penance for our sins, to select a Father for our private reading—we should choose, as, in our opinion, the least tiresome of the brotherhood. It is impossible not to feel interested in those struggles between passion and principle, out of which his maturer age rose so triumphant; and there is a conscious frailty mingling with his precepts, and at times throwing its shade over the light of his piety, which gives his writings an air peculiarly refreshing, after the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom, the stoic affectations of Clemens Alexandrinus, and the antithetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzen. If it were not too for the indelible stain which his conduct to the Donatists has left upon his memory, the philosophic mildness of his Tract against the Manichæans, and the candour with which he praises his heretical antagonist Pelagius, as 'sanctum, bonum

* The abstract of this Oration, which Halloix professes to give in his Defence of Origen, is so very wide of the original, that we suspect he must have received it, at second hand, from some inaccurate reporter.

Digitized by Google

et prædicandum virum,' would have led us to select him as an example of that tolerating spirit, which—we grieve to say—is so very rare a virtue among the Saints.—Though Augustine, after the season of his follies was over, very sedulously avoided the society of females, yet he corresponded with most of the holy women of his time; and there is a strain of tenderness through many of his letters to them, in which his weakness for the sex rather interestingly betrays itself. It is in the consolatory Epistles, particularly, that we discover these embers of his youthful temperament;—as in the 93d to Italica, on the death of her husband, and the 263d, to Sapida, in return for a garment she had sent him, in the thoughts of which there is a considerable degree of fancy as well as tenderness.

We cannot allude to these fair correspondents of Augustine, without remarking, that the warmest and best allies of the Fathers, in adopting their fancies and spreading their miracles, appear to have been those enthusiastic female pupils, by groupes of whom they were all constantly encircled; *—whose imaginations required but little fuel of fact, and whose tongues would not suffer a wonder to cool in circulating. The same peculiarities of temperament, which recommended females in the Pagan world, as the fittest sex to receive the inspirations of the tripod, made them valuable agents also in the imposing machinery of miracles. At the same time, it must be confessed that they performed services of a much higher nature; and that to no cause whatever is Christianity more signally indebted for the impression it produced in those primitive ages, than to the pure piety, the fervid zeal, and heroic devotedness of the female converts. In the lives of these holy virgins and matrons,—in the humility of their belief and the courage of their sufferings, the Gospel found a far better illustration than in all the voluminous writings of the Fathers:—there are some of them, indeed, whose adventures are sufficiently romantic, to suggest materials to the poet and the novelist; and Ariosto himself has condescended to borrow from the Legends † his curious story of Isabella and the

* None of the Fathers, with the exception perhaps of St Jerome, appears to have had such influence over the female mind as Origen. His correspondence with Barbara is still extant. She was shut up by her Pagan father in a tower with two windows, to which, in honour of the Trinity, we are told, she added a third. St Jerome had to endure much scandal, in consequence of his two favourite pupils, Paula and Melania, of which he complains very bitterly in the epistle 'Si tibi putem,' &c.

† From the story of the Roman virgin Euphrasia. See also the Life of Euphrosyna (in Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus), which,

Digitized by Google

Moor,—to the no small horror of the pious Cardinal Baronius, who remarks with much asperity on the sacrilege of which 'that vulgar poet' has been guilty, in daring to introduce this sacred story among his fictions. To the little acquaintance these women could have formed with the various dogmas of antient philosophy, and to the unincumbered state of their minds in consequence, may be attributed much of that warmth and clearness, with which the light of Christianity shone through them;—whereas, in the learned heads of the Fathers, this illumination found a more dense and coloured medium, which turned its celestial beam astray, and tinged it with all sorts of gaudy imaginations. Even where these women indulged in theological reveries, as they did not embody their fancies into folios, posterity, at least, has been nothing the worse for them; nor should we have known the strange notions of Saint Macrina about the Soul and the Resurrection, if her brother, Gregory of Nyssa, had not rather officiously informed us of them, in the Dialogue he professes to have held with her on these important subjects. *

We come now to Mr Boyd's Translations, which are preceded by a short, but pompous preface, in whose loftiness of style we at once discover that, like that insect which takes the colour of the leaf it feeds upon, the Translator has caught the gaudy hue of his originals most successfully. Indeed, from the evident tendencies of this gentleman's taste, we should pronounce him a most dangerous person to be entrusted with a version of the Fathers; for, the fault of these writers being a superabundance of metaphors, and Mr Boyd being quite as metaphorically given as themselves, the consequence is, that, wherever there is a flourish of this kind in the original, he is sure to add another of his own to it in the translation; which is really 'too much of a good thing:'—If double flowers are to be held monsters in Botany, with much greater reason must these double and treble flowers of rhetoric be accounted monstrosities in the system of taste. The first specimen we shall give is from 'the Peroration of St Chrysostom's Third Oration on the Incomprehensible,' where the Saint is speaking of the season of the Eucharist.

'In a moment so sublime, how exalted should be thy hope, how great thy longing for salvation!—Heaven's canopy resounds not with the piercing cry of mortals only: angels fall prostrate before their Lord: archangels kneel before their God. The season itself becomes an argument on their lips; the oblation an advocate in their cause.

with the difference of a father and lover, resembles the latter part of the Mémoires de Comminges.

* Opera, Tom. II. p 177. Edit. Paris, 1638.

Digitized by Google

And as men, in the office of intercession, cutting down branches of olive, wave them before their king, by the blooming plant reminding him of mercy and compassion; so likewise the host of angels, in the place of olive-branches extending the body of their Lord, invoke the common Parent in the cause of human nature!——*What strain seraphic bursts on my enraptured organs? I hear their celestial accents! I hear them even now exclaiming*—" We entreat for those whom thou didst love with so God-like an affection, as to yield up thy life for theirs! We pour our petitions in behalf of those for whom thou didst shed thy blood!" ' pp. 23, 24.

Whatever may be thought of the sublimity of the passage printed in Italics, St Chrysostom has nothing to do with either the praise or the blame of it; as he merely says that these angels 'invoke the Lord for the human race, almost, or all but exclaiming (μονονχὶ λέγουσι) we pray for those, &c.'—So that the 'seraphic strains' and 'enraptured organs' are all to be set down to Mr Boyd's account.

In the extract which follows, upon the efficacy of prayer, St Chrysostom says—'I speak of that prayer, which is offered up with earnestness; with a sorrowing soul, and an enthusiastic spirit; for that is the prayer which ascends to Heaven.'—Thus it is in the original; but how has the poetic Mr Boyd translated this simple passage?

'I speak of that prayer which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, born in a blaze of unutterable enthusiasm, and winged, like lightning, for the skies!' p. 28.

This eulogy of Prayer concludes with the following simile.

'For, as the tree, whose roots are buried in the earth, though assaulted by a thousand tempests, knows not to be rent asunder, and defies the storm; so likewise, the prayer implanted in the soul, and from thence arising, spreads wide its luxuriant foliage, elevates its aspiring head, and laughs unhurt at the impotent assailer.' p. 31.

Here again we must step in to the defence of the original, which says nothing whatever of the prayer's 'luxuriant foliage,' nor of this indecorous 'laugh' which Mr Boyd has conferred upon it:—But there is no end to his adscititious graces;—he seems indeed to think that, as a Translator of Saints, it is but right for him to deal in such works of supererogation; but we are sorry to tell him, that—unlike the superfluities of those pious persons—*his* overdoings are all of the damnatory description.

We are next presented with extracts from Gregory Nazianzen, and again doomed to suffer under perpetual metaphors, from the joint-stock of the Saint and his Translator:—not that we would have Mr Boyd set us down as foes to metaphors; we are only unreasonable enough to require that they should have

Digitized by Google

h little meaning in them; that they should condescend to be useful as well as decorative, and, like the thyrsus of the ancients, carry a weapon under their foliage.

St Gregory, in the Funeral oration upon Cæsarius, says, that the tears of his mother were 'subdued by philosophy'—δάκρυα ἥττηται φιλοσοφίᾳ—but this is too matter-of-fact for Mr Boyd, who renders it, 'her tears are dried by the sweet breezes of philosophy' (p. 121.)—and, in the very next page, the twin metaphors of which he is, as usual, delivered, agree, it must be owned, rather awkwardly together, and lead us to think he has formed his taste for eloquence upon the model of a certain noble and diplomatic orator, who is well known to deal in this broken ware of rhetoric,—such as 'the feature, Sir, upon which this question hinges,' &c. &c.—The following is Mr Boyd's imitation of that noble Lord, in what may be called the Metaphoroclastic style—

'Such, O Cæsarius, is my funeral tribute. These are the *first-fruits* of mine *unfledged* eloquence, of which thou hast oft complained that it was *buried* in the shade.' p. 122.

Seriously, if this learned gentleman had taken the trouble of consulting his Suicerus upon the word ἀπαρχαί, he would not, we think, have spoiled this truly scriptural figure by interpolations so tasteless, and so wholly unauthorized by the text.

About the middle of this Peroration, we find the following passage.

'Will he adorn no more his mind with the theories of Plato and of Aristotle, of Pyrrho and Democritus, of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras, and Cleanthes and Epicurus, and I know not how many *disciples of venerated Academe and Stoa?*' p. 134.

The original text of these last words is—καὶ ὡς οἶδ' ὅτι τῶν ἐκ τῆς σεμνῆς τοῦ καὶ ἀκαδημίας—'and I know not how many from the venerable Porch and the Academy.' What could induce Mr Boyd to translate this passage so strangely? We hope it was only affectation; though we own we cannot help fearing—in spite of all his Greek—that, like the worthy French gentleman who looked for Aristocracy and Democracy in the map, he took these said 'Academe and Stoa' for two venerable persons that kept school in Athens.

We shall next give an extract from St Gregory's Panegyric upon his deceased friend St Basil, as a specimen not only of Mr Boyd's best manner of writing, but of that unfatherly indifference with which, like a well-known bird, he deposits his own offspring in the nest of another. The words of the original are simply these:—'What joy is there now in our public 'meetings? what pleasure in our feasts, our assemblies, or our 'churches?'—which small sum of words this munificent trans-

Digitized by Google

dator has, out of his own bounty, swelled to the following considerable amount.

'Alas! what joy should we now experience in the feast, what intercourse of soul in the public meetings? Whom shall we now consult? Shall we seek the next eminent? There are none. He hath left a chasm in the world, and there is no one to fill it up. Where then shall we wander, and how shall we employ the vacant hours? Shall we bend our steps into the Forum? Ah, no; it was there that Basil smiled upon his people. Shall we return into the Church? Ah, no; it was there that he fed us with the bread of life.' p. 190.

In the 192d page, he is equally *sui profitalis*;—thus,

'When I peruse his expositions of the sacred page, I stop not at the letter, I rest not at the superficies of the word; but, soaring on renovated wings, I ascend from discovery to discovery, from light to light, till I reach the sublimest point, *and sit enthroned on the riches of Revelation.*'

—of which last extraordinary image Mr Hugh Stuart Boyd is sole inventor and proprietor;—indeed not a tenth part of this 'Extract' is to be found in the original; and the Saint may be truly said to sink under the obligations he owes to his translator.

St Gregory is almost the only Father who has thought it not beneath his dignity to write verses;—there are some by Tertullian; but the poems under the name of Lactantius are, in general, we believe, rejected as spurious; and one of them is supposed to have been written by that most jovial of bishops, Venantius Fortunatus.* The sparkling conceits of Gregory's style are much more endurable in verse than in prose; and his similes are sometimes ingenious, if not beautiful. But we do not think Mr Boyd has been very happy in his selections, either from this Father's poetry or the prose of St Basil, whose pathetic remonstrance 'to a fallen Virgin'† would have furnished more favourable specimens of saintly eloquence than any composition throughout this volume.

---

* Whose works, written chiefly 'inter pocula'—as he confesses in his dedicatory epistle to Pope Gregory—may be found in the Bibliotheca Patrum, tom. 8. It is a sad proof of the rapid progress of corruption, to find the head of the Christian Church, in a few centuries after the death of Christ, thus openly patronizing such frivolous profligacy.

† There are several very touching passages throughout this letter; particularly that beginning—πῦ μὴν σοὶ τὸ σεμνὸν ἐκεῖνο σχῆμα; κ. τ. λ.—Fenelon says of it, 'On ne peut rien voir de plus éloquent 'que son Epitre à une vierge qui étoit tombée; à mon sens c'est un 'chef-d'œuvre.' Sur l'Eloquence.

Digitized by Google

Mr Boyd's notes consist chiefly of rapturous eulogies on the grandeur, brilliancy, and profoundness of his originals;—on the 'most super-eminent sublimity' of Plotinus (p. 291); and the 'fascinating' and 'enchanting' Loves of Daphnis and Chloe (passim.) He has detected, too, some marvellous plagiarisms; for instance, that Milton, in saying 'Gloomy as night,' must have pilfered from St Basil, who, it appears, has said 'dark as night;'—unless, as Mr Boyd candidly and sagaciously adds, 'both Basil and Milton have borrowed the idea from Homer's νυκτὶ ἐοικώς.' p. 237.

The construction of this gentleman's English is not always very easy or elegant; as may appear from such sentences as 'cherishing in the minds of men him honoured there.' (p. 123.)—'it thrills with a poetic ecstacy, of which the offspring is reflection sapient.' (p. 240.)—'having made mention of the prayers which for demoniacs are offered.' (p. 16.) But it is time, we feel, to bring this article to a conclusion;—hic locus est Somni.—If we could flatter ourselves that Mr Boyd would listen to us, we would advise him to betake himself as speedily as possible from such writers as his Gregories, Cyrils, &c.—which can never serve any other purpose than that of a vain parade of cumbrous erudition—to studies of a purer and more profitable nature, more orthodox in taste as well as in theology. He will find, in a few pages of Barrow or Taylor, more rational piety, and more true eloquence, than in all the Fathers of the Church together; and if, as we think probable, under this better culture, his talents should bring forth fairer fruits, we shall hail such a result of our councils with pleasure,—and shall even forgive him the many personal risks he has made us run, in poising down our huge folio Saints from their shelves.

ART. V. *An Account of the Systems of Husbandry adopted in the more Improved Districts of Scotland: with some Observations on the Improvements of which they are susceptible.* By the Right Honourable SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart. Third Edition. 2 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh. Constable & Co. 1813.

General Report of the Agricultural State, and Political Circumstances of Scotland: Drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, under the Directions of the Right Hon. SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, *the President.* 3 vol.—and Appendix 2 vol. 8vo.—with a volume of Plates in 4to. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Longman & Co. 1814.

WE are not now going to make any jokes on Sir John Sinclair—who appears in a very respectable and meritorious light

Digitized by Google

in the volumes now before us. Indeed, we are not going to make any jokes at all; and think it but fair to our frivolous readers to apprise them at the outset, that we propose to spend about twenty pages in discoursing calmly and candidly about Agriculture and Scotch farming—for the instruction, rather than the entertainment, of those who do us the honour of attending to our lucubrations. About three-fourths of the landed proprietors of England, we suppose, are still in the country;—and in the long nights of this dreary season, some of them may perhaps find leisure to indulge a little curiosity about the causes which have increased the value of their possessions, and the practices which are likely still farther to improve it. To the guests or rivals of a Bedford or a Coke—to the readers or pupils of a Davy—we have not perhaps any very important information to offer; and certainly have no need to address any praise of a study which, in modern as well as in antient times, has engaged the attention of men of the most exalted rank and the most distinguished talents,—and been recommended to every lover of his country, scarcely more by its paramount importance to every order in the community, than by the manly and independent spirit which it seems to excite among its votaries. We confess, however, that we reckon upon somewhat of a larger audience; and venture to hope, that our popular little summary may rouse the attention of some indolent spirits, that would turn with affright from quartos of detailed instruction,—and stimulate the activity or ambition of some of those powerful individuals, whose authority can overcome prejudice, and whose patronage may be sufficient to support innovation. For the sake of this chance, as well as of our own reputation, we shall endeavour to be as perspicuous, and as little tedious, as possible.

About five hundred volumes, we believe, have been published on agricultural subjects in this country, within the last twenty years,—and some of them undoubtedly of very great merit. But their subjects have been so generally limited, either to the capabilities of a certain district, or to a particular branch of the science, that the volumes before us afford perhaps the first fair opportunity we have yet had of saying something on the general condition of this most useful of all arts, and the justly celebrated practice of it in our own country. We shall not attempt to deny, that it is with some little feeling of national pride that we devote a portion of our Journal to an account of Scottish Husbandry; but our readers, we trust, will give us credit for a better sentiment, while we endeavour to exhibit the more prominent parts of a system which promises to be as beneficial as it is practicable, in other countries. It is our intention to avoid

Digitized by Google

all matters of speculation and controversy—to abstain from mere disquisition and theory—and to content ourselves at this time with a concise outline of those courses of management which have been sanctioned by successful experience. Our readers will be more able to appreciate the present state of our agriculture and rural population, after a short retrospect of the condition of both, at no very remote period.

While the feudal system continued in its vigour, land was considered rather as a source of power than of revenue. Even in a year of abundance, nearly all its produce was consumed upon the spot. This produce was obtained by the unskilled and desultory labours of men, whose utmost object was to secure the means of subsistence, and whose regular employment was war. The miserable huts of these retainers were crowded around the castle of their chief; the arable land in the neighbourhood was kept constantly under corn crops; and, beyond it, a large tract was occupied in common, chiefly in the pasturage of lean cattle. In these circumstances, even the little improvement which might have been effected by the superior industry of a few individuals, was effectually interdicted by the nature of their occupancy. It was deemed a matter of justice and expediency, to interchange every year their small arable possessions, which were occupied *runrig* and *rundale*, as the phrase was in Scotland, or in separate ridges or patches, intermingled and unenclosed; and no sooner were the crops carried off, than all the arable land, as well as the pasture, was laid open to the herds and flocks of the whole hamlet.

No great change in the state of society, or in the practice of agriculture, seems to have taken place in England, till towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the turbulence of the greater Barons began to be somewhat checked by the rise of a middle order, over which they had no immediate control. The growing importance of the mercantile class, promoted by the policy of the Crown, served to strengthen its authority; and, in the reigns of Henry VII, and Henry VIII, the most powerful Barons were at last compelled to forego their assumed rank of petty sovereigns, and to submit to the general laws of the kingdom. Acts against retainers were rigorously enforced; and manners changed with the increasing wealth of the society. Military services could no longer be accepted as a sufficient return for the occupancy of land; and an equivalent was to be found to purchase those foreign luxuries with which commerce was beginning to console the great landholders for the loss of their power. It was impossible, however, to obtain this equivalent from their present tenants, who were too numerous to spare any considerable share of the produce; and they were accordingly very

Digitized by Google

generally displaced; while the want of any others possessed of skill and capital, compelled the proprietors very generally to retain their estates in their own hands. But a great breadth of land can seldom be profitably cultivated by any one man while under tillage, and far less by a great landholder. The injudicious laws of these times, also, which restrained both the home and foreign corn trade, had a tendency to discourage all agricultural improvement; while the constant demand for British wool in the foreign markets, and the comparatively little labour and risk which attend the management of pasturage, gave a decided preference to the production of that commodity. In vain were laws enacted, from time to time, for compelling proprietors to maintain farm-houses—to cultivate corn—and to diminish their flocks of sheep, while private interest so strongly opposed their execution.

The first consequences of this new order of things were extremely afflicting. Driven from their possessions by those to whom they had long looked up as their natural protectors, a large part of the population, destitute of all resources, were thrown in a mass on the other orders, with whom it was scarcely possible they should combine. There was indeed no room for their employment, at a time when manufacturing industry had made but very little progress in any part of the island. The jealousy of the towns, besides, in the true spirit of the mercantile system, seems to have opposed their reception. No one was allowed to work at a trade to which he had not served an apprenticeship; and from some trades the children of labourers seem to have been expressly excluded. The misery of the lower orders, still further aggravated by the suppression of the monasteries, was so great during the sixteenth century, that the most cruel and arbitrary laws were ineffectually resorted to, for the suppression of crimes, in many instances perpetrated from desperation. It had been the policy of the feudal system, to raise up a great population, without any regard to the means of employment, by dividing land into the minutest portions on which a family could subsist; and at the time when this system was overturned in England, there was not—as in our days, which have witnessed a similar change upon a comparatively small scale in the northern parts of the island—any vent for the supernumerary inhabitants, either within the kingdom or in distant colonies. The removal of the small tenants was indeed the necessary precursor of agricultural improvement; but it seems to have been executed with too little caution; and it has contributed to entail upon the landed property of England a burden (in the shape of poor rates) which it is perhaps impracticable to remove, but which threatens to become intolerable.

Digitized by Google

In the low country of Scotland, the feudal system maintained its ground much longer than in England. A restless domineering aristocracy would have bid defiance to any restraints upon their order, which a weak government might have attempted to impose. It was not till after the accession of James to the English throne, that revenue, rather than power, became the object of our great barons. To support their rank at the English court, it was necessary to raise their rents to the utmost: and though the change appears to have been more gradual than it had been in England, yet, if the picture drawn by Fletcher of Salton is not greatly exaggerated, the state of the lower classes in Scotland, little more than a century ago, was fully as deplorable as in England in the time of Henry the Eighth. In the Highlands, the original system subsisted in undiminished force, till the rebellion in 1745; and even at the present moment, it has undergone but little change in several parts of that remote district.

Whatever may have been the progress of agriculture in Scotland, previous to the demise of Alexander Third in 1286, it is certain that all the most valuable inventions now in use, cannot be traced so far back as the beginning of the last century. At that time, and indeed in most of our counties for fifty years after, the antient arrangement still prevailed: The arable land was still divided into minute portions, or shared among the inhabitants of the contiguous hamlet in alternate ridges; and the pasture land occupied in common.

About the end of the seventeenth century, the extreme inconvenience of this system attracted the notice of the Scotish Legislature. The causes in which it originated, seem to have existed no longer, at least in the low country: And, accordingly, by two separate statutes in 1695, one of them authorizing the division of commons, and the other the separation of property lying in *runrig*, both these impediments were almost entirely removed. By neither of them, indeed, was this economy proscribed upon the property of an individual; he might still permit his tenants to abide by their former arrangement. But it was easily perceived that such a system of occupancy excluded every valuable improvement; and, soon after commons were divided, and intermixed properties disentangled, land was let out to be held in severalty and in continuous portions. There is scarcely any instance of commons or of *runrig* lands now to be found in the Lowland counties, except such as belong to a few Royal burghs,—all of which, as well as the Crown lands, were exempted from the operation of these highly beneficial enactments.

Though by these laws, and by the previous regulations con-

Digitized by Google

erning tithes, established in 1633, the Legislature of Scotland had wisely removed by far the greatest obstructions to agricultural improvements; yet their progress, during the first fifty years of the last century, was exceedingly slow, even in the south-eastern counties—in others scarcely perceptible. Very little capital, skill or industry, were to be found among professional farmers; and the ignorance of the true principles of political and rural economy which prevailed among landholders themselves, and their inveterate attachment to a system of connexion with the tenantry, which should combine revenue with power, opposed the introduction of these necessary articles from other quarters, and the growth of them even on their own estates. Their deep-rooted aversion to the enlargement of farms, and the independence of their tenants, was met by a sort of tacit compact among the latter class, by which it was deemed a dishonourable action to make an offer for a farm, while the present occupier had any hope of a renewal of his lease; and which led them to resent every innovation which the more intelligent landholders occasionally introduced.

About the middle of last century, and throughout the greater part of Scotland for more than twenty years afterwards, as we learn from the writings of Lord Kames and Mr Wight, the practice of agriculture had received but very little improvement. Commons, indeed, had been divided in several counties, and the old mode of occupying arable land in detached allotments had fallen into disuse; but the ancient distinction between *infield* and *outfield*, was still preserved. The former received all the manure that was made at the farm stead, and was kept constantly in tillage, most commonly under a succession of corn crops, though a crop of peas was occasionally interposed. The outfield division, which was usually the larger of the two, was treated with still greater severity. Upon some of the most convenient spots, the sheep and cattle were confined, during the night, in temporary folds; and after the soil had been thus somewhat enriched, it was cropped with oats every year until its produce would no longer defray the cost of seed and labour. It was then left, full of all sorts of weeds, to recover a sward of coarse herbage, by the unassisted operations of nature; and in due time again subjected to a similar course of exhaustion. In those instances where lime was applied, the soil was still more effectually reduced to a state of sterility: It was thought that so great an expense could never be too speedily reimbursed; and the abundant crops that were obtained from fresh land, of even an inferior quality, by means of lime, had no effect in gratifying the short sighted avarice of its possessor.

Digitized by Google

The only crops extensively cultivated at this period, were oats, bear or big, and peas. Wheat and barley were confined almost exclusively to a few districts,—and the former was looked upon with jealousy by landholders as being a very exhausting crop, even upon soils naturally rich. On those sandy loams, which have since been rendered so productive by means of turnip and clover, the culture of wheat was seldom or never attempted. Neither of these green crops had then entered into the common rotations of farmers, in any part of Scotland. Potatoes, which were introduced from Ireland about the end of the seventeenth century, had seldom been tried in the fields; and the present improved mode of cultivating beans in drills was unknown.

The operations of husbandry were conducted in a most irregular and desultory manner. Intense labour, for a few weeks at seed-time and harvest, was succeeded by a long period of indolence. The summer months were unprofitably employed in providing fuel, commonly peat and turf; and in securing what was called meadow hay, the meagre produce of some marshy spot, which was then considered to be a very useful appendage to every farm. After the crops were carried to the stack-yard, no great exertion of either men or horses was required till the return of spring. The ploughman was commonly sent into the barn, where little more was expected of him, than that he should provide straw enough for the maintenance of the horses and cattle from day to day. Ploughs, harrows, and, only in some places, carts,—all of them of a very inferior description, were the only field implements. Never fewer than four horses or oxen were yoked to the plough, sometimes two of each, but most commonly four oxen and two horses, and frequently more. The roads were seldom practicable to wheel-carriages; and corn, and all other articles, were carried on horseback. There was a constant struggle between the scanty crops and the indigenous weeds of the soil; and a bad harvest, especially if succeeded by a severe winter, in which the cattle perished for want of provender, often brought ruin on the unhappy husbandman.

In other respects, the inhabitants of the country, in the early part of the last century, differed very much from their successors. In dress, in manners, and in diet, very little distinction was observed between master and servant. Every family, with the assistance of the tradesmen of the nearest village, manufactured all its linen and woollen cloths, from the raw materials produced on the spot. Very little intercourse subsisted between town and country, or even between different parts of the same county. New crops, and new modes of culture, were

Digitized by Google

long confined to the places where they originated, or were first introduced;—and it might have been thought, that centuries would elapse before a correct system of agriculture could make the progress which it has already made in all the Lowland counties.

While the cultivators themselves continued in this state of depression, it may be naturally imagined, that their disposable produce, for the consumption of the towns, was neither abundant, nor of the best quality. Less wheaten bread was then consumed by the middling ranks, than by common labourers at present. Oat-meal, prepared in various ways, with bread made of the meal of barley or big, and peas, were the chief articles of food everywhere. Butcher's meat appeared but seldom, and at stated intervals, upon the tables of tradesmen and farmers. For nearly half the year, very little fresh meat was to be procured in our markets, at a period when potatoes, turnips, or even good hay, were not employed in fattening live stock. The universal practice was, to kill a number of beasts, proportioned to the moderate wants of the vicinity, about the end of autumn;—the flesh was salted, and its consumption frugally apportioned among the winter and spring months. The cattle were seldom more than half-fat, and and not very large; but such as they were, it was thought no small matter for two, or perhaps four, of the lower sort of tradesmen, to purchase one among them. At other times, it was not a very safe plan for a butcher to kill an ox or a cow, even in pretty large villages, unless about three-fourths of the carcase were engaged beforehand.

Before the middle of the last century, the only valuable improvements were executed by the landholders themselves. *—The poor illiterate tenant, confined to one spot, and earning a bare subsistence by incessant labour, dared not venture from the beaten path of his forefathers. To him, every innovation on the established routine, appeared fraught with ruin. These new crops, and new modes of management, he would remark, will never answer for a man who has a rent to pay. Besides, the want of economy, which is too generally observable in the operations of great landholders, confirmed the aversion of their tenants to every new experiment. †

* The introduction of summer fallow, into East Lothian, by Mr Walker, tenant in Beanston, soon after the Union, will be admitted, we hope, even by the anti-fallowists of the present day, to have been a meritorious exception.

† Turnips were cultivated by several landholders before the year 1745; but they made so little progress, that about 1760, these probably were not 60 acres on all the tenanted farms of Scotland. As

Digitized by Google

Before this period, however, some enterprising proprietors had introduced upon their own personal farms the culture of turnips and clover; and, in 1723, formed themselves into an association, under the title of 'The Society of Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland.' Their Transactions were published from time to time; and in 1743, the most valuable papers were collected into one volume. But though this Society soon comprehended three hundred of the principal landholders of Scotland, it subsisted for little more than twenty years; and until 1784, when the Highland Society was established, there was no large institution in Scotland for promoting agricultural improvements. In 1787, this Society procured a royal charter; and, in 1789, 3000*l.* was granted to it out of the money paid on restitution of the forfeited estates. Notwithstanding the restricted character which the title implies, the Highland Society now consists of members from every part of Scotland; and embraces, in its Transactions, what relates to the agriculture and rural economy of the whole country.

Among the meritorious individuals who have laboured to promote the internal improvement of Scotland, a conspicuous place is unquestionably due to the Compiler of the works before us. The vast accumulation of matters of detail, on which his industry has been employed, is a fund from which the statesman and political economist, as well as the humblest cultivator, may draw much useful information. The Statistical Account of Scotland, and the numerous publications that have emanated from the National Board, which he had unquestionably the merit of originating, have brought to view a great many interesting facts, on almost every topic connected with the internal economy of Britain. They have established a constant communication between the most distant parts of the country; and have not only powerfully contributed to dispel prejudices in quarters where they were known to be the most obstinate,—but have excited a spirit of inquiry and of enterprise, which form a striking contrast with the contented indolence, and almost invincible apathy that so generally prevailed in former times.

---

this time, Mr William Dawson began to cultivate them in drills, on a large scale, at Fregden, in Roxburghshire; and the success of this spirited farmer, soon spread them over that and the adjacent counties. It is to the excellent example of this gentleman, in this and several other branches of Husbandry—to the spirit with which he surmounted all difficulties—and to the systematic manner in which all his operations were conducted,—that we ought to attribute, in no small degree, the skill and energy which, soon after that period, began to be displayed among the tenantry of the South-eastern counties.

Digitized by Google

The worthy Baronet, indeed, has sometimes been accused of not being quite so expert in selecting as in accumulating information, and has been supposed not only to be a little credulous and sanguine in agricultural enterprises, but even to be attached rather too fondly to the notions of a former age. Of this Third edition of the Husbandry of Scotland, however, we will venture to say, that it does not give much countenance to such charges. The best practices of Scottish Agriculture are minutely but concisely described in a plain, business-like manner, in the first part of the work. The materials, indeed, were furnished by a great number of the most skilful agriculturists, who, instead of indulging in speculation, have contented themselves, in general, with merely stating the particulars of their own management, and the success that has attended it. Their buildings and fences—their instruments—their crops and live-stock—their general system, and the minutiæ which it embraces, are all so faithfully delineated, that if our previous acquaintance with these matters does not greatly mislead us, we think all the leading features of the husbandry and rural economy of Scotland may be distinctly traced, by readers the least conversant with these subjects. This branch of the work is, without all doubt, the most useful performance of the kind that has ever appeared in this country; and with the exception of an idle discussion about preserving from the plough a few acres of rich old grass, there is scarcely any thing that we should wish to see omitted. Of the Second Part we do not think quite so well. It contains Dissertations on the Size of Farms, on Leases, and on the various Descriptions of Persons employed in Agriculture. In these the author's love of detail and petty regulation is rather too conspicuous; though his opinions seem to have undergone a very favourable change since the first edition was published. There is an Appendix of forty-six articles, a few of them of real value, but the greater number either quite trivial or foreign to the subject. It is but just to add, that the worthy Baronet's claims on this occasion are sufficiently moderate, and preferred with the utmost modesty and candour. The book, as he informs us in the preface, was drawn up at the request of Sir Joseph Banks. 'The credit of the *knowledge* which this work may contain belongs entirely to the intelligent and public-spirited farmers from whom that information has been derived.' For himself he asks no more than the merit of 'collecting, condensing and digesting the important information which was most liberally furnished.'

The 'General Report' is founded on the Statistical Account and the County Surveys, and is meant to exhibit, in a comparatively small compass, all that is of general utility in these vo-

Digitized by Google

luminous works, in regard to the 'Agricultural State and Political Circumstances' of Scotland. The plan is nearly the same with that prescribed by the Board for the County Reports—which is so extensive that no surveyor has ever been able to do justice to all its parts. But on this occasion, seldom more than a single chapter seems to have been allotted to one individual; and a few copies of the original Sketches were circulated for remarks long before the whole were put together in their present form. Though this arrangement has probably secured the work from any great error, in regard to facts, it has occasioned other faults which it was scarcely less desirable to avoid. The different writers have sometimes encroached on the province of one another—which has rendered the work too large. In some instances, there is too much of speculation and controversy; the text and the notes are at variance; and no authoritative decision comes to the aid of the uninitiated reader. In several other parts there is abundant proof of the absence of a regulating mind; contradictions as well as redundancies are but too frequent; and some of the former sufficiently obvious and important. We allude in particular to the connexion between landlord and tenant, which is here treated of more or less largely, by at least four different writers; two of whom contend for giving it a purely commercial character; while the other two, one of them Sir John Sinclair himself, recommend covenants—with which the more intelligent landholders now see it to be their interest to dispense. The Appendix, indeed, is so objectionable throughout, that we think the work would be greatly improved if a full moiety of it were omitted in future editions.

But, with all these faults, it was impossible for us to peruse this General Report without experiencing a high degree of satisfaction, in which we think every candid reader will participate. It is written for the most part by persons belonging to a class, which it was usual, till a late period, to reproach for ignorance and perverseness. While the cultivators of almost every part of Europe have continued stationary—forming the lowest order of society, and in some countries are still sunk in hopeless slavery; the farmers of the greater part of Britain have emerged from sloth and indigence,—and now participate largely in that general improvement, to which their knowledge and industry have contributed in no small degree. The different courses of management, with their adaptation to the diversities of our soil and climate, and the manner in which the several operations are conducted with the greatest economy of labour and capital, are described with precision by men who write from their own experience. The best proof of the excellence of our husbandry is the amount of the surplus produce obtained from a soil seldom

Digitized by Google

naturally rich, and situated under a rather ungenial climate. This is indicated by the revenue of the landholder, which is greater than can be drawn from land under much more favourable circumstances. It is paid, too, not from the savings of extreme parsimony, but from the liberal profits of judicious expenditure. While this revenue has advanced in a much higher proportion than the price of land produce, the profits of the farmer, and the wages of the labourer, have hitherto increased in perhaps an equal ratio. And, to support all these charges, the marketable produce has been greatly augmented for the general consumption.

Agriculture is not the only subject treated of in this work: It contains, among other matters, some account of the Manufactures, Commerce, and Fisheries of the country. But the remarks which we propose to offer, shall be confined to Agricultural topics alone. Instead of following the arrangement of the Report, we shall, therefore, endeavour to give a concise view of the most important circumstances in the present state of our Agriculture and Rural Economy;—*first*, of such as relate to the means of preserving and increasing the fertility of the soil, and of drawing from it the most valuable products;—and *next*, of those arrangements which have for their object to obtain these products with the greatest possible economy of labour and capital. It is not enough that our fields give large crops without impairing the vigour of the soil; the nett profits may be still inconsiderable; or the whole may be consumed in reproduction. In the present circumstances of Britain—while the greater part of her population is otherwise employed than in the cultivation of the soil, this is a matter of the utmost importance. Before concluding this article, we shall notice the circumstances which have facilitated the progress of the art in Scotland, and the obstacles it still has to encounter.

I. The introduction of *Turnips* and *Clover* has in a few years effected a greater improvement in almost every department of husbandry, than will easily be believed by those who look only to the market value of these crops. They have been the means of rendering productive those inferior soils which it was impossible to cultivate with profit under the old system of successive corn crops. Even on land of a better quality, the crops which succeed them are so much more abundant, that it is probable as many bushels of corn now grow on the half of a given extent of ground, as were formerly raised on the whole. In this view alone, almost the whole value of the turnips and clovers may be said to be a clear gain. Fallow has been banished from all dry soils by turnips; and where land is laid down to pasture, one acre of clover and ryegrass will fatten more stock than could

Digitized by Google

barely exist on 10 acres left full of weeds, to be planted, after several years, by natural grasses. Without such crops as these, it is difficult to conceive by what means cattle and sheep could have been much improved in all their most valuable properties, in a climate where the natural pastures yield very little food for half the year. In those parts of Scotland where turnips are not yet extensively cultivated, the cattle are frequently so much reduced during winter, that half the next grass season is scarcely sufficient to restore their condition; and when winter has been unusually long and severe, numbers of them perish by famine. The vast addition made both to the quantity and quality of the dunghill by the consumption of green clover and turnips, is of itself a powerful recommendation in their favour; and turnips, accordingly, are now cultivated on soils but little suited to their growth, for this very purpose.

Both clovers and turnips were cultivated in England so early as the middle of the 17th century,—the latter indeed, as we learn from Blythe, only in gardens, though their value in feeding cattle and sheep was then known, and their more extensive culture strongly recommended by that judicious writer. According to Tull, turnips were not sown in the fields, even in England, till the early part of the last century. It is to this ingenious person that we owe the present most approved mode of cultivating them, though we have reduced his six-feet ridges to 27, or at most 30 inches. The reasons which he assigns for sowing on ridgelets by a drill machine, rather than on the level by the hand, are so just, and so universally felt to be so in Scotland, that it is surprising he should have made so few converts, even at this day, among his own countrymen.

The most common application of turnips, for some time after they were introduced, was to the fattening of cattle. Sheep did not then form any important part of the stock of arable land: but on light soils, the full benefit of this crop was not obtained, till it had become the practice to consume the greater part of the crop on the ground by sheep. When grown on clayey soils, the whole crop is still carried to the fold-yards, for the purpose of converting the straw into manure; and on dry loams it is usually divided between the sheep and the fold-yards, by drawing off and leaving a few ridgelets alternately. The poorest sandy soils seldom fail to yield an abundant crop of corn after turnips consumed by sheep on the ground. They are consolidated and enriched at the same time. The mode of consuming clovers and ryegrass has been also much improved. At first, almost the whole crop was reserved for hay; but this was soon found to be an unprofitable plan on thin dry soils,—which are now for the most part pastured the very first year. On loams and

Digitized by Google

clays a considerable portion of the crop is cut green for horses and milk cows; and in some instances for both rearing and fattening cattle. This practice of soiling, as it is called, which deserves to become more general, both on the score of economy of grass and for the sake of increasing and enriching the dunghill, has been adopted on a large scale, and with great success, by Mr Curwen of Workington-Hall in Cumberland, whose management in this respect is highly worthy of imitation.

Whatever may have been the influence of potatoes on the progress of population, it is impossible to ascribe to them any great efficacy in the improvement of our agriculture. According to the Statistical Account, they were first cultivated in the fields in Scotland in the year 1739, in the county of Stirling; and Dr Walker assures us that they were not known in the Highlands and Isles till 1743. In the western counties, where there is a large population, and many small farms, potatoes are cultivated to a considerable extent; but on the east coast, where modern husbandry has made the greatest progress, they do not enter largely into any rotation of crops, except near great towns. The manure which they require, and their great bulk and weight, in proportion to their value, which do not allow them to be carried to a distance, are serious objections to the extensive culture of potatoes. In some places, indeed, they are given with advantage to horses and other sorts of live-stock; but their consumption in this way, which never was considerable, has been much diminished since yellow and Swedish turnips were introduced. Potatoes cannot be substituted, like turnips, for a summer-fallow, even on dry soils; and much less on strong clays, on which they do not prosper. On such soils, beans are preferred to potatoes as a rotation crop; and when drilled, and hand and horse-hoed, they supersede the necessity of fallowing oftener than once in a rotation of 6 or 8 years.

Among the varieties of the *cereal gramina* recently introduced into Scotland, the most valuable is the potatoe-oat. It is said to have been discovered growing in a field of wheat in Cumberland in 1788; and from the produce of a single grain have been derived those large and productive crops which are now to be found throughout all the northern counties of Britain. Scarcely any other variety of oats is cultivated upon low and fertile soils in this part of the island. Its produce both in corn and meal is greater on such land than any other kind of oats,—and in general, little inferior in value to a crop of barley or of wheat sown in spring. Summer wheat, *triticum trimestre* or *æstivum*, has been tried in Scotland; but it has made little progress. Its chief value, perhaps, in our climate, is, that it may be sown in spring on fields where the autumn sown wheat has partially fail-

Digitized by Google

ed. We have seen several fields carrying a mixed crop of wheat and barley this season, that might have yielded a much more valuable produce of wheat alone, had this variety been employed to fill up the vacancies of the *triticum hibernum.*

The old practice of taking consecutive corn crops on the same field, has been abolished in all the Lowland counties, by the cultivation of turnips, clovers, and drilled beans; one of which crops, or a crop of potatoes or peas, or a fallow, is almost universally interposed between every two culmiferous crops. The order in which the crops succeed one another, is indeed varied by the diversity of soil, climate, and situation; but the general rule admits of very few exceptions. The most common rotation on the best dry soils is one of 4 years;—wheat or oats from grass—turnips—wheat, barley or oats—and clover and ryegrass; one moiety of the farm being under green crops, and the other under what are called white crops. But on those soils in which siliceous sand is the principal ingredient, it is necessary to retain the clover and ryegrass division for some years in pasture, after which the rotation begins again with oats. It is seldom indeed that a soil is so fertile as to bear this rotation without the intervention of two or more years' pasture, unless more manure is applied than can be obtained from its own produce.—On strong clays the rotations are more varied. Wheat and beans have been taken alternately for a number of years on the best soils; but the most frequent courses are of 4 and 6 years in the order of fallow—wheat—clover and ryegrass—oats; or fallow—wheat—clover and ryegrass—oats—beans—and wheat. This 6 years' course is sometimes altered by postponing the clover and ryegrass to the fifth year, thus;—fallow—wheat—beans, barley or oats—clover and ryegrass—oats: but the land is neither so clean nor so well pulverized as it should be for clovers by this arrangement. On clayey soils, a complete fallow is considered as the basis of every profitable rotation by the most judicious farmers of Scotland. We do not propose to engage in the controversy that has been long maintained, about the utility or expediency of the practice, nor do we think it necessary that fallow should recur so often as it does in some places; but whatever may be the case in the southern counties of England, it is certain, that it cannot yet be dispensed with in the wet cohesive soils of our cold humid climate. Some new crops may be introduced—another Tull may arise and improve the present mode of culture—and more effective implements may be invented, for expeditiously cleaning and pulverizing the soil in the spring months; but no trials made upon a large scale to postpone a fallow for more than 8 years, have hitherto been successful in Scotland.

It is this alternation of white and green crops, and this inter-

Digitized by Google

change of tillage and pasturage, which peculiarly distinguish the improved husbandry of Scotland. It is no doubt true, that our farmers in general have still too great a propensity to tillage; but it must be considered, that the demand for the products of grass land is very limited throughout the greater part of the country, and that the arable land does not exceed a fourth-part of its extent. Very little of the latter, therefore, is kept constantly under grass; and not a great deal always under the plough. The fertility of the soil is neither locked up by permanent pasture, nor dissipated by perpetual aration.

In the essential requisites of extirpating weeds, carrying off superabundant moisture, and enriching the soil by manure, great improvement has been made of late years; though, in regard to drainage, much still remains to be done. Under the old system, the farm-yard dung was scanty in amount, badly prepared, and profusely applied to a part of the infield division. We may conceive the little attention that was paid to its increase, when Lord Belhaven recommended to the farmers of East Lothian, to leave a large portion of their straw on the ground. 'A good 'stubble,' says his Lordship, 'is the equallest mucking that can 'be given;' and to the high stubbles he ascribes the goodness of the crops in that county. It was the practice till a very late period, even in the Southern counties, to apply very little of the straw as litter; all that could be eaten was frugally dealt out as provender to live stock, according to the early practice of the celebrated Bakewell—in many instances on the field, where nearly all the dung was lost: and that part of the *infield* in preparation for wheat or barley, usually well stocked with the seeds and roots of all sorts of weeds, received an abundant dressing, at the expense of all the other parts of the farm.—At the present time, the crops are cut very low;—the straw of the culmiferous kinds, is used chiefly for absorbing the excrementitious matters of the domestic animals;—the juices of the dunghill are carefully preserved from waste;—it is greatly augmented and enriched by the consumption of green clover and turnips, and made to undergo a greater or less degree of fermentation and putrefaction, according to the crops and soils to which it is to be applied. Dung is never laid on foul land,—very rarely on pasture or hay grounds, as in England; but it is distributed with economy over a third or a fourth part of the land in tillage, and over the whole farm in regular succession, at a time when the soil is in a state to receive the greatest benefit from its operation. For a drilled turnip crop, it is indispensable that the dung be well rotted, and capable of instantly hastening the growth of a plant, which, in its infancy, is exposed to the attack of several deadly enemies. But an abundant crop of potatoes may be raised

Digitized by Google

by the use of fresh unfermented manure; and for clay soils generally, whether it be applied to a fallow under preparation for autumn-sown wheat, or for beans, as it has much longer time to decompose in the soil, a less degree of putrefaction is required than for a turnip crop.

A corresponding improvement may be remarked in the application of lime, and in the subsequent management of the soil. In the best cultivated counties, it is now most frequently laid on finely pulverized land while under a fallow, or immediately before being sown with turnips. Sometimes it is applied in the spring to land about to be laid to pasture, and harrowed in with grass-seeds, instead of being covered by the plough; and, by this mode of management, a very small quantity has produced a striking and permanent improvement in some of the hill pastures of the South-eastern counties. Its effects are yet conspicuous after the lapse of almost half a century. In some places, lime is spread on grass-land, a year or more before it is brought under the plough, by which the pasture, in the first instance, and the crops afterwards, are found to be much benefited. But in whatever manner this powerful stimulant is applied, the soil is never exhausted afterwards by a succession of culmiferous crops,—a justly exploded practice, which has reduced several naturally fertile tracts to a state of almost irremediable sterility.

Besides farm-yard dung and lime, several other substances, some of them of an enriching, and others of a calcareous nature, are extensively employed in particular districts. It has also become a common, and most beneficial practice of late, to form what is called compost dunghills. Of these there is none that can be prepared at a smaller expense throughout the greater part of Scotland, nor any that increases the fertility of the soil in a greater degree, than what is known by the name of Lord Meadowbank's compost, formed of alternate strata of farm-yard dung and peat-moss, in the proportion of one part of the former to two or even three parts of the latter. By this method the home-made manure of all farms at a moderate distance from peat-moss, may be at least doubled; and, in our own experience, it has scarcely been possible to distinguish between the efficacy of this compost, when properly prepared, and that of an equal quantity of farm-yard dung.

It has been frequently alleged, and with some truth, that our skill in the management of live stock has not kept pace with our improvements in tillage husbandry. There has never appeared in Scotland any farmer who can be compared in this respect with such men as Bakewell, Culley, and several of their followers. We shall not stop to point out the great difference there is in the climate and surface, and particularly in the density and demands

Digitized by Google

of the population, as well as in the rural economy of Scotland and England, to which, rather than to any blameable inattention, we are willing to ascribe the inferiority of our farmers in this important department. But, instead of stating a comparison between the progress of the two countries, it would be more candid to compare the former and present state of this branch of husbandry in our own country. It is certain that all the different species of our domesticated animals have been greatly improved both in form and size, within the last 50 years, most commonly by a judicious selection of breeders of the same race, and a more liberal supply of food, though in some instances by crossing with varieties from the South. Wherever the soil and climate are favourable, as in the south-eastern counties, the most valuable races of cattle and sheep have been introduced, and then managed skilfully and profitably, combined with the most productive rotations of arable land. Even the recently imported Merinos, have already travelled as far as the remote Isles of Orkney, and, it is probable, will soon be widely spread over the better parts of the Highlands. A most excellent breed of horses for draught has been long reared in the western counties,—the farmers of which have also the merit of forming a stock of cattle for the dairy, not surpassed by any in the island. The West Highland, the Galloway, and other breeds of cattle are too well known to require any notice here,—though we must acknowledge that they were, till very lately, but little indebted for their valuable properties to the skill or care of their owners. But this remark will not apply to a large proportion of our sheep farmers. Both the carcase and the wool of the Cheviot flocks have long been the objects of skilful and systematic improvement; and this breed has been for many years gradually dislodging the less valuable but more hardy race of mountain sheep, from all but the most elevated and stormy districts.

It is thus that improvements in one leading branch of husbandry, extend their influence to all the rest. The same green crops which have so greatly augmented the produce of our corn fields, have brought our cattle and sheep to a state of profitable maturity, before they reach half the age at which they were formerly brought to market. The one half of a given space of dry-soiled arable land, under an alternate rotation, gives as much corn, and the other half at least twice as much butcher meat as the whole did 50 years ago.

II. The distinction between the gross and disposable produce of the soil, is sufficiently obvious. In the common language of the country, all that is carried to market, is called disposable; that is, all that remains after deducting the seed and the home consumption of the farmer, the labourers and the labouring cat-

Digitized by Google

tle. But it is not only that portion of the produce which is necessarily consumed on the spot, and which may be more or less, according to circumstances which do not affect the result, that ought to be deducted, but also a quantity of produce, equal in value to the payments made for farm work to tradesmen and labourers, wherever their residence may be, and in whatever medium they may be paid. By the term disposable, therefore, we understand what remains of the gross produce, after all the charges of production have been defrayed. On the amount of this surplus depends the subsistence of all the other orders of the people, and its value in the market measures both the rent of the landholder and the profits of the farmer.—All those intellectual and mechanical contrivances, it is evident, which diminish the charges of producing bread and butcher-meat, have an effect precisely similar to the inventions which economize the labour and capital of the manufacturer. In both cases, indeed, some inconvenience is felt for a time by those whose labour is dispensed with; but in both cases too, the community is benefited, by the greater abundance and consequent cheapness of the several articles. Besides, as this cheapness has a powerful effect in augmenting consumption, the capital saved in the first instance, or the greater part of it, is usually reinvested in the undertaking; and the same, or even a greater number of hands, is employed than before. It is not probable that the cotton manufacture, for example, would now employ so many people, if the mechanical inventions of Arkwright, Crompton, and others, had not brought its fabrics into general use by their cheapness. The thrashing mill, in like manner, has not diminished the number of farm labourers, as was so much dreaded; and wages have increased instead of diminishing,—because the capital saved by this machine, is now employed in extending agricultural improvements, which the use of it has rendered more profitable.

The earliest, and one of the most valuable improvements in the agricultural machinery of Scotland, was that made upon the plough by James Small, an ingenious mechanic, soon after the year 1763. To his skilful alterations on the old Scots plough we are indebted for the present well-constructed implement, drawn by two horses. Before that time, as we have already observed, the plough was commonly worked, even in the southern counties, by four oxen and two horses; in other districts by eight, ten, or sometimes twelve oxen, and never by fewer than four horses, or two horses and two oxen. Small's improvements had the effect of diminishing the power required about two-fifths; while the work is executed by his plough with much greater accuracy in regard to the depth and breadth of the furrow-slice, and the angle at which it should rest, than by the old instru-

Digitized by Google

ment. Lord Kames, who warmly patronized Small, had the satisfaction of seeing his plough spread over the greater part of Berwickshire, and the counties adjacent; and his Lordship's prediction, that two-horse ploughs would come into general use, has been verified since, throughout all the Lowlands of Scotland. Several ingenious persons, since Small's time, have varied a little the form of some of its parts; and the recent introduction of ploughs made wholly of iron, deserves to be mentioned with approbation; but, in all the most essential points, there has been no material alteration. The two-horse plough, nearly such as Small left it, is now almost the only one used in the best cultivated counties.

The superior economy of two-horse ploughs is so obvious, and so considerable, that to us it seems quite unaccountable that they should not have long since banished the expensive teams which are still but too common in the Southern part of the Island. It is not improbable that Small availed himself of his knowledge of the Rotherham plough, for which a patent had been obtained so early as 1720, in constructing that which goes by his name; and, if this be the case, it is one instance more of the greater facility with which improvements travel and establish themselves in the North than among our Southern neighbours, with whom they have in most cases originated. Ploughs drawn by two horses, and even by one horse, were well known in England before the middle of the seventeenth century; and yet, in several of the southern counties, three, four, and often five horses are still yoked to a clumsy unmanageable machine, which does not go over so much ground in a given time, nor perform its work so well, as the plough drawn by two horses in this country. The expense of ploughing with a team of four horses, attended by a driver besides the ploughman—even though the horses should do all other sorts of work in proportion to their number, cannot be so little as 50 *per cent.* more than the expense of ploughing with two horses. The annual charges of this small plough in Scotland are about 120*l.* on an average; and, as 60 acres may be cultivated by it, according to the rotations already mentioned, the yearly expense chargeable on this account on every acre is 2*l.* When four horses are employed, it cannot be less than 3*l.*,—probably a good deal more. By this practice, therefore, the rent must be diminished not only 1*l.* per acre, but as much more as will be equal to the profit of the farmer on this wasteful employment of his capital. But this is not all. Every well-fed horse consumes the produce of four acres of land of medium fertility; so that eight acres, which, under good management, would give food for at least half as many human beings, are thus wantonly sacrificed to the most inexcusable perversity.

Digitized by Google

This charge will be retorted, we doubt not, if we should venture to defend the employment of horses in preference to oxen for the general purposes of modern husbandry. It is nevertheless certain, that horses are the least expensive, and by far the most convenient labourers, though oxen may be advantageously worked in particular situations. On all farms of a moderate size, cultivated for corn and green crops in regular succession, and where a thrashing-mill is not worked by animal power, especially on all farms situated at a distance from markets, fuel and manure, oxen can seldom or never be employed on a great scale without much loss. An ox team capable of ploughing as much land as a pair of horses, will consume the produce of one-fourth more land, after allowing for the increase of their weight and value. It is to no purpose that calculations are offered to show that oxen can be purchased for less money than horses—that the market value of the food they consume is in some places lower—that they are liable to fewer accidents—and that while the carcase of the ox goes to the shambles, that of the horse is thrown to the dogs or the dunghill. These specious arguments are indeed well calculated to impose on that class whose ignorance of rural affairs is so facetiously described by Burke. But the proper question is, Whether, under the most approved courses of modern husbandry, the ox or the horse team will give the labour required, with the least consumption of produce? Will the produce of an acre of arable land, for instance, return as much labour when consumed by oxen as by horses? The market price of that produce is merely a local and temporary circumstance, and so is the price of the animals themselves. In the vicinity of large towns, where no distant carriages are required, and which might therefore seem to be well adapted to the employment of oxen, it is acknowledged, that from the great demand for green crops, the price of their food is much higher than that of horses. Besides, it cannot be doubted, that a great demand for working oxen would raise their price,—while that of horses would fall in a similar proportion. If a greater number were reared to meet this demand, other products would necessarily be diminished. The weight of beef gained during the period of labour must indeed be placed to the credit of the oxen; but the beef and labour together require a much greater extent of arable land for their production, than an equal quantity of each obtained separately; the former by fattening oxen at three or four years old, and the latter by the use of horses. We must refer to the works before us, to the General Report in particular, for the further discussion of this much agitated question; and shall only notice, that expense alone is not a sufficient criterion by which to decide it. Great exertions are required at particu-

Digitized by Google

lar seasons, and, in our variable climate, expedition is often a matter of the first importance. Of such exertions oxen are constitutionally incapable; at least none of our present breeds can be compared, in this respect, with horses. Oxen have accordingly been laid aside in Scotland, with very few exceptions, in exact proportion to the progress of modern husbandry. *

The Thrashing-mill is another instrument of still more recent introduction, which has had a powerful effect not only in diminishing the charges, but in augmenting the marketable produce of land. After a great many unsuccessful attempts, this useful machine, which had been long felt to be an important *desideratum*, was completed in all its essential parts by Mr Meikle, an ingenious mill-wright in East Lothian, about the year 1786; though it afterwards received some considerable improvement, both from him and others. It is now employed on almost every farm that requires two or more ploughs throughout all the Lowland counties,—wrought by water, wind, or animal power, and in some few instances by steam. The saving of labour by the use of a well constructed thrashing-mill, particularly if driven by water, is so great, that every kind of grain is thrashed and dressed for market, at the expense of dressing alone, when the flail was employed. It is also much more perfectly separated from the straw, than it ever was by manual labour. The expedition with which the operation is performed, is a circumstance scarcely less important than its economy. When thrashed by the flail, corn usually lies for several days, sometimes weeks, on a damp floor, before it is cleaned, exposed to vermin and pilfering; whereas, by a good mill, a large quantity may be thrashed, completely dressed, and secured in a granary in a few hours, and under the eye of the owner. The work is often performed, when the weather will not permit any operations out of doors; and whether it be the object of the farmer to take advantage of the state of the markets, or to provide his seed-corn, or straw for his live stock, the thrashing-mill is an immediate and effec-

* There is such a weight of authority on the other side, that we ought not to disregard the experience of other countries in support of what we have stated. The French, notwithstanding their more favourable climate, seem to think as meanly of ox teams as the farmers of Scotland. They are seldom employed, it seems, but by the Metayers. 'Les travaux de la grande culture se font avec de chevaux, et non avec de bœufs. Cette preference n'est point due à une routine aveugle, comme on l'a avancé, elle est le resultat d'un calcul positif, celui d'une balance raisonnée des avantages et des inconveniens que presente l'emploi de ces deux especes d'animaux.' *Nouveau Cours Complet d'Agriculture. Par les Membres de la Section d'Agriculture de l'Institut de France. tom.* I. p. 161. Paris 1809.

Digitized by Google

tual resource. A good deal of corn, too, may be preserved in an unfavourable harvest, when speedily thrashed, which would spoil on the field or in a stack. No other invention has given such facilities to the management of large concerns; nor has any other contributed so much to compensate for that division of labour, which, as Dr Smith justly observes, cannot be fully established in agricultural operations. Though a thrashing-mill, of great power, is an expensive article; yet, when worked by water, it saves at least 5s. on every acre under corn, on all farms of a moderate size, and still more on large farms; and if we take into account all its other advantages, particularly the additional quantity of corn obtained from the straw, we shall not overrate its value, if we state it to be worth 10s. an acre to the greater part of our corn farmers. *

A great many other instruments have been brought into general use, by which the labours of agriculture are much abridged, and the different operations executed with more accuracy and despatch. It is strange, that some of them are still but little known in several parts of the island. Fanners or winnowing machines were introduced from Holland in the early part of the last century, and are now universally employed in Scotland. Waggons, which were never in great repute here, have been long since laid aside; and carts, drawn by two horses, and, where the roads will permit, by one horse, are now the only farm carriages used throughout all the Lowland counties. The skilful construction, and arrangement of farm-buildings and fences, have an effect similar to machinery, in abridging labour; and much improvement has been made in this department of late years. The advantages of the central position, alone, of the buildings, are estimated to be equal to from 100*l.* to 200*l.* *per annum*, on extensive farms. (Husbandry of Scotland, vol. I. p. 12.)

III. The laws, which we have already noticed, removed the most serious obstructions to the progress of Agriculture in Scotland. Tithes, commons, and intermixed possessions, have been long since almost unknown in this part of the island; and poor-rates, even in the few places where an assessment has been resorted to, are quite inconsiderable in amount, and fall equally upon the landholder and occupier. But though the field thus cleared, offered a fair remuneration to the employment of skill and capital, and though there seemed to be no repugnance on the part of landholders to leases for a term of years, the essential requisite of capital was by no means abundant. In imita-

* To their honour, we ought to notice, that a handsome sum was collected among them a few years ago, to reward Mr Meikle, who died at an advanced age in 1811.

Digitized by Google

tion of our English brethren, too, a part of our small capital was eagerly embarked in commercial pursuits. The slow, and, in general, moderate returns of agriculture, held out little inducement to those who saw large fortunes rapidly accumulated by manufactures and commerce. The condition of the farmer was also far from being enviable, when compared with that of a thriving tradesman:—the latter depended upon the public at large, and the extent of his dealings was limited only by his means:—the former was still thought to be connected by some mysterious tie with his landlord,—and the extent of his business was prescribed by prejudice and the lingering spirit of the feudal system. While the sentiments of Lord Kames, Mr Wedderburn and others, in favour of small farms, gave a tone to the public mind, it was quite impossible that capital should be attracted towards agriculture. No man, much above the condition of a common labourer, would ever enter into a profession in which the highest prize was the occupation of a farm of 100 or 150 acres at rack-rent. If, by great good fortune and unceasing industry, such farmers acquired a little spare capital, it was more likely that it should find its way to other more inviting employments, than be reinvested in agriculture; which this limitation, indeed, virtually prohibited. Accordingly, in those manufacturing districts where farms are small, agriculture has made much less progress than in others where the population is neither so numerous nor so wealthy. Indeed, wherever agriculture has come into close contact with manufactures and commerce, it seems to have shrunk from the unequal contest: If we wish to see it in its greatest perfection in Britain, we must go to those counties where the investment of capital has not been obstructed by diminutive possessions, nor monopolized by the superior allurements of commerce. It has been indirectly benefited, indeed, in an eminent degree, by the increase and prosperity of our commercial population, by which the demand for its products has been so greatly augmented; but, upon a fair estimate, it has probably gained nothing by a transference of capital.

We can scarcely assign a much earlier date to the liberal application of capital to Scotish agriculture, than the period of the French Revolution, and the war, in which we have taken so large a share almost ever since. The interruption of our intercourse with the corn-exporting countries, at a time when our produce was considerably below the wants of our population, had the effect of raising prices much above their former level. Several bad seasons, too, within the last twenty years, occasioned so enormous an advance in the price of corn, as to furnish, in abundance, to many of our farmers, both the means and the motive to improved cultivation. The greater part of them, in-

Digitized by Google

deed, derived no advantage from this advance; they had little or nothing to bring to market, and they suffered in common with the great body of the people. During all this period, however, the capital employed in agriculture has been increasing; and though there is a great want of it in the Northern districts, where moral as well as physical causes still obstruct the progress of improvement,—almost all the Eastern counties bear evidence of its liberal and successful application.

Besides this advance in the price of produce, there can be no doubt that the agricultural improvement of Scotland has been greatly promoted by the aid afforded by our Banking establishments,—though it would be too much to say with Sir James Stewart, that it has been entirely owing to this cause. No such effect has been produced by them generally throughout the island. The enterprising spirit of commerce must have destroyed the prejudices of feudalism, and raised the cultivator from a state of ignorance and degradation, before credit could be brought in aid of capital.

But from whatever source capital may have been derived, it is evident, we think, that its liberal employment in agriculture must depend, in a great measure, on the nature of the connexion which subsists between the landholder and the farmer. Next to the influence of laws, the private agreement of the parties is a matter of the utmost importance. Public opinion, indeed, may for a time operate with all the force of legislative enactments on the specific terms and general character of this agreement; but both the one and the other have ceased to exert any very powerful influence hostile to the progress of improvement. And the connexion between landlord and tenant, in Scotland, seems gradually assuming that commercial character which we conceive to be most beneficial to the public at large, as well as most just in itself, and advantageous to the parties themselves.

There is no greater proof to be found of the improvement of public opinion in matters of rural economy, than the change which it has undergone, within these few years, in regard to the much agitated question about the size of farms. When an improved system of husbandry began to be introduced, and was adopted by only a few enlightened individuals, the profits which it yielded them, and the capital which they gradually accumulated, naturally sought for employment in an enlargement of their farms; and it was evidently the interest of landholders to give such men a preference over their more slothful and obstinate brethren, who persisted in the former unprofitable management. This was so clearly a matter of right as well as of interest, that no objection, it might have been thought, could

Digitized by Google

have been made to such transactions, that would not apply with equal force to the right of property itself; and indeed, if arbitrary limits were to be prescribed to the occupancy of any one man, it required but a slight extension of the principle, or rather of its application, to beat down all the fences which secure the property and industry of every order of society;—an Agrarian law alone would not, upon that principle, have been nearly enough, in this commercial country: But the effect of this necessary operation of private interest, in the case of agriculture, was more obvious and immediate than the effect, precisely similar, which results from the skill, capital, and industry of a few merchants or manufacturers, brought into competition with others of the profession, who are less able or fortunate than themselves. In the one case, a number of families were at once removed from abodes, to which, according to the notions of the times, they had acquired a sort of prescriptive right by long possession,—but they carried all their own property along with them; in the other, the weaker rivals give way gradually, but are at last compelled to betake themselves to other employments, after all their fortune perhaps has been lost in the ineffectual struggle. Great mercantile and manufacturing establishments, indeed, are things very little less dangerous than great farms. A few individuals may, for a time, suffer indirectly from these overpowering monopolists. But the farmer's limits are necessarily prescribed by the nature of his business, and the interest of the landholder; and, at the end of a few years at most, he must encounter, upon nearly equal terms, the rivals whom his temporary success may have brought forward. If his concerns are above those profitable dimensions, which are always indicated by the amount of the proprietor's rent-roll, he must then reduce them within more moderate bounds.

After all the attention we can give to the subject, it is not in our power, we confess, to lend the worthy Baronet, who has afforded us so much instruction in rural affairs, any assistance in his elaborate inquiry about the *proper* size of farms. But such of our readers as are very curious on this point, may probably be gratified by a learned Dissertation on the subject, in the second volume of the Husbandry of Scotland, page 103. The proper size of *nine* different classes of farms is there distinctly specified, both in Scotch and English acres. If our author's classes and specifications were adopted, it would save a good deal of trouble both to land agents and applicants, when a great estate comes to be let. Instead of a long advertisement, announcing the extent of the arable and pasture land of every particular farm, and often concluded with the perplexing assurance, that they will be

Digitized by Google

let together or separately as offerers may incline, it would only be necessary to mention the farms by their appropriate names of Dairy, Commercial, &c.; and every man who wanted a farm would thus see at once whether or not he had a chance to be accommodated.

But if there must be a proper size of farms, it is probable that the interest of the landlord and tenant will in every case settle the point even better than our author's Dissertation. The truth is, that it is not less impracticable to fix a precise limit, than it is absurd and indiscreet to attempt it. All farms above this proper size must be held to be too large—not in so far as the interest of the proprietor and occupier is concerned, (for of that they may be allowed to judge for themselves), but too large to be consistent with the interest of the community. It is here the fault lies: the speculation would be otherwise as harmless as it is trivial. Now it appears to us quite certain, that the public interest can never be affected by the size of farms, provided land is let for what it will bring in a fair open market. It is the interest of the landholder, to draw the utmost possible revenue from his property, taking care, however, to deal with a substantial tenant; and to encourage a free competition on the part of farmers, is the most likely method to attain his purpose. Again, it is the interest of the tenant, that he may be able to pay his rent, to raise the greatest possible quantity of those products for which there is the best demand in his particular situation. And, finally, it is no less clearly for the advantage of the community at large, that the market should be fully supplied with those products, not for a few months after harvest only, but regularly throughout the year.

We do not say that all these objects will, in every case, be better promoted by large than by small farms, taking these indefinite expressions in the sense of our author. On the contrary, we are very well satisfied with all the sizes he mentions, —from the villager's little farm of four acres to the great commercial one of exactly 2540 acres. The most profitable size, however, must depend upon soil and climate, and a variety of local circumstances; but, in particular, on the effectual demand which the skill and capital of farmers may occasion,—and which will vary in different districts at the same period, and in the same district at different periods. Not only will the size of a large arable farm be thought too small for a sheep-walk, but an arable farm which might be thought extravagantly large in Caithness, would be deemed but a very moderate one in Berwickshire; though Lord Kames, a proprietor of the latter county, recommended a tax on every farm that required three ploughs, not forty years ago.

Digitized by Google

The principal objections that have been made to large farms are, *first*, that they depopulate the country; which is certainly true when applied to store farms in our hilly districts, where there is profitable employment for only a few inhabitants,—but as certainly false when applied to tillage farms,—on which it has been ascertained, by actual enumeration, that many more hands have been employed since farms were enlarged;—and, *secondly*, that great farmers frequently keep back their corn from market until they obtain a monopoly price, especially in seasons of scarcity,—a notion which is now almost too preposterous even for an alehouse politician. On the other hand, it is quite evident that some recent and most valuable mechanical inventions could never have come into general use, if there had been no farms of more than 100 or 150 acres;—that no great improvement could have been made in our live-stock;—that there would have been still less room than there is at present for the division of labour, and for its accumulation, for the purpose of despatch at particular seasons;—that there could not have been that systematic arrangement, by which every different quality of soil is made to produce those crops, and to feed those sorts of animals for which it is best calculated;—that it would have been almost impossible indeed to practise convertible husbandry at all, which, by combining tillage and pasturage on the same farm, contributes so powerfully to sustain and augment the fertility of the soil;—that the surplus produce for the supply of towns would have been inconsiderable at all times, and, from the general poverty of small tenants, brought to market in too great abundance in the early part of the season, instead of apportioning it over the whole year,—and in bad seasons there would have been no surplus at all;—and that, in short, as no person of capital and enterprize would ever have entered into the profession, our extensive moors and mosses, and indeed all our inferior soils, must have remained in their natural state, or been partially and most unprofitably improved under the delegated management of great proprietors.

Nevertheless, it is quite easy to conceive a country so fertile, and a people so skilful and industrious, as to make it the interest of all parties that farms should be generally small; but this is by no means the case in any part of Scotland, except in the vicinity of large towns. But after a certain progress has been made in the diffusion of knowledge and capital, the enlargement of farms seems to proceed no farther,—and at one stage more they have been seen to diminish. There have been many instances of eight or ten separate farms in the occupancy of one man, which, at the expiration of his leases, were divided among

Digitized by Google

several successful competitors, who could bestow that minute superintendance on the cultivation of 300 acres, which no man can give to that of 3000. They were thus able to pay a higher rent, and preferred accordingly. Wherever a free competition is permitted, it is only in the earlier stages of improvement that farms can be so accumulated; and though there are still a few instances to the contrary, even in our best cultivated counties, they are rare almost in proportion to the progress of modern husbandry.

During this progress, large farms are eminently beneficial; and indeed, at no period can the community suffer from any possible extension of farms. The object, in this commercial country, is not that every man should cultivate the soil, or even that a greater population than can be profitably employed should be retained in the country. That mode of occupancy which gives the largest surplus for the subsistence of all the other classes of society, is the one in every respect the most advantageous in Britain, whatever may be the case in some other countries. The best criterion of this, is the amount of rent, or, in other words, the price of that surplus under deduction of the farmer's profits. It is idle to suppose that he can pay a higher rent than a number of small farmers, by means of any saving in family expenses; nor can there be any great diminution in the outlay of the proprietor for houses and fences, which might induce him to give a preference to one great farmer. The personal labour of small tenants—the mean accommodations with which they are contented—their parsimonious style of living—and their close attention to those small profits which never come into the pocket of a great farmer, warrant the conclusion, that if they cannot pay so high a rent, it is because they cannot bring to market so large a surplus. Wherever the case is otherwise, the interest of the landlord, which is precisely the same with that of the public, will prevent him from laying their possessions into one large farm. It is indisputable, however, that the frequent exercise of this right of property within the last thirty years, has materially promoted the agricultural improvement of Scotland.

The last circumstance we shall mention as having contributed to promote the progress of our agriculture, is the almost universal practice of holding on leases for a term of years. A tenant at will is scarcely known in the Lowlands of Scotland; and it appears to us quite indisputable, that no confidence in the character of a proprietor, either can or ought to stand in the place of a valid lease. It is a common thing for a tenant in our best cultivated districts, to expend so large a sum in the early part of his lease, that more than half the term elapses before he

Digitized by Google

is indemnified by his increase of produce. He seldom, indeed, reaps any profit in the first four or six years, during which he usually makes the utmost exertion to bring his land into a high state of fertility, and to improve all the waste parts, which promise to reimburse him before the expiration of his lease. We cannot well conceive with what prudential views a tenant at will can invest his capital on the costly improvements of another person's property, which he cannot hope to be returned in less than ten or fifteen years. The duration of a lease may, indeed, be longer or shorter, according to the condition of the land; and there may be some highly improved tracts, where all the necessary outlay should be returned within the year; but few or no instances of this are to be found in Scotland, where leases for at least nineteen years are considered essential to all spirited improvements.

The covenants of our leases, in so far as regards the cultivation of the soil, are seldom objectionable. In the most improved counties, one or two leading clauses of a prohibitory nature secure the interest of the landlord, without in any degree restraining the just freedom of the tenant. It is seldom that any particular course of management is prescribed till toward the end of the lease—when the interests of the two parties concerned, which had been previously identified, begin to diverge. Even then, both the prohibitory and directing covenants have no other object than to restore the land to the proprietor without deterioration—an object, however, which in many cases might be better secured, by entering into a new lease two or three years before the expiration of the current term. This plan certainly deserves to be more generally resorted to, wherever the tenant in possession is unobjectionable. Lord Kames's perpetual lease, so far as we know, has never been adopted in Scotland.—The principal covenants in modern leases, therefore, are, that the tenant shall not take two corn crops in succession; and that, at the expiration of his term, he shall leave to his successor a certain proportion of the farm for fallow or fallow crops, and under cultivated herbage. Straw is never allowed to be sold, except near large towns where manure can be procured. The tenant receives the houses and fences in what is called a habitable and tenantable condition; and must leave them so at his removal, incurring all the charges of repairs during his possession.

IV. But it is necessary to consider some other parts of the system of connexion between landlord and tenant in Scotland, under a new division of the subject, as they are among the most powerful obstacles to the progress of agricultural improvement. We cannot forbear objecting, at the outset, to the unequal

Digitized by Google

terms on which the parties first come together. Land, like other commodities, is purchased either by auction, or private agreement; but the temporary occupation of land must be purchased, in most instances, in neither of these ways, but by a sort of combination of both. It is not the right of the landlord to make the most of his property, that we object to—not the most unlimited competition of the tenantry; nor do we see any reason to complain of letting farms by auction, with a power of selection on the part of the proprietor. Our objection to letting by private offers is, that this mode of doing business is unusual, and of rather a mysterious nature—occasioning a great deal of anxiety to the offerer—tempting him to rashness, sometimes so far as to overbid himself by a second offer, though at the time the highest on the list—and encouraging suspicions of favouritism and injustice on the part of the proprietor and his agents. It is a matter of prudence, indeed, for a landlord to be satisfied with the circumstances of the highest bidder, as well as with the rent offered; but a favourite candidate may be brought up to the same offer, and indemnified by other covenants, without any just grounds of preference. In every case of this kind, it is evident that the rejected candidate, if not particularly objectionable, has reason to complain of injustice. He had come forward on the faith of being dealt with impartially, and received as tenant, if his terms entitled him to a preference. Such an assurance is clearly implied in the advertisement calling for private offers. We cannot conceive any good reasons why a proprietor should not ask a rent for his farms, if he chuses to let them by private agreement; but if he is so unfortunately situated, as neither to be a judge of their value himself, nor to be able to obtain the assistance of professional men, the next best alternative is to expose them to be let by auction, reserving to himself a power of either chusing among the last two or three offerers, or of obliging the highest offerer to give security for the performance of his engagement.

A second, and still more formidable obstacle, is inherent in the nature of the lease itself. The law of Scotland does not allow a tenant to subset his farm, or transfer his lease, without the express consent of the landlord; and, far from granting this consent, the greater part of leases contain an express prohibition of all subtenants and assignees, legal and conventional.—There is a *delectus personæ*, it seems, presumed, in all leases for 19 or 21 years, but not in liferent leases,—a distinction which we do not profess to be able to account for; as in leases of the latter description, we should think there must be more regard paid to the personal character of the tenant, than in leases for a term certain to a tenant and his heirs} This presumption is

Digitized by Google

not in the least weakened by the circumstance of the farm having been let by auction to the highest bidder. It is rather strange, we confess, that any prudent man should ever invest his fortune in the improvement of another person's property on such terms; and still more strange that he should ever obtain credit, to any considerable amount, from others. Both these occurrences are nevertheless very common among men who are, in other respects, sufficiently careful of their interest. It has been ingeniously remarked, that we are better farmers than some of our southern neighbours, *because* our soil and climate are much inferior to theirs; and perhaps capital may be attracted towards agriculture, with a degree of impetuosity proportioned to the obstructions it has to encounter, and the danger to which it is afterwards exposed. But the current, how rapid soever, must, it is probable, soon turn aside, and be contented to flow in other channels. A still more effectual clause has begun to find its way into practice; by which it is stipulated, not only that the creditors of a tenant shall have no claim upon the lease, but that the lease itself shall be forfeited by his bankruptcy, even though the rent be regularly paid, and every other covenant strictly complied with,—nay, though the tenant himself continue to reside on the spot, and personally superintend the management as formerly. It is but justice to add, that such a clause is by no means common, and has been very rarely enforced.

After noticing such covenants as these, it is scarcely worth while to add, that a lease, by the law of Scotland, is a deed of strict entail: None but the heir at law can succeed to the farm, though he may have been already provided for, and be engaged, on the death of his predecessor, in a quite different profession, on the opposite side of the globe. A tenant has not a power to bequeath his lease to his younger children, though the whole fortune of the family may have been sunk in the improvement of his farm; nor to make any provision for them out of the profits accruing after his death, though these may be clearly owing to that expenditure.

It is not easy to conceive any bad consequences, that are likely to ensue, either to the landholder or the community, from conferring on a tenant a right to carry his lease to market, whenever he finds it inconvenient to continue the possession of his farm. It is contrary to all rules of expediency, as well as justice, to interfere with his family arrangements, by restricting its destination to the heir at law. And, to declare the lease forfeited by the tenant's bankruptcy;—to prevent his creditors from drawing the advanced rent of a farm, improved by their own funds;—to seize the moment of embarrassment, to whatever cause it may be owing, to appropriate to himself that capital,

Digitized by Google

which confidence had invested in the improvement of his property, seem to us to entitle the landholder, we will confess, to a more severe appellation than we are willing to bestow. There is no difficulty in securing his interest in any case: If the law of itself is not fully adequate, as we think it is, it is quite easy to bring one or two simple and equitable stipulations to its aid,—such indeed as respectable land-agents are now in the habit of introducing into leases. It is a mockery of law to allege, that the landlord's *delectus personæ*, in most instances a mere fiction, handed down to us from the military tenure of the feudal system, should be allowed to defeat the claims of substantial justice.

We are under no apprehension that this right to dispose of the lease would raise up a class of middlemen to oppress the farmer. We should as soon believe that the corn-dealer is a monopolist who fattens on the misery of the poor. If the middleman of Ireland, or the tacksman of the Highlands of Scotland, really oppress the tenantry, he must find the means of doing so in the excess and the poverty of the rustic population, which seeks for a scanty subsistence in its mud-walled cottage, by the miserable cultivation of a few roods of potatoes. The class of middlemen introduce themselves between the Proprietor and Cultivator, not as the owners of capital vested in the soil, but as agents who relieve the landholder from the labour and risk of dealing with a great number of men, who are in many respects below the condition of common labourers. Let the tenantry once obtain capital,—and the present race of middlemen will immediately disappear: They owe their origin to this general poverty, which they may have some effect in perpetuating, but which they certainly have not occasioned. But the middleman, of whom we speak, is a different person, and has very different people to deal with. He has lent his capital and talents to the improvement of a subject over which his lease is virtually a mortgage for his repayment and remuneration:—this he transfers to another person, with all the rights which he himself enjoyed, and under all the obligations of the lease, for which, however, he still remains responsible. The safety of the subject itself, the rights of the owner, or the interest of the subtenant, are in no degree compromised by this transaction. The principal tenant would not in this country find his account in a minute subdivision of his farm, even if permission were granted him; and, in every case, his interest must lead him to sublet to a substantial farmer, who thus increases the security of the landlord. Those who seriously entertain any fears from the general adoption of this equitable arrangement, may find relief in examining the present condition of several large estates which have been let within these few years, with a power of assigning and subletting. But with those whose real objection is to

Digitized by Google

the independence of their tenantry—who wish to retain somewhat of the power of the feudal system, and, at the same time, to draw the utmost possible revenue from their land, the only arguments that can be of any avail must be found in their rental book.

According to this 'General Report,' about one-third part of the territory of Scotland is believed to be held under the fetters of strict entail, and can neither be divided nor brought to market. 'It seldom happens,' observes the author of the Wealth of Nations, 'that a great proprietor is a great improver;' and the restrictions of a deed of entail deprive him of the means, and in some instances even of the inclination, to improve. 'After small proprietors,' says the same writer, 'rich and great 'farmers are, in every country, the principal improvers:' But he elsewhere observes, that 'to purchase land is, everywhere in Europe, a most unprofitable employment of a small capital.' If, then, our soil shall ever be brought to the highest profitable state of improvement, this must be effected chiefly by tenants holding on leases for a term of years, and whose capital shall be equally well protected with that of the manufacturing and mercantile classes. Fortunately a regard to political influence does not in Scotland stand in the way of such leases; and the act 1770 has, in a great measure, obviated the effects of the injudicious restrictions of entails. No law or custom, therefore, prevents the terms of the agreement between the landlord and farmer from being equitable, and alike beneficial to both; and the claims of the Church and Poor do not proscribe the operations of the farmer, or intercept the profits of his expensive improvements.

It is principally to the comparatively liberal connexion between the owner and occupier of land, which has prevailed of late years, that we must ascribe the great progress of our agriculture: And to the complete relinquishment of all obsolete and unequal covenants, we look forward for its further extension and improvement;—among others, of the degrading right of destroying fences and winter crops in the pursuit of game, on fields which the landlord himself cannot enter, without permission, for other purposes. To promote this great national object, little more is necessary in Scotland, than to offer the same terms to the employment of capital in agriculture as in manufactures and commerce, as far as the different nature of these pursuits will admit. We should then see a considerable number of what our author has designated by the title of 'Commercial Farms,' held for a time for the express purpose of improvement, by men who would spurn at the idea of dependence,—of remaining fixed to one spot for twenty years,—and of being restrained from withdrawing their capital at pleasure. Every measure which

Digitized by Google

obstructs the investment of capital in the improvement of our territory, is injurious to the interest of the proprietors themselves, in the first instance, whatever short-sighted avarice may pretend; and, what is of infinitely more importance, prevents the natural increase of population, and of that description of national wealth, which is the most durable in itself, and the least assailable by foreign rivalry or hostile combination.

ART. VI. *Lettre à Son Excellence Monseigneur le Prince de Talleyrand Perigord, Ministre et Secretaire d'Etat de S. M. T. C. au Departement des Affaires Etrangeres, et son Plenipotentiaire au Congrès de Vienne, au Sujet de La Traite des Negres.* Par W. WILBERFORCE, Ecuyer, Membre du Parlement Britannique. Traduite de l'Anglais. 8vo. pp. 98. A Londres, Schulze. Paris, Le Normand. 1814.

The Speech of Sir Samuel Romilly in the House of Commons on the Twenty-eighth June 1814, on that Article in the Treaty of Peace which relates to the Slave Trade. Cadell & Davis. London, 1814.

Remarks on the Ordonnance issued at Paris, 29th August 1814, for the Reestablishment of the French Slave Trade, and on the Proposition submitted to the Chamber of Deputies by General Desfourneaux, on the Subject of St Domingo; with Notices respecting the present State of that Island. Extracted from the Christian Observer for September 1814. London, Hatchard, 1814.

De l'Intérêt de la France à l'Egard de la Traite des Negres. Par J. C. L. SIMONDE DE SISMONDI. 8vo. pp. 59. A Geneve, Paschond. Paris, Paschond. 1814.

Refutation d'un Ecrit, intitulé, 'Resumé du Temoignage touchant 'la Traite des Negres, adressé aux differents Puissances de la 'Chretienté.' Par M. PALISOT, BARON DE BEAUVOIS, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris; Ancien Conseiller au Conseil Superieur du Cap Français, Ile St Domingue; Membre de l'Institut de France. 8vo. pp. 56. Paris, Blanchard. 1814.

Considerations Importants sur l'Abolition de la Traite des Negres. Adressées aux Negotiateurs des Puissances Continentales qui devient assister au Congrès de Vienne. Par un PORTUGAIS. 8vo. pp. 31. Paris, Baillent. 1814.

Des Colonies; et particulierement de celle de St Domingue, Memoire Historique et Politique. Par le Colonel MALENFANT, Sous-Inspecteur aux Revues, Chevalier de la Legion d'Hon-

Digitized by Google

neur, Propriétaire à St Domingue, Ex-delegué du Gouvernement Français à Surinam. 8vo. pp. 334. A Paris, Audibert. 1814.

THESE are not, by any means, the whole of the works which the extraordinary interest of this subject has produced within a few weeks in this country and in France. But they contain whatever is most worthy of our attention; and are by far the most distinguished by the celebrity of their authors, as well as by their intrinsic merits. It is indeed highly gratifying to observe the deep and universal anxiety which the question of the Abolition has once more, and, we would fain hope, in its last stage, excited. The public feeling in this country is not easily awakened a second time upon any topic, after it has been called into full action, and then fallen into repose. The vast and general sensation produced by the first development of the horrible traffic in human flesh, speedily gave place to a much more sober and partial sentiment of reprobation; no small difficulty was experienced in attracting the attention of the public to the discussion for many years; it was pretty uniformly debated among empty benches in those august assemblies whose walls can scarce contain their crowds when a person of honour is to be attacked, or a female of easy virtue is to give evidence; and it was only by slow steps, chiefly through the unremitting exertions of the Press (the grand source of evil, according to the pretended friends of regular government, and many of the warmest abolitionists), that the original feeling of execration for the Slave Trade was at all revived, or that, through the progress of information, it became a steady principle. This change was indeed most important; and to it was principally owing, both the ultimate victory over the traffic, and the recent revival of the popular sentiment against it, when the treaty of Paris exhibited the spectacle of that trade restored by the religious and merciful family of the Bourbons, in the first transports of their gratitude to Heaven for regaining the throne of St Louis.

In our Number for June, we anticipated a very general expression of those feelings so honourable to the nation. We believe not far short of a thousand petitions were rapidly presented to Parliament, from every part of the country. All parties in politics, all sects of religion, laying aside their habitual animosities, vied with each other in expressing the sentiments, which all who were Englishmen and Christians—let us rather say, all who were men—seemed alike to feel. The time-serving tools of government, overborne by the general current, dared not raise their voices to interrupt proceedings, far from agreeable to their employers; and, with the exception of, we believe, two places,

Digitized by Google

every attempt to check the prevailing current was signally defeated. Even in this part of the island, where political independence is so little known, and even so little respected by our calculating countrymen,* some meetings were held, and some resolutions carried. In Parliament, it is true, very little sympathy was shown with these feelings; the usual majorities rejected all motions of censure, and approved of the offensive stipulations; and the same assemblies which one day voted, unanimously, addresses to the Throne full of universal philanthropy, and detestation of the traffic, were pleased, on the next, to honour with their approbation the measures by which a vast portion of Africa was given up once more to the dominion of darkness and bloodshed. But the people were pretty nearly as unanimous one way as their virtual representatives (to use the technical term) were the other; —and the storm broke upon the heads of the Court and its adherents with a force which, we strongly suspect, would be found very effectual, were an opportunity of again disposing of the question by treaty to be afforded them. The sense of Parliament would, we venture to think, be overlooked, and even its known good humour towards ministerial failings not be implicitly relied on. Indeed, the conduct of the Court upon the Slave Trade, has presented the most signal confirmation of the opinion universally prevalent, wherever men have given themselves the trouble to think upon the subject, that so far from the late successes being the work of the Prince Regent's ministers, they marred the only parts of the piece which it fell to their lot to perform. Fortunate in a great General in Spain, and in a hard frost in Russia, but doubly happy in a coadjutor, without whom it is much to be feared all their other successes and alliances would have availed but little, the cooperation of Buonaparte's unbridled fury, they succeeded wherever nothing was left to themselves to arrange or to execute. In America and the Colonies they had every thing their own way, and they managed in their usual manner. They gave up the West Indies to the Slave Trade; and not only contrived to continue at war with the United States, when every cause of quarrel had ceased, and nothing but loss could possibly result from the contest—a thing of some difficulty;—but actually succeeded in a feat which it required their own skill to perform—the discomfiture of the English naval resources by the American marine; of which, by

* The total want of every thing like popular elections, is the well known reason why political feelings and popular spirit so rarely break forth in Scotland. It is remarkable, that on some great occasions, when almost every town and county in England met to petition or address, not a single such meeting was held in Scotland.

Digitized by Google

a whimsical coincidence, we have learnt the existence in the same documents that detail its successes. Whatever difference of opinion (and it can be but slight) may exist regarding the rest of their conduct, there is none with regard to the revival of the Slave Trade; and for this gross mismanagement, clearly originating in their lukewarmness towards the cause, humanity is now daily and hourly suffering in both parts of the globe.

If this feeling has been universal in England, we lament to think that an opposite sentiment has been equally prevalent in France. Want of information upon the question; erroneous views of their commercial interests; and great national jealousy and suspicion,—have conspired to diffuse among the people of that country,—at least those portions of the population which exercise any influence over such discussions, the inhabitants of the larger towns,—an obstinate and rooted conviction, that England has only given up the traffic because it was her interest to abandon it; and that France has now an equal interest in reviving it. We state the proposition in its most mild and tolerable form; for we are fully aware that a vast number of persons hold the much more absurd doctrine, that our abolition had, from the first, no other object but a plot to ruin the colonial prosperity of France. To attack such delusions abruptly, and in front as it were, would be almost as imprudent as to disregard and pass them by. Whatever might have been possible at the beginning of the counter-revolution, when the Allies occupied Paris, and England had not given up her conquests, nothing can be more certain than that the united power of the Court and the leading statesmen of France could not now attempt, with any safety, either the abandonment of the African trade or the colonies. The government must be stronger and more popular; the public mind must be more enlightened; time must be afforded for national animosities to subside; above all, England must be more removed from the discussion,—before any hopes can be entertained of destroying the French Slave Trade, which we so unwarily revived under the notion of giving it only a five years existence. All that should in the mean time be attempted, is to diffuse wholesome information, with the prospect of its reaching France directly or indirectly. Coming from this quarter, without any possibility of suspicion that the government has a hand in promoting it, such a discussion of the matter as the works before us suggest, may peradventure produce some salutary effect. The mode in which we purpose to treat this subject may appear somewhat desultory, as we intend to offer the remarks that occur on each work in its order;—but we fear it is in vain to expect that the attention of the public, either here or abroad, will be attracted to a systematic dissertation on the Slave Trade; and the method now adopted is recommended

Digitized by Google

still further by the facilities which it affords of interweaving the information fitted to both countries respectively, with the comments so peculiarly required from calm and impartial observers, at a moment of no ordinary ferment on either side.

I. Mr Wilberforce's letter to Talleyrand is clearly entitled to our first attention. We must first observe, that the personage to whom it is addressed is not very judiciously chosen. For though, in such cases, the public be the real correspondent, yet, when an individual is singled out, he should be one who, for the occasion, may fairly represent the bulk of the readers; and a very ludicrous effect may be produced by not attending to this rule. Into this error, accordingly, our author frequently runs, and of necessity, in the course of his argument. We suspect, for example, that the Right Reverend Prince has not for some years had the advantage of so pious an epistolary communion as that which Mr Wilberforce would now establish with him. We doubt if he has of late seen so many religious topics or expressions in the whole course of his reading, including his official department, as this little tract presents. Appeals to his pious feelings are, we fear, ineffectual, respecting *le flambeau de l'Evangile*,—'*Le tout puissant*,'—'*Le Supreme Auteur de tout*,' (with the information subjoined, not perhaps unnecessarily, that it is He "*qui dispose de toutes les choses du monde.*") Nay, we doubt if the topics connected with humanity are likely to meet with much more sympathy in the same Princely and Ex-prelatical bosom: and certain it is, that there is something rather blunt, to say no more, in telling Buonaparte's confidential agent and premier, during the expedition to St Domingo, in a note, to "*See the highly interesting history of Toussaint L'Ouverture, by an "extremely respectable member of the English Parliament,*"—the more especially as the worthy Prince, if he should send to his bookseller and get the wrong edition, will be somewhat surprised to find it entitled, 'Buonaparte in the West Indies, or the 'History of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the African Hero.' It may indeed be said, that scarcely any topic of dispraise could be used in writing to his Reverend Highness, without the risk of giving personal offence; in as much as, properly speaking, there is really no particular system, or party, or man in power, during his time, of whom his Serene Holiness hath not in due succession been the supporter and the subverter,—all things being, as he well knows, beautiful in their season; and there being, as this devout good man well recollects, on the same authority, a time for all things under the sun,—a time for taking up stones, and a time for casting them away. But this only renders him the more incommodious as a correspondent, how full soever of accommodation he may be in other capacities. Besides, is our author quite sure that he has selected a name the most esteemed or respected in France, under

Digitized by Google

whose shelter to give his doctrines the wished for currency? Is it not just possible that the French nation, in spite of his Reverend Excellency's many great qualities, or of their repeated opportunities of knowing his worth, may refuse their grand prophet the honour, which is unquestionably his due?

Mr Wilberforce has been almost as unlucky in a translator as in a title. The extreme badness of the style, and the many gross blunders in the meaning, are not likely to recommend it to the nice taste of our neighbours. Indeed, from some of the mistakes, we might almost suspect it of coming in its present dress from an English manufactory. Thus he translates 'a generous 'and politic enterprise, becoming the character of an enlightened 'and liberal people'—after this fashion, 'cette genereux et po- 'litique entreprise, *qui devient* le caractere d'un peuple eclairi et 'liberal.' We are sure that the translator's ignorance is also accountable for much reprehensible omission, and even an apparently slighting tone, respecting Mr Fox, as connected with the abolition. After Mr Wilberforce himself, and perhaps we might add Mr Clarkson (though the walk of the latter was too peculiar to admit of any comparisons), it is very certain that no one man rendered more signal services to the great cause, than the illustrious statesman whose name we have mentioned. Many there are who place him at the head of the list; and maintain, that but for his honest exertions when in office, the victory never would have been gained. We have too often stated our sentiments on this point, to enter here into a refutation of an error probably arising from personal friendship or political zeal. But it is no exaggeration to assert, that he hastened, by some years, the triumph of humanity and justice. He was indeed a very different abolitionist from Mr Pitt; and yet, so coldly is he mentioned in the work before us, that an ignorant person would never discover he was an abolitionist at all,—or rather, so awkwardly is his name introduced, that we might suppose he was an adversary of the cause. While Mr Pitt's words are quoted again and again; while an eulogium is distinctly passed upon his justly celebrated speech in 1792, (and no man, it must be confessed, spoke better or did less for the cause), the only mention that occurs of Mr Fox is in the following singular passage. 'Telle fut la base des raisonnements de M. Pitt dans 'cette nuit à jamais mémorable où l'abolition fut discutée dans la 'Chambre des Communes de la Grande-Bretagne. Ses talents 'supérieurs, sa logique, son éloquence ne se déployerent jamais 'plus puissamment que dans cette occasion; tous ses arguments, 'toutes ses déductions, furent tirés des documents et des rap- 'ports qui avaient été fournis par les habitants des Colonies 'eux-mêmes; et même M. Fox, son grand adversaire, recon-

Digitized by Google

'nut qu'il avait complétement refuté la grande supposition des 'planteurs des Indes Occidentales, que le fond d'esclaves qui 'était déjà dans nos isles ne pourrait pas se maintenir sans des 'importations continuelles, et qu'il avait établi la these con-'traire avec une force de raisonnement qui approchait de la dé-'monstration.' Would not any man, in reading this, suppose, that Mr Pitt the abolitionist's eloquence and calculations had extorted an unwilling admission from Mr Fox, a slave trader, and compelled him reluctantly to confess his error? Yet, strange to tell, this is the only mention of his name, the only reference to him which we have been able to discover in these pages. Let it not for a moment be imagined that we impute such a meaning to Mr Wilberforce; it is through the clumsiness, or the unfaithfulness of his translator alone, that this passage could stand as it now does. Yet even against Mr Wilberforce we have to urge a certain partiality, (not indeed an unnatural one towards an old and early friend), which makes him, perhaps unknown to himself, place the names of Pitt and Fox exactly in their wrong relative places, as friends of the cause. We disclaim all party feelings on such a subject. Indeed, what is commonly called Party, has of late years received such an extraordinary leaven from timeserving and wavering advisers, at least among the confidential underlings; and has shown itself so distracted by personal animosities and petty intrigues, that to reverence the memory, and cling by the principles, of him who used formerly to give a name at least to the association, would probably be far from a sure method of gaining its favour. Independently, however, of our veneration for this illustrious man, we cannot help thinking it singularly injudicious, to introduce so much mention of Mr Pitt's authority, in an argument intended for the French nation. It puts us a little in mind of an address to that people on the same subject, by Madame Staël, in which she relied chiefly on Mr Pitt, as her authority for the abolition; and to render it more palatable, as well as more consistent with *fact*, we presume, added, as the reason why such an authority must be all powerful in France, that his councils had just led to the restoration of the Bourbons and social order!

The errors of the translator are further extremely prejudicial to the argument in many places. He exaggerates, and diminishes and distorts; changing the positions, as well as the proportions, of the matters treated by the author, so as often to leave no semblance of what we are quite confident the reasoning was in the original. Take for example the following passage. After describing the French Slave Trade, as of a very questionable nature in respect of profit *(gain non moins douteux qu'ignominieux)*, he speaks of the English Slave Trade in these terms.—

Digitized by Google

'L'Angleterre, malgré le capital *immense* et le nombre *étonnant* de 'matelots et de navires qu'elle y consacrait, malgré *l'avantage* 'qu'en tiraient ses manufactures et une *foule* d'ouvriers de *toute* 'espece, malgré tous ces *motifs puissants* pour continuer le trafic, 'cette nation commerçante, cette nation *boutiquiere* comme on l'a 'naguere nommée, l'a abandonné. Je le répete, elle n'a pas hésité 'à obéir à la voix de la conscience et de l'honneur, et quoiqu'elle 'eût des *sacrifices prodigieux* à faire, elle a, suivant l'exemple des 'Ephésiens si célébrés dans l'histoire sacrée.' It is manifest, that all these superlatives come from the translator. Mr Wilberforce never could express himself in terms so diametrically opposite to the whole arguments of the abolitionists, and in the face of their most established calculations and evidence. Yet the effect is unfortunate:—For a much less acute reader than the venerable grandee, to whom it is addressed, will naturally ask, why the traffic, so prodigiously gainful to England, should be of very doubtful profit to France?—and if, in seeking an answer to that question, he should turn to Mr Clarkson's recent publication, in French, of his '*Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade*,' he will find page after page devoted to prove the insignificance of the traffic, either as a nursery of seamen, or a channel for the employment of capital; unless, indeed, Mr Clarkson's translator has been as precise as Mr Wilberforce's; and distorted his statements, as he has Mr Wilberforce's eloquence. Perhaps we might find other faults, of an equally grave description, imputable to the same cause. Thus, the assertion, that *all* our considerable statesmen (*tous nos hommes d'etat marquants*), were unanimously, from the first Parliamentary inquiry, agreed, that the Slave Trade should be promptly, or for ever abolished, is, we should think, the translator's, and not the author's;—because, unfortunately, we know the contrary to be true. Mr Windham was a steady enemy of the abolition, and several of his distinguished friends; and though the present ministers are probably, in Mr Wilberforce's estimation, not to be ranked among '*hommes d'etat marquants*,'—yet one of their friends would be somewhat astonished at being left out of the account—at being thought too small a person to occupy the public attention—we mean the great potentate who fills so large a space in the eye of the country; whose weight in the State is undoubted; and to whom, it is supposed, we are indebted, under Providence, for all the blessings and victories we enjoy. This '*homme d'etat marquant*' was undoubtedly, for a considerable period, a steady friend of the slave traffic; and we marvel at his being passed over in silence.

Having stated so much at length of the objectionable parts of this publication, for which we know we shall have the permis-

Digitized by Google

sion of the excellent and able author, against whom indeed our remarks are scarcely, if at all, directed; we may now observe as to its merits, that, even through the thick atmosphere of mistranslation, we discover the handywork of one of the most eloquent men of our times; the liveliness of whose fancy is only kept from breaking out in playfulness and wit, by the heartfelt conviction under which he writes, that the subject is of the deepest concernment to mankind. As an advocate, he shows eminent skill in choosing and handling his topics, with the slight exceptions which we have already noticed. All his attacks are brought to bear home upon French interests and feelings. From whatever point he begins, there he ends; and so fine a mixture of acute reasoning, with deep-toned declamation and lively and apposite illustration, has not for many years been accessible to the French reader. In spite of the translator's labours, it must have an effect; wherever it is read, it must work an impression on the feelings and the reason of men. Recommended by a name, second to none at present in the world for honest celebrity, it will find its easy way to the virtuous, the enlightened, and the humane. Even idler readers may be desirous of gratifying a laudable curiosity, by reading what so famous a person has written upon his own great subject—and, limited as our expectations are of any immediate change being effected in the public mind upon the Continent, it would be difficult to imagine a means of addressing it, better contrived for exciting attention than a work so recommended,—as it is unquestionable that few works could have tended more, by their intrinsic merits, to insinuate sound doctrine into the understandings of the readers. We shall not certainly follow the train of the discussion, or attempt any thing like an abstract of the tract. But a specimen will naturally be expected, and we take one almost at random. He is combating the arguments of the Chamber of Commerce of Nantes.

'La Chambre de Commerce de Nantes déclare elle-même que l'augmentation d'aisance et de jouissances dans lesquelles les Noirs de Saint-Domingue ont passé les douze années qui viennent de s'écouler, a produit chez eux un accroissement prodigieux en nombre. Eh bien! ces jouissances, ces commodités ont-elles pu leur rendre moins répugnante l'idée d'une transition subite de cet état de bonheur à un état de servitude et de dégradation qui leur sera retracé sous ses véritables couleurs par leurs parents et les anciens d'entr'eux? La Chambre de Commerce de Nantes se doute peu combien la population de Saint-Domingue a gagné en intelligence ainsi qu'en nombre pendant ces dernieres 10 à 12 années; combien elle s'est élevée dans l'échelle des êtres, et conséquemment combien elle est plus propre et plus disposée aujourd'hui qu'autrefois à résister à un envahissement. La Chambre de Commerce de Nantes pense peu aux

Digitized by Google

mers de sang par lesquelles il lui faudrait passer pour parvenir à son but, même si l'on pouvait y arriver à un tel prix. Mais le Monarque bienfaisant qui est assis aujourd'hui sur le trône de France, mais ses ministres qui sont des hommes éclairés, consentiront-ils jamais à envoyer leurs braves troupes entreprendre au loin une lutte si inégale, dans des régions où le climat lui seul, et l'espece de travaux auxquels il faudra se livrer, ne sont pas moins que la mort pour un soldat Européen, tandis qu'ils sont salutaires et ont de l'affinité avec le tempérament et les habitudes de son adversaire? Sacrifieront-ils armée sur armée? Dilapideront-ils ainsi les trésors, le sang de leur pays, après que la France a si long-temps saigné par tous lespores? Et pour quoi tout cela? Recouvrer à un tel prix l'acquisition d'un grand et populeux royaume, ne repaierait qu'imparfaitement le droit nominal de propriété sur des terres dont toute la population aura été exterminée, et qui devront conséquemment être repeuplées, dont il faudra refaire tous les bâtiments, et sur lesquelles il faudra rétablir une nouvelle colonie, pour être probablement détruite à son tour par une nouvelle explosion, après avoir absorbé inutilement un immense capital national.

'Soyez assuré, Monseigneur, que je rends trop justice à la Chambre de Commerçe de Nantes, pour ne pas croire que le vif désir qu'elle fait paraître de recommencer la Traite des Negres ne peut s'expliquer qu'en la supposant influencée par des préjugés et par des erreurs semblables aux erreurs et aux préjugés qui influencerent autrefois nos adversaires Africains et des Indes Occidentales. Pareils à ces derniers, les négociants de Nantes ont entierement perdu de vue dans leurs raisonnements la tendance où sont toutes les sociétés humaines d'augmenter leur nombre en obéissant au premier commandement, à la loi de notre nature: *croissez et multipliez.*' p. 48. 50.

The following passage is very interesting, as containing this admirable orator's defence of himself against the personal attacks of the Chamber of Nantes, as well as a very cogent argument irresistibly put.

'On ne peut pas non plus nier que la mauvaise conduite de la France, s'il m'est permis de m'exprimer ainsi, ne soit encore aggravée par toutes les circonstances concomitantes. Ce n'est pas simplement, ainsi que je l'ai déja remarqué, parce que vous n'avez ni sacrifices à faire, ni pertes à essuyer; mais bien parce que le commerce en hommes a été réellement discontinué pendant plusieurs années; parce que vous ne pouvez pas citer pour excuse de son renouvellement, que c'était chez vous une habitude établie, un préjugé invétéré. Dans le fait, *vous commencez de nouveau un commerce d'esclaves.* Lorsque cette matiere était encore en discussion dans la Grande-Bretagne, il n'y avait personne qui ne protestât hautement que, si la Traite des Noirs n'était pas une chose déjà existante, il ne supporterait pas l'idée de la commencer pour la premiere fois. Mais pardessus tout, considérez à quelle époque vous la recommenceriez.

Digitized by Google

C'est au moment même où la Providence daigne vous accorder un riche surcroît de jouissances, c'est lorsqu'un peuple généreux devrait s'empresser de rendre hommage à la bonté divine, en distribuant parmi les autres hommes les mêmes faveurs, que vous prendriez la résolution de verser sur l'innocente Afrique un déluge de maux! Le retour de la paix en Europe serait-il donc le signal pour rallumer mille guerres féroces parmi de malheureuses peuplades d'êtres à demi civilisés, que tous les sentiments humains devraient vous disposer à protéger et à arracher à la barbarie? Si je pouvais véritablement nourrir quelque sentiment hostile envers la France, je devrais désirer qu'elle ternît ainsi l'éclat de son nom; que la restauration de son souverain sur son trône pût être ainsi commémorée dans les fastes de l'histoire. Si j'étais dirigé par ce vil égoïsme que la Chambre de Commerce de Nantes m'impute, je garderais pour mon pays l'honneur entier et sans partage de cette glorieuse entreprise. Si j'étais un Protestant bigot, et non un Chrétien sincère, je pourrais me réjouir de voir les sectateurs de la croyance catholique sanctionner ainsi la violation des principes les plus simples de la religion de Jésus-Christ. Mais aucun sentiment aussi indigne ne peut trouver place dans mon sein. Des principes plus nobles et plus vastes animent mon cœur et dirigent ma conduite. Puissent les Français, je le dis de toute mon âme, puissent les Français être un grand peuple, un peuple religieux et heureux! Puisse le commerce de Nantes être florissant et ses négociants nager dans l'affluence! Mais pourquoi parlerais-je seulement de moi! Mes compatriotes en général sont amis de la paix, et ils veulent du bien à tous les hommes. Combien n'en ai-je pas entendu exprimer les vœux ardents qu'ils formaient pour la prospérité et le bonheur du peuple français? Avec quel plaisir ne s'empresseraient-ils pas de travailler à ce qui pourrait y contribuer? Ces dispositions, semblables à celles qui les ont animés pour l'abolition de la Traite des Negres, ne sont pas simplement les effets d'une sensibilité momentanée et fugitive, ces sont des principes fixes et stables; ils tirent leur racine de la persuasion que nous sommes tous les enfants d'un pere commun, et que la maniere la plus agreable pour lui de lui témoigner notre reconnaissance des biens qu'il nous accorde, est de nous efforcer d'augmenter le bonheur d'autrui." p. 66—67.

We have been detained longer than might have been expected with this work; but, our merely literary duty has necessarily interfered with the course of the political discussion. A work written avowedly by such a man as Mr Wilberforce, on such an occasion, independently of the novel circumstance of its appearing first in French, and being intended for the perusal of a foreign country, affords a subject of no small curiosity, and certainly of no every-day occurrence in the history of letters. Our readers will pardon the extent to which we have been carried in this criticism; and the distinguished author himself, is too well aware of our unfeigned admiration of him, to feel a moment's uneasiness at the slight differences of opinion, perhaps we ought

Digitized by Google

rather to say (and, when Mr Wilberforce is the person we dissent from, with the greatest diffidence to say,)—difference of taste, which has occasionally interrupted the harmony of our observations.

II. The speech of Sir Samuel Romilly was delivered upon an occasion, calculated indeed to awaken all the powers of oratory, when the House of Commons discussed the fatal article of the treaty, reviving the Slave Trade—and we are aware of the praise which we lavish upon this production, when we assert, that it excels any thing we have ever seen by the same distinguished author, in persuasive, dexterous, yet manly eloquence. Is it possible more forcibly to combat the wretched pretext held out by our negotiator, Lord Castlereagh, that we should *give the public mind time* in France, than in the following beautiful passage?

'The prejudices of the French, the noble Lord says, were to be attended to. That they have not at once adopted our opinions, cannot surprise us. We were long before we acted on them ourselves. Having been nearly twenty years abolishing this trade, can we complain that France requires an interval of only five to prepare for its abolition? But when this question is asked, it should be recollected what the obstacles were which, in this country, so long retarded the accomplishing that great act of justice. They were obstacles which have no present existence in France, but which are preposterously, under the operation of this treaty, to be created in order, as we learn from the noble Lord, that by the slow progress of reason they may be in time overcome. The extensive influence of Liverpool and Bristol, and other great trading towns, opposed difficulties with us which it required much time and patience to remove. Happily no such influence now exists in France; but it seems that by the revival of the trade, such an influence is to be generated, and to be fostered. Let the cause of humanity, the noble Lord says, be promoted in France by exactly the same means as it was in England. In other words, let Nantes and Bourdeaux, and other maritime towns, become the Bristols and Liverpools of France; let large capitals be embarked in the trade; let the support of many thousands of individuals be made to depend on its continuance; enlist the activity and zeal of commercial enterprise and adventure against you; multiply without number the enemies to the abolition, and then wisely trust to reason to refute their arguments, and silence their clamours. Embody against you the most uncontrollable passions and strongest interests, and most formidable combinations of men, and then calmly appeal to argument, to philosophy, and to religion, to disperse and to disarm them. Expect that some Clarkson will appear in France, who will consume his valuable life in the service of the most oppressed and despised of his fellow-creatures. Wait till some Wilberforce shall arise, who, with unexampled perseverance, in spite of clamour, and obloquy, and ridicule, will maintain his steady course,

Digitized by Google

till he sees the great object of his life accomplished. Rely upon the slow but certain effects of free discussion in popular assemblies, and by an unrestrained press; and, till all these causes shall have fully operated, be content that the work of death and devastation shall go freely on upon the shores of Africa.' p. 9–11.

The course of argument most judiciously pursued, is to figure the French negotiators contending with Lord Castlereagh, and then to show what irrefragable grounds this noble friend of humanity had for maintaining his position, and how he might have met the adversary's attacks. It is a common trick of party to charge its adversaries with a factious spirit. There are some gentlemen in parliament who seem never to have this accusation out of their mouths, any more than they have the thing itself in its worst form out of their hearts. The devoted tools of a party—that is, the ministry for the time being—they have the assurance to accuse others of being partymen, because they disdain jobs, honours, places, and unite in a body to oppose the abettors of corruption. To receive none of the King's money, seems with the consistent and disinterested persons alluded to, the true characteristic of a factious disposition. Only enlist—pocket the bounty, and draw the pay; and as long as you keep together in a body, backing every minister, supporting all measures, defending each abuse, shifting with the government through the whole compass of politics—though you should on no one occasion for twenty years deviate by a single hair's-breadth from the doctrines of the treasury, into an opinion of your own—though the nicest observer should be utterly unable to descry what your individual sentiments are, except by looking at the acts of the existing government—you are sure to escape the odium of being devoted to party. Of the personages who so liberally treat their opponents, Sir Samuel Romilly justly says, 'that it would be well for them to recollect that party 'is not the exclusive reproach of opposition, and to consider, 'whether they, who defend and applaud in public what, in 'the secret of their own bosoms, they utterly reprobate and 'condemn, are themselves exempt from that party-spirit with 'which they suppose others to be infected.' And, towards the close of his speech, he launches a very deadly blow at the same quarter.

'That I take this view of the subject will, I know, by some persons, be ascribed to the spirit of party; but thinking, as in my conscience I do, that in concluding this Treaty, every moral and religious duty has been disregarded, ought I, from any such trivial consideration, and, because I cannot blame the measure without censuring the men who are the authors of it, to refrain from expressing my real opinion? Let me rather again remind those who, thinking as ill of the Treaty as I do, are yet so far influenced by their par-

Digitized by Google

tiality to Ministers, that they will either observe a criminal silence, or give their sanction to it by their votes, that they are, indeed, acting from the worst of party motives; and let me caution all such persons how, at any future time, they receive favours at the hands of Ministers, lest their consciences should tell them that such favours have been obtained at the expense of the happiness and blood of Africa.' p. 30, 31.

The topic here introduced is very important—and we think it must have been handled more strongly in the speech itself—at least we recollect having been exceedingly struck with the passage as given even in the newspaper reports at the time. It has pernaps been softened from motives of charity in the corrected copy now before us—but enough is said to sink deep—and be remembered. All honest abolitionists will naturally keep a sharp watch upon the persons alluded to; and if they observe ANY favours whatever received by them directly or indirectly from government, they will of necessity couple this bounty with their votes on the 28th of June 1814, 'giving a sanction to the treaty' which revives the Slave Trade. The following animated passage is addressed particularly to Mr Wilberforce, whom no man ever accused of party spirit, any more than of interested views, and who, (be it observed), never accuses others of such propensities. We will take upon us to assert with confidence, that no allusion whatever is made to *him* in the sentence already cited—but, lamenting that he did not openly express his censure of government on the occasion in question, as he has often done on the most critical emergencies, and with the fullest effect to his own infinite honour, and the lasting benefit of his country, we agree with Sir S. Romilly in the sentiments thus eloquently delineated.

'My honourable Friend indeed, who practises every Christian virtue, has expressed, in strong terms, his disappointment and regret at this Treaty; but yet he has the exemplary forbearance, while he deeply deplores, not to censure the conduct of the negociator. A most remarkable instance of Christian charity it unquestionably is; for there is no individual in his Majesty's dominions, who, if in considerations of such a superior importance, we could be allowed to mix any thing which merely affected ourselves, has more reason to complain than my honourable Friend. There is no man living whom it can have robbed of a larger portion of happiness. After devoting the best part of his virtuous life to this great object; when by long continued and unwearied exertions, after repeated disappointments, and by a perseverance without example, he had, at last, at a mature period of his life, accomplished the object to which he had devoted all the faculties of his mind; when he was beginning to reap the full rewards of his long labours,—rewards the most congenial to his heart, and the best adapted to services such as his,—the satisfaction of seeing the progress of the good of which he had been, in so great a degree, the author; while he was every year receiving from Africa and from

Digitized by Google

the West Indies, the tidings of the improved condition of his fellow-creatures; while he saw in Africa the dawnings of civilization, the calm and the tranquillity which reigned in their contented villages, the instruction which was afforded to their youths, and the comforts which the light of true religion was every day diffusing among the natives; and, on the other hand, in the West Indies, the mitigation of the labours and sufferings of the Negroes, and law extending its protection to these unhappy outcasts of society; while he was cheering his mind, long depressed by the miseries which he had been compelled, for so many years, to dwell upon, with the refreshing sight of this comparative happiness, and was eagerly looking forward to the further progress of this great good, and was expecting, from still greater improvements in the moral existence of those to whom he had already been so great a benefactor, the best consolations of his declining age; what a prospect of the future has the noble Lord opened to him!—The sudden revival of this horrid traffic, upon the largest scale and in its most ferocious spirit; all his exertions and his anxieties, and his sacrifices of time, and health, and fortune, endured in vain; a renewal of the plunder and carnage, and devastation, which used to lay waste the shores of Africa; new fleets sailing across the Atlantic, freighted with human misery in every form and every degree; new markets opened, in which rational beings, like beasts of the field, are to be again exposed to public sale; the revival of a more severe and a more cruel species of bondage, more exhausting toils, a lower species of degradation, augmented tortures; an aggravation of all the anguish of body and mind, which wastes and consumes so large a portion of our fellow-men; and the sickening certainty, that all these complicated evils tend to confirm and perpetuate and aggravate each other, and that they forbode scenes more dreadful even than those which they exhibit!' p. 31—34.

Now, in answer to all that has been urged in this speech, and on other occasions, against our Government for its abandonment of the cause, one proposition is loudly maintained.—The French government would not consent to the Abolition; and, as this proposition is wholly useless by itself, another is coupled with it,—that they could not face the people of France, who were resolved not to suffer it. We believe those who are best informed of the state of public opinion in that country, are the most convinced of the complete hopelessness of the case at the present moment; and entertain the strongest belief, that, were the government ever so anxious to abolish the traffic, the task is wholly beyond its power. But it by no means follows that the attempt was equally hopeless at the moment of signing the treaty. At that period no man in France had begun to think of colonies and commerce. The islands were ours;—the French had no kind of equivalent to give for their restoration; moreover France was occupied, at least Paris was taken, by powers all avowedly friendly to the Abolition;—powers, of whose good dispositions

Digitized by Google

no doubt could be entertained, because, in truth, none of them possessed a single negro, and all of them have shown a very laudable, as well as economical, love of fame, desiring, it should seem, to gain as much praise for benevolence and philanthropy as they conveniently can, without paying any thing for it. That the Allied Powers were in a condition to exact pretty nearly what they pleased from France, is apparent from the rest of the treaty. The surrender of Italy and Belgium unconditionally, at once demonstrate this; and perhaps the galleries owe their continuing unmolested to the difficulty of dividing the spoil. Certain it is that the moment was seized for extorting many things which, in a few weeks afterwards, France would rather have risen in a mass than listen to. But, once obtained, no great apprehension seems to be felt that the French people will rise to get them back again. So would it have been with the Abolition; and doubtless he may most consistently assert the facility of arranging this in May, who denies the practicability of any such attempt at the present hour—when the Allies are all gone with their armies;—the French people recovered from their stupor;—and, forgetting the conscription and the war, occupied only with the soreness of their last wounds;—the Bourbon government weak and unpopular;—the public sentiment strongly leaning towards other rulers and systems;—and above all, the Slave Trade and Colony Trade revived in fatal activity, which in May had no existence, and were almost forgotten.

But a much more triumphant reply than this, satisfactory as we take it to be, may be given to the argument of the government. Why restore the colonies, if France would not give up the Slave Trade? At all events those settlements might have been retained, and a proportional part of Africa freed from desolation; and if the public mind could not sever the cultivation of sugar islands from the importation of negroes, and persisted in holding the Slave Trade and the Colonial Commerce to be inseparable, might not the peace have been concluded with a reservation of the colonies in our possession, and a formal declaration that they should be restored as soon as France chose to concur in the Abolition? We presume to think that the exemplary endeavours of good and pious men at the present time, to enlighten the public mind in that country, would have derived some aid from such an auxiliary; and that the great difficulty of conceiving how colonies can be held without importing negroes, would have been a good deal more easily got over, first, by the edifying example set before their eyes, of our holding *their* colonies after this fashion; and next, by the no less palpable truth practically unfolded to their Gallic minds, day by day, that until they could separate the two ideas of Colony and Slave-traffic, they should

Digitized by Google

have nothing to do with either: Yet, strange to tell, in our rage to restore, and treat, we gave up all those settlements for just nothing,—or rather for worse than nothing;—the vile mockery of an Abolition in reversion, expectant upon a five years' term of unstinted, nay encouraged, Slave-trading,—and even then, depending upon the possibility of making the government and people relinquish all the guilty sweets of this lucrative crime; including in the surrender even Guadaloupe, which we had formerly exempted for ever from the dominion of the traffic, by express treaty.—Are any further arguments wanting?—The Treaty furnishes us with great abundance.—We find all the powers taking exactly what they please from France, but especially England has no manner of difficulty in obtaining Malta, Tobago, St Lucia, the Isle of France, (not to mention the Cape), in short any thing which may serve her interests, so as the interests of humanity and justice are forgotten, and no mention made of any thing that can raise up such ominous spectres.

And now, having replied to the only argument ever urged against the reasoning in the speech before us, we shall in our turn take leave to suggest a point for the attention of those who defend the government. It is somewhat strange, that no papers have been produced on this most vital subject. We have the treaty, drily laid before Parliament. It bears the stamp of failure; at least in one of the very few points where there could be a failure, and that by no means the least important of the matters under discussion. As far as this subject—as far, to use the language of negotiation, as these British interests were concerned—the treaty failed entirely: Yet no account is given of the causes of the failure; no papers are produced containing the correspondence or the minutes of the conferences of the ministers. We are not even apprised by any evidence, that the French government refused to abolish the Trade; no proof is given that our negotiator ever attempted to obtain his point; for any thing that appears, he may never have presented a single note on the subject. In a word, we should like to put this question, Did Lord Castlereagh ever write a line respecting the Slave Trade? Had he ever a conference devoted to the subject? Did he ever, in conjunction with the Emperor Alexander, urge the French government on the point? Did he ask for the interposition of the Allies in his behalf?—We will put one question more, which, if so great a statesman ever reads these pages, we suspect will somewhat ruffle his habitual serenity of mind.—Was the limitation to five years HIS or the EMPEROR'S work? We think ill of the limiting clause, as has been already stated; but its intention was good; and it might, in the eyes of an ignorant person, look well for the cause. That it was meant well, is unquestionable;

Digitized by Google

and certainly it is mainly relied on, both by the ministers and some abolitionists whom they have contrived to delude. Now we ask, Is this clause, such as it is, due to the Lord Castlereagh or to the Russian Emperor? Was the noble person prepared, without a struggle, to give up all, when his imperial coadjutor insisted upon this little being reserved? Did the former seek the assistance of the latter to back his strenuous exertions for the abolition? Or was the Emperor the real abolitionist, who in fact spurred on the careless or reluctant Lord to whatever little stand he made against the French Slave Traders? It would be highly gratifying, for the honour of the country, to learn that something, how little soever, had been done by its representative, of his own mere motion. It is painful to hear the rumour, that *nothing whatever* would have been even attempted but for our magnanimous ally. This report rests upon no ordinary foundation; but, how little soever we may think of Lord Castlereagh as a statesman, we have so much confidence in his personal honour, that we should not hesitate to disbelieve all such statements the moment he solemnly denied them—painful as the alternative must be of disbelieving the high authority upon which they at present rest.

There is one remark obviously suggested by the case we have been putting, of the three Allies joining with England in imposing the abolition upon France. How triumphant an answer, how impenetrable a defence against all their attempts, in the way of reasoning at least, had the former conduct of those powers prepared for the French government? France had but to pronounce a single word, and there was an end of all but the last reason of crowned disputants. She might listen patiently to every topic drawn from the laws of religion, humanity, justice, sound policy; silent she might hear lectures on national honour and true glory, and real advantage, and imperishable renown; undismayed she might await the close of discourses upon the horrors of the middle passage, and the cartwhip; for if it pleased her at any moment she could reduce the imperial apostles of right to silence, by whispering in their ears 'Poland!' All tongues but that of England must forthwith have been mute; and into the scale of reason and precedent, our Allies, from that moment, could only have flung their swords. Such are the never failing results of public crimes; and so infinitely various are the ramifications into which the injustice of rulers will be found to shoot out—at each turn and crossing stifling some mighty interest of mankind in their remotest course, and destroying the strength and health of the perpetrators themselves in regions too distant, and directions too obscure, to have been at the first foreseen.—But was this ominous word an unanswerable reply? Had the Allies

Digitized by Google

no means left of evading its force? Oh yes; and by a method as certain as it was easy;—a method which at once must have placed them in a position far more commanding than when the fatal sound had seemed to paralyze all their efforts.—'Poland shall be restored by us who had no hand in her wrongs.' This would at once have disarmed the enemy; he could no longer have sneered at the 'cheap virtue' of the Northern potentates, or tauntingly offered to liberate his serfs, in return for their emancipating their negroes,—or innocently asked, if the new Russian code of the rights of nations was a *code noir*, and excluded all white communities;—he was reduced at one word to silence, and the cause of Africa was gained by the act of common justice to the Poles!—We have indulged in visions of this description; and cannot relinquish them without pain:—But all, we fear, is but a vision. We have been talking as if monarchs only reasoned and felt; we have been reckoning upon consistency as a princely virtue, and deluding ourselves with the notion that disinterestedness sometimes appeared among absolute sovereigns. The mistake was excusable in those who, for a year and a half at the least, have heard of nothing else but the Magnanimous Allies, and have waited so long for some proof of interests sacrificed to justice. We must now rouse ourselves to the sad reality, that the only power which has made any such sacrifices is England—where the prince cannot always choose for himself, but must in some cases at least follow the voice of his people. That this is the only exception, we are much afraid; that such is the only ground of it, we can scarcely avoid concluding.

III. The third of the works mentioned in the title of this article, contains a great deal of curious information respecting St Domingo, with much sound reasoning, and strong representation of principles, upon the dreadful possibility which the treaty of peace presents, and the views of the government and people of France are supposed to contemplate, of attempts at reconquering that colony from the Negroes. Much cogent statement is also given upon the renewal of the French Slave Trade generally; the publication of the Slave Trade *Ordonnance*, indeed, gives the groundwork of the production. By a circular letter from the administration of the Customs, dated 29th August, the Merchants of France are apprized, that the traffic is restored in all its privileges,—and may be carried on from every port having a public bonding warehouse. All the goods, foreign as well as domestic, including arms and ammunition, required for this trade, may be shipped for the devoted coast of Africa, duty free. The same exemption extends to the ship's provisions, both for the crew and negroes. There are checks prescribed, for preventing any of the cargoes or provisions from being em-

Digitized by Google

ployed, except in the purchase and conveyance of negroes.—French ships only can engage in the trade; and they may import into all the French colonies, of which the Government shall recover possession, as well as those ceded by the treaty.

Indeed, the author of the Remarks justly expresses the astonishment so natural, upon finding no restriction whatever of the revived traffic, to any particular portion of the African coast; although the House of Commons had been assured by Lord Castlereagh, that France had pledged herself, to exempt from its ravages, those parts where it could be shown to have ceased; and although upon the faith of this vague, absurd compact, so easily evaded—so difficult to be enforced,—orders had been issued here to restore Senegal and Goree, and their dependencies.—Our author's arguments against the Government on this point are abundantly forcible; and we are only prevented from reciting them, by the highly satisfactory intelligence, which has recently been received from Paris, that our Ambassador had succeeded in obtaining an additional edict, fulfilling the vague, indefinite stipulation of Lord Castlereagh. The zeal and ability displayed by the Duke of Wellington, in this negociation, justly augments his claims upon the gratitude of his country, and of mankind. The point assumed is Cape Formosa; north of which, the French Slave Trade is prohibited;—so that the Gold Coast and Windward Coast are declared free from this scourge, in the largest sense of those divisions. It is believed, that the exemption, according to the spirit of the stipulation, might have extended as far as the river Gaboon, that is, to the Equator.—But if the present edict is faithfully enforced, we shall not be inclined to complain of this difference.—Should the Potugueze Government perform its duty, and arrange the cession of Bissao; adopting also a fair and candid interpretation of the former treaty respecting the limits of the traffic, the whole of Africa, north of Cape Formosa, will be rescued from the Slave Trade. Over our ancient ally we have many claims; we have spent some sixty or seventy millions for her, besides sacrificing many thousands of our best troops; we have succeeded in saving her from destruction; and we have just made her a present of a distinguished politician, with a liberal salary, to negociate with her; the salary being given (it has been said in Parliament, by the worthy Envoy's friends), in consideration of what he is to do for the cause of humanity, on his new mission. For fourteen thousand a-year, we have a right to expect at the least an explanation of the clause in the treaty of 1810; so long, and as if studiously, left obscure.

With respect to the manner in which such prohibitions, by foreign governments, are to be enforced, the course is somewhat

Digitized by Google

delicate. The decisions of our Prize Courts have sanctioned the principle, that our vessels may seize foreign slave traders, if they are engaged in the prosecution of a traffic unauthorized by the municipal laws of their respective countries. And on this doctrine, our cruizers have hitherto acted; nor can the government of the foreign country, which has issued its prohibitory edict, with any colour of fairness or consistency, complain of such a proceeding:—the complaint would in fact appear to admit, that the prohibition was merely a pretext, and never meant to be acted upon. Nevertheless, in the jealous temper of mens' minds at the present crisis, we cannot help looking forward with some alarm to any conflict at all between English cruizers and French merchant ships; and would fain descry some such active arrangements, entered into by the French Government itself, as might enforce, without any chance of a rupture, the recent decree.

We return to the '*Remarks*,' of which the bulk relate to St Domingo. The petition of the French planters connected (at least formerly connected) with that island, having been referred to a committee of the Legislative Body, its report was presented by General Desfourneaux on the 16th of August, and contained a clear recommendation to Government to send out the planters, after making pecuniary arrangements to assist them in cultivating and in buying new negroes, as soon as their estates should be recovered from those already in possession; for which purpose a naval and military expedition should accompany them. The General says he knows the two rival chiefs Christophe and Petion, and that he is sure they will be too happy to acknowledge the King of France, and do as they are desired—nevertheless, a strong force ought to be sent in case of cross-accidents! As for the Negroes, their chiefs are to receive honours and advantages; and the rest of them are to be made to work assiduously and regularly for hire, without cruel treatment, but also without wandering from their respective plantations. The plain English of all which is, that as powerful a force as can be spared should sail for St Domingo, and do all it can to reduce the negroes to slavery; but if complete success is hopeless, then it is to effect as much as it can—without sparing, we presume, either black blood or white, in the prosecution of the experiment.

That this extraordinary report is in unison with the wishes, at least of a great majority of persons in France, cannot be doubted. The Legislature indeed has subsequently come to a resolution, putting off the final consideration of the subject; but generally pledging itself to the support of the government in a St Domingo warfare. Every Frenchman seems to hold it for a point of faith in matters political, that commerce is syno-

Digitized by Google

nymous with sugar colonies, especially with St Domingo; to which another tenet is added, that, without the Slave Trade, no sugar planting, that is, no commerce, can exist. The question then is, Whether the recovery of that fine settlement is practicable. The author of the Remarks enters into details to prove the negative of the proposition; and we confess it appears to us wholly undeniable, that if the destruction of the Negro power there were ever possible, the time is long since gone by. Twelve years ago we expressed our opinion, and gave the grounds of it, that the reduction of the Blacks might then be effected; as the interest of both England and France so required. We do not hesitate to admit, that with the light which subsequent events and ample information have thrown upon the subject, we are much more inclined to doubt of this possibility even at that time; nor could the attempt ever have been deemed justifiable with respect to the negroes themselves, if it required a long or severe struggle to secure success. The wretched state of those unhappy beings, in a period of insurrection and massacre, is the chief argument against seeking their emancipation. It furnishes also the reason for desiring that an end should be put to the revolutionary crisis of St Domingo. But the wars required to accomplish this, might be mere wars of extirpation and destruction; a cost greater than the object to be gained—the tranquillity of that island, and the security of the rest. It seems to us, now, that at all times after 1794, the reestablishment of the White power was a much more doubtful operation than we had been disposed to think it. But of the impossibility of restoring that dominion, after twelve years more have confirmed the Black dynasty, no man can entertain any reasonable doubt. The completely organized state of the two governments to which the settlement is subject, places this point in the clearest light.

Hayti, as the inhabitants now call it, is almost entirely peopled by Negroes and Mulattoes, who, for about three-and-twenty years, have been free. Their numbers are reckoned by our author at 600,000, which we believe to be much under the truth. The Mulattoes form but a very trifling proportion—not, in the whole, exceeding 15,000. Since the death of Dessaline in 1806, the country has been divided into two sovereignties, under rival and hostile chiefs, of very different characters, and reigning by opposite maxims; agreeing, however, in the essential point, of a fixed resolution to exclude all foreign masters, and to sacrifice every thing to the maintenance of Negro liberty and dominion. Christophe, who occupies the northern division, is a person of tyrannical and cruel habits, delighting in the pomp and parade, as well as the powers of sovereignty, and

Digitized by Google

imitating, on a smaller scale, the late Master of the European Continent. Petion is a man of simple habits, and gentle sway; he is at the head of a republic which enjoys much liberty, and is governed with paternal mildness. His title is that of President, and he is chosen for four years; Christophe, in 1811, assumed the title of King Henry I, and made it hereditary in his family. The two chiefs can bring into the field 40,000 men each, who, with reference to the climate, and the fastnesses which the mountains afford, may fairly be deemed invincible by any White army. Their plan is unquestionably taken. It consists in retiring from the coast the instant they are invaded; burning every thing near the sea; retreating through scenes of voluntary waste to the high country; and trusting to the never-failing effects of hunger and climate, while they are ready to avail themselves of any opportunities of assailing the invader, or circumscribing his possession. '*God and the Sun,*' is their watchword; and they are represented as full of confidence and spirit. Above all, the experience of 1802 and 1808 has taught them one lesson, never to treat with white men in their own island. It is not expected that the hostile chiefs will unite, unless the pressure of the war should overthrow Christophe's oppressive and sanguinary power, and restore the republican form of government; in which case, it is very possible that a further consequence of the same extremities would be, the union of the whole country under one constitution and one elective chief. But as all parts of the island are animated with the same unconquerable zeal for Negro independence, the chief effect of an incorporative union is already secured. The mutual wars and jealousies of the two parties have been suspended; each is resolved, if attacked, to resist by fire and sword, trusting in the mountains and the climate; so that wheresoever the attack is made, it will be met by the same powerful resistance, and in the same form, as if the whole were under one direction.

Perhaps we cannot give the reader a more decisive evidence of the degree in which any hopes of submission are chimerical—such hopes as General Desfourneaux parades in his Report—than by introducing to their notice the state of Christophe's government and Court. The tract before us details this from the Royal Almanack of Hayti, a work published there by authority; and it is extremely curious as well as instructive. It begins with a Calendar, enumerating the Saints' days, according to the Romish ritual, and also the festivals of the Patron Saints of the fifty-four parishes of Hayti, with the seven national festivals, of Independence, the Monarchy, Coronation, three Royal Birth-days, and Agriculture. Then comes a short sketch of the kingdom, in which the feudal system is stated to be unknown; but

Digitized by Google

titles of hereditary nobility are admitted, and an order of knighthood, that of St Henry—for the reward of merit in serving the state, and especially in bleeding for its liberty. There is a Council of State and a Privy Council, to consider such matters as the King submits to them; four Secretaries of State; Courts of Justice, district and general, and of Appeal; an Army and Navy, with appropriate officers; an Hierarchy, of archbishops, bishops, and priests; a Court, with all manner of household appointments, as chamberlains, lords and ladies of the bedchamber, pages, marshals, and a long etcetera; Academies for science and the arts; a theatre-royal; a full court etiquette; and, what is very remarkable, a complete system of parochial schools, which excels any that is to be found in Europe, and is said to be in full vigour. Instruction in all branches of knowledge is attended to; but the paramount care is evidently to make the population thoroughly military. It is unnecessary to give any further specimen of this curious court calendar, except the titles of some of the leading officers of state. The King is entitled, '*Sa Majesté Henri, Roi d'Hayti;*'—the Queen, '*Sa Majesté Marie-Louise, Reine d'Hayti.*' Then we have—'Son Altesse 'Royale Monseigneur le Prince Noele, Colonel-General des 'Gardes Haytiennes.—Sa Grace Monseigneur le Duc de Plaisance, Grand Marechal d'Hayti.—Son Excellence Monseigneur le Comte de Limonade, Ministre des Affaires Etrangeres et Secretaire d'Etat.—Son Eminentissime et Reverendissime Monseigneur l'Archeveque Duc de l'Anse, Grand Aumonier du Roi.—M. le Baron de Sicard, Grand Maître des 'Ceremonies.' There are three titular princes, beside the Royal family; eight dukes; twenty counts; thirty-seven barons, and eleven knights.

In the part of the Island under Petion, there is an equally regular establishment, although formed upon the simpler footing of a commonwealth. That virtuous Patriot, as president of the state, shares his power with a popular assembly. He has adopted no titles of nobility; but his military system is completely organized,—with the same gradation of ranks, and strict regard to discipline. The population, naturally warlike, is equally trained to the science and the profession of arms; and, what was of course to be expected in a republic, the most assiduous attention is paid to public instruction.

'Will any man,' says our intelligent and enlightened author, 'believe, that such a people as this are either to be cajoled or forced into the wearing again of the French yoke? But we are not left to our own conjectures or inferences on this point. General Desfourneaux, indeed, complains of a want of precise information, and

Digitized by Google

pleases himself and the Chamber of Deputies with we know not what absurd and unfounded hope, that not only will the good and loyal *chiefs* do homage to France, but that the intelligent, the wealthy, the valiant population of St Domingo, (the swords still in their hands with which they asserted their independence in the heart's-blood of one of the most numerous and best appointed armies which ever in any period of the world crossed the Atlantic), will permit a French force to prescribe to them the hours and conditions of labour, and to reinstate the planter and his cartwhip in their former plenitude of abused power;—that they will relinquish, at the bidding of these intruders, properties at least as fairly acquired as those bought in France at the national sales, and confirmed to the purchasers by the new constitution;—that they will exchange the ease, the comforts, the luxuries, of their present situation—the pride, and pomp, and circumstance of their military array—for the tender-mercies, already too well known, of French planters, attorneys, managers, overseers, and drivers. But, we repeat, we are no longer left to conjecture on this point.' p. 11.

He then gives, in evidence on this point, the able and spirited despatch of the Count Limonade, to Mr Peltier the agent of Christophe in London, (a gentleman whose services to the cause of the abolition, ought to be fully acknowledged); and as this document has long been before the public in the daily papers, we need not do more than remind those who have seen it, that as far as language can go, it expresses the resolution of the Haytians to maintain their independence against all human kind.—We conclude with a letter equally interesting, from an English merchant residing in Petion's capital, dated August 1, 1814, because it completes the proof, by extending it to the other part of the country, and because it has not yet been given with such publicity as it merits.

'The present is to give you some idea of our situation and prospects since the late great change of affairs on the Continent. I really anticipate with feelings of horror, the scenes of bloodshed and massacre that must take place in this island, in the event of the French attacking it. The people of this island, according to their present feeling, could not hear with patience any proposal from France inconsistent with principles of independence. I have been on intimate terms with President Petion for years, and can assure you, a more virtuous and amiable man I never knew. He is the idol of the people, and their confidence in him is unbounded: but even he would be removed from power, were he supposed capable of a wish to transfer this colony to France. Our information leads us to expect an attack about December. It has been officially notified by Government, that on the first appearance of the enemy, fire will be communicated to all the buildings in the cities, and every thing destroyed. With this information we have the consoling pro-

Digitized by Google

mise, that whenever the enemy is driven out, and the finances put in order, we shall all be paid our debts and losses.

'It is, indeed, a sight that makes humanity shudder, to see the preparations making for the destruction of the cities, and every thing in them, not portable, to the mountains. The arsenals are filled with torches ready to be lighted. If a suggestion is whispered at the Government-house, questioning the policy, the reply is, "Look at Moscow;" adding, "that had Moscow not been destroyed, Napoleon would still remain the despot of Europe."

'I confess, the reasoning appears sound. For my own part, I hope I shall so far close my affairs, that I shall not be an eyewitness to the tragical scenes that must take place here. The two parties, those of Petion and Christophe, can bring into the field upwards of 60,000 fighting men, in the event of a French invasion; and the soldiers are inured to fatigue and danger. In truth, I have witnessed, in the siege of this city, acts of bravery in whole regiments, that would do honour to the finest troops in Europe. All their forts and strong places in the mountains are filling with cured provisions of the country, and ammunition. Such is the present state of Hayti, and such the preparations making for human destruction, and all under the administration of an enlightened, virtuous man. My soul sinks within me when I contemplate it. The idea of destroying so many human beings, is "neither charitable in conception, nor is it easy in execution." A few months will decide, whether the finest country in the Western world is to become a dreary desert, or a flourishing state.' p. 13.

Having extended our remarks upon the three first of the works enumerated in the title of this article, to an unexpected length, but not, we are assured in any degree disproportioned to the high interest of the subject, we are compelled to defer our abstract of the remainder of the information contained in the volumes before us, with the remarks which they suggest, to our next Number. In the mean time, we are willing to hope that some portion at least of the matter above detailed, may find its way into the hands of our French neighbours, and may be at least candidly perused by them. Let them give over the charge of national hatred and jealousy which they have so unthinkingly mingled with the argument, when they find among the most strenuous abolitionists, those who, like ourselves, have on every occasion supported the general principles of public justice, without regard to the nation by whom wrong was attempted, even when that nation was our own country; who have vindicated even France and her government when we deemed her unjustly attacked; whose voice has been raised against all oppression, whether committed by Napoleon, by the Bourbons, or by the corrupt agents of our own Government; in whom liberty has found a sincere, though it may be a feeble support, whether in-

Digitized by Google

vaded by Foreign or by English hands,—and public crimes met at least with honest and undaunted reprobation, whether perpetrated by the enemy in Spain, Switzerland, Holland—or by England, on the seas, in the East Indies, in Ireland, or at Copenhagen—or, worst of all, by her Allies, in Saxony, in Norway, and in Poland.—Coming from such a quarter, we trust the arguments against the worst enormity of all, the African Slave Trade, may at least escape the charge of being dictated by national animosity, and narrow, exclusive views.—See only how we expose ourselves to the most malignant clamours, the vilest insinuations, by the bare recapitulation of the doctrines which we have for twelve years of varying public fortunes unremittingly promulgated,—careless then, as now, of the idle or malicious misrepresentations of the vulgar. We may again be accused of siding against our own country, because we refer to occasions upon which, to blame her rulers, and even to side with her adversaries, seemed to us necessary for the cause of justice and truth; beneficial to England, also, but upon an enlarged view of her advantage. How often has the charge of taking part with the enemy, of harbouring un-English feelings, and disseminating French principles, resounded in our ears!—At least, then, the people of France may be disposed to regard what we say upon the Slave Trade, and what we have from our first Number constantly held forth—as coming from a quarter above all suspicion of the charge idly brought against the advocates of French abolition, that it is a plot to ruin foreign colonies for the benefit of England. From the other charge of fanaticism and enthusiasm, we might hope to escape by appealing to the whole tenor of this work. That we have frequently been attacked for indulging in a spirit of political controversy, too cold and calculating, is most certain; the opposite vice has never been imputed to us. But, in truth, the charge of enthusiasm is of a nature rather vague, and is often levelled at all who take a lively interest in matters which affect not their own individual advantage; insomuch that we have frequently thought we should live to see it insinuated against the mathematicians who toil for years in quest of some abstract truth, the pleasure of tracing which, is in almost all cases the chief reward of the labour. It would be a pleasing reflection to think, that the very crimes imputed to us at home, might be the means of obtaining at least a candid hearing for the truths of the African Question among our ingenious and enlightened, though somewhat too hasty, neighbours.

In the article which we now close, we have perchance exposed ourselves to other charges than those just alluded to, among the zealots of corruption in this country. The accusation of party-spirit is ever the foremost in their catalogue of public crimes;

Digitized by Google

Let them point out the faction in whose service our labours are engaged. What party in the state have we held up as possessing or deserving the confidence of the people? Of many distinguished individuals, it has been an easy and a grateful task to sing the praises:—But the country is our mistress;—and until *she* forms a political connexion, our feeble voice will assuredly not be raised in favour of either the present possessors, or the expectant suitors of court favour. Such as it is, we greatly fear it may, ere long, be employed in rebutting this charge of party-spirit, by exposing the miserable divisions of half-patriots—of men who, though they may sacrifice their pecuniary interests to party-honour, will not throw aside petty feelings of personal liking or disliking,—or expose themselves to the frown of this person, or the sneer of that, for the service of their country, and the overthrow of those who misguide her affairs.

ART. VII. RESEARCHES *concerning the Institutions and Monuments of the ancient Inhabitants of America; with descriptions of the most striking Scenes in the Cordilleras. Written in French,* by ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT; and translated into English by HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. London, 1814.

IN reading books of travels into remote and unfrequented countries, one has perpetually occasion to lament, that the authors have been so little able to observe or describe the multitude of new and interesting objects that must have passed before them. They enjoyed opportunities which cannot recur often, but have wanted the due preparation; so that the rare and singular objects they have seen, have found nothing in the mind with which they could form an alliance, and have either passed unnoticed, or have been speedily forgotten. Their descriptions, accordingly, show nothing so much as how imperfectly, and with what want of selection, the facts have been observed. One traveller goes from Petersburgh to Pekin; passes by the lake Baikal, and under the wall of China; he manifests everywhere the greatest love of truth, and the greatest disposition to inquire,—but gives reason to regret, at every step, that he could so little distinguish what were the most important objects of inquiry. Another visits the half-civilized, half-savage nations at the sources of the Nile; and, with high pretensions to the skill of an astronomer, a naturalist, an antiquary, he leaves us admiring his courage and activity, but convinced that he has a very slender claim to any of the three characters he has assumed. A third makes a visit to the elevated and central platform of Eastern Asia, and brings back indeed much new and interesting

Digitized by Google

information; but does not carry with him any instrument by which he can determine a fact of such importance in physical geography, as the height of that singular country above the level of the sea. '*Les particuliers ont beau aller et venir,*' said ROUSSEAU; '*il semble que la philosophie ne voyage point: aussi* '*celle de chaque peuple est peu propre pour un autre.*'* He laments that the times are never likely to return, when men like PLATO, THALES, and PYTHAGORAS, travelled into distant countries merely from the love of knowledge; and he goes on to describe what would be the consequence if such men as MONTESQUIEU, BUFFON, D'ALEMBERT, were to travel all over the world, and on their return were each to draw up, at his leisure, the natural, moral, and political history of all that he had seen.

We are persuaded that the philosopher of Geneva, little as he was disposed to admire the wisdom of his own age, would have retracted the assertion—'la philosophie ne voyage point,' if he had lived to see the great work, of which a part is now before us; and would have acknowleged, that (for the space included) all the expectations he could have formed from the celebrated triumvirate above named, were now realized by one observer, who, to use his own phrase, was able to describe not only the house, but the inhabitant. This, at least, is our own feeling; and we congratulate the present age on having produced a traveller, armed at all points, and completely accomplished for the purpose of physical, moral, and political observation. In M. DE HUMBOLDT we have an astronomer, a physiologist, a botanist, one versed in statistics and political economy; a metaphysician, an antiquary, and a learned philologist,—possessing at the same time the enlarged views, the spirit, and the tone of true philosophy. This assemblage of acquirements, so seldom found in the same individual, is in him accompanied with the most indefatigable activity; with the zeal, the enterprize, and the vigour which are necessary to give them their full effect.

We have taken notice, in some former Numbers of our Journal, of the treasures of political and geographical knowledge which this enlightened traveller has imported from America. We are now to give an account of two miscellaneous volumes published under the title of Researches, which have appeared in an English translation, revised by the author himself. They consist of detached memoirs, on subjects either respecting the natural history or the antiquities of Mexico and Peru. They are accompanied with engravings; and have also a reference to the *Atlas Pittoresque*, in folio, published at Paris in

* Sur l'origine de l'inegalité parmi les hommes. *Note* 10.

Digitized by Google

1810. We shall begin with those that relate to the natural history of the Cordilleras, the singular and interesting theatre of M. HUMBOLDT'S observations. One of them has for its subject two natural bridges found in the valley of Icononzo.

'Amid the majestic scenery of the Cordilleras, the valleys most powerfully affect the imagination of the European traveller. The stupendous height of the mountains can be seen only from the low lands on the sea coast, at a great distance from the main chain. The elevated plains from which the detached summits of the mountains rise, are for the most part from 8000 to 10,000 feet * above the level of the ocean. This circumstance weakens, in some degree, the effect produced by the colossal masses of Chimborazo, and Cotopaxi, viewed from the lofty plains of Riobambo and Quito.'

The valleys suffer no diminution of this kind; and, being deeper and narrower than those of the Alps or Pyrenees, present scenes of such wildness as fill the mind with astonishment and terror.

'The valley of *Ordessa*, which descends from *Mont Perdu* in the Pyrenees, is 2950 feet in depth. In travelling on the ridge of the Andes, and in descending toward the river of the Amazons, we traversed the well known crevices of Chota and Cutaco, which on measuring I found to be—one 4920 feet, and the other 4260 in perpendicular depth.'

The valley of *Icononzo* is less remarkable for its dimensions than the form of its rocks, which seem as if they had been cut out by the hands of man. A small torrent, which has made itself a passage through this valley, falls from the eastern chain of the Andes, which divides the bason of the Magdalena from the vast plains of the Orinoco, and its course is toward the former. This torrent, confined in a bed almost inaccessible, could not have been crossed but with extreme difficulty, if Nature had not provided two bridges of rocks, which are justly considered in the country as among the objects most worthy the attention of travellers. The deep crevice through which the torrent rushes is in the middle of the valley, and the stream forms two very beautiful waterfals, one where it enters this crevice, and the other where it escapes from it. The depth of the crevice is nearly 320 feet; and the natural bridge by which it is crossed, is about 16 yards in length, and 14 in breadth. The rock, at the top, is a quartzose sandstone, very compact, and in beds nearly horizontal. The rock below, or that on which the former rests, is a schistose sandstone, of fine grain, and in thin laminæ.

It is not a little singular, that over the same torrent, and very near to one another, there should be two natural bridges; though

* The measures referred to in this article are the English, when the contrary is not expressed.

Digitized by Google

that which remains to be mentioned is accidental, and does not consist, like the other, of a fragment of unbroken and undisturbed strata. It is 60 feet lower down than the other, but over the same chasm; and consists of three enormous masses of rock that have fallen down so as to meet in their descent, and form an arch; that in the middle serving as the keystone. In the middle of this second bridge, there is a hole of about eight yards square, through which the bottom of the abyss below is seen, and the torrent flowing through a dark cavern, from which ascends the ceaseless and melancholy noise of the numberless flights of nocturnal birds that haunt the crevice. The Indians said that they are of the size of a common fowl. M. HUMBOLDT supposed them to be of the genus *Caprimulgus*, of which there are so many species in the Cordilleras.

He ascribes this curious crevice, which he also compares to a mineral vein emptied of its contents, to the action of an earthquake which has rent the rock asunder; the stratum, or mass of strata, which form the bridge, having remained entire from its greater strength and firmness. This, however, is very difficult to conceive; a concussion which opened a chasm 50 feet wide, in a mass of solid rock, was not likely to leave the uppermost beds untouched, and extending unbroken over the opening it had made below. The beds of stone, too, on both sides, are quite in their natural place, their position appearing altogether undisturbed, as the plate, in the Paris Edition in folio, very distinctly represents. It is hardly possible, indeed, to have a stronger proof than this natural bridge affords, taken in conjunction with the appearance of the strata on either side, that no earthquake nor sudden operation of any kind is the cause of this extraordinary chasm. The action of the torrent alone, we are persuaded, is quite adequate to the effect; and notwithstanding our deference for the ingenious and enlightened traveller who describes it, and for the impression made on his mind by the objects themselves on the spot, we cannot but think that this is by far the most probable account of the Bridge of Icononzo. The strong stratum of quartzy sandstone at the top may have resisted the torrent, while some softer stratum under it yielded, and allowed a passage to the stream. It is in this way that, at the *Perte du Rhone*, the river has undermined the harder strata, and made its way below them to a great extent. The torrent, here, having once opened itself a passage under the bridge, has hollowed out the whole chasm or crevice in which it now flows. The great depth is no objection to this; similar appearances are found, on a smaller scale, in this, and, we doubt not, in every other mountainous country. The Falls of the Bruar, near Blair-in-Athole, are an example of what a small river

Digitized by Google

can do in cutting for itself a channel through a rock. The *Bruar* has made its way through a far harder rock than that of Icononzo; it has done so to the depth of 20 or 30 feet; and nothing but a sufficient declivity is wanting to enable it to go to the depth of 300: It is a small stream three or four feet deep; the torrent of Icononzo is more than 18, and its force greater in the same proportion. Much time, indeed, is required; but we have no doubt that the antiquity even of what is called the New World, will allow a sufficiency for this purpose.

The second of the bridges of Icononzo, formed of three stones that seem to have balanced one another in their descent, is not wholly unparalleled. At the promontory of Fairhead, in the North of Ireland, there is, on a small scale, an arch of the same kind, formed over a chasm by three stones, the middle one of which is jammed like the keystone of an arch between the other two. In the face of the precipitous and columnar rock which crowns that bold promontory, there is an opening, by which a path (called the Grey Man's Path) descends obliquely from the summit, to the enormous mass of fallen columns which lie between the rock and the sea. Over this chasm, near the top, a large basaltic column has fallen, and lies broken into three pieces, the middle one of which having the shape of a truncated wedge, with its thin edge downward, is a sort of keystone, supported by the other two fragments, which lie, part of them on the solid, and serve for the abutments, as well as the spring of the arch.

A region abounding in high valleys and deep ravines, is likely also to abound in waterfals. One of the most remarkable in the world is the Fall of Tequendama, about which so much of the marvellous has appeared in all the relations hitherto given, that it is very gratifying at last to have an account of it from an accurate and philosophical observer. The marvellous disappears, —but enough of the wonderful remains, to interest and astonish.

The great body of the Cordilleras, as it extends from Quito northward toward the Gulf of Mexico, separates into three great chains, the eastermost of which divides the plains of the Orinoco from the valley of the Magdalena. Inclosed by a circle of mountains belonging to this chain, is the high valley of *Bogota*, the bottom of which is no less than 7460 feet above the level of the sea.

The perfect level of this plain, its geological structure, and the form of the rocks, which are like small islands in the middle of the savannahs, appeared to M. HUMBOLDT to indicate the existence of an antient lake. The traditions or fables of the country show, that the same impression had been made on the inhabitants. One single stream, the Rio de Bogota collects all the

Digitized by Google

waters of this valley, and finds its way through the mountains to the southwest of the town of Santa Fé. Were this single outlet to be stopped, the valley would be again converted into a lake. The river, where it leaves the valley, is about 144 feet wide, half the breadth nearly of the Seine at Paris, between the Louvre and the Palace of the Arts. It then enters into a narrow rocky channel, not more than 40 feet wide, which appears, says M. HUMBOLDT, to have been formed by an earthquake. After running for a little way in this crevice, the river precipitates itself at two bounds to the depth of 574 feet. After this tremendous fall, it pursues its way to the Magdalena, about 50 miles,—still descending with great rapidity, and at the rate of 150 feet to a mile.

This fall, then, is not the greatest in the world; but there is probably none, which, from so great a height, precipitates so large a body of water. BOUGUER makes the height between 1500 and 2000 feet; but he speaks only from the information of others who had seen the fall, and pointed out to him such heights as they thought might be nearly equal to it. The accompaniments of this waterfal, upon which the effect depends so much, are an assemblage of every thing that is sublime, beautiful, and picturesque.

'Independent,' says M. HUMBOLDT, 'of the height and the size of the column of water— the figure of the landscape—and the aspect of the rocks;—it is the luxuriant form of the trees and herbaceous plants —their distribution into groups, or into scattered thickets—the contrast of the craggy precipices, and the freshness of vegetation—which stamp a peculiar character on these great scenes of nature.'

Another feature in the character of this extraordinary waterfal, is probably quite peculiar to it. The water descends from a cold region to a warm one, from the *tierra fria* to the *tierra calente*. The plain of Bogota, especially near the fall, is extremely fertile, and is supposed to owe some of its fruitfulness to the irrigation occasioned by the great quantity of water from the fall, which is dissolved in the air, and afterwards precipitated. The fine crops of wheat; the oak, the elm, and other plants, recal to mind the vegetation of Europe. Looking down from this terrace, one sees, with surprize, at the bottom, a country, producing the palm, the banana, and the sugar cane. This cannot arise from the difference of height; as we know, that no very great change of temperature can be produced by a difference of level of 570 feet. M. HUMBOLDT only hints, that it is probably owing to the shelter which the high country affords to the low. It is one of the circumstances, that has added much to the marvellous height of the cataract; as the height is naturally supposed great, that carries one at once from the tempera-

Digitized by Google

ture of Europe, and one where the thermometer is sometimes at the freezing point, to that of the torrid zone.

'I succeeded,' says this enterprizing traveller, 'but not without danger, in carrying instruments into the crevice itself at the foot of the cataract. It takes three hours to reach the bottom by a narrow path that leads to it. Although the river loses a great part of its water in falling, which is reduced into vapour, the rapidity of the lower current forces the observer to keep at the distance of 150 yards from the basin dug out by the fall. A few feeble rays at noon fall on the bottom of the crevice. The solitude of the place, the richness of the vegetation, and the dreadful roar that strikes the ear, contribute to render the foot of the cataract of Tequendama one of the wildest scenes that can be found in the Cordilleras.'

With respect to the outlet by which the water escapes from this valley, and precipitates itself from so great a height,—we can hardly persuade ourselves, that the origin of it is to be ascribed to an earthquake. Though we are here speaking of an enchanted region, the principal habitation, and favourite abode of the earthquake and the volcano; yet the more ordinary agents in the physical world have not entirely lost their power; and, in the present instance, that power seems sufficient to account for the phenomena. The waters which covered, as we have no doubt that they once did, the great plain of Bogota, must have had a vent or issue on some side, and, no doubt, ran originally over the margin of the mountainous or rocky embankment which enclosed them. This must have happened from the beginning; unless we suppose the evaporation from the surface to have been able to carry off all the water that ran into the lake; which, in such a high and cold region, is not at all probable. The water, therefore, must have run over, where the side was lowest; and by the ordinary process of gradually deepening the outlet, must have drained off the waters of the lake; forming to itself, by wearing and grinding down, the deep channel in the rock through which it now flows. The horizontal and undisturbed appearance of the beds of rock, as they are represented in the Folio Atlas Pittoresque, gives great countenance to this supposition. The rock cut through does not appear to have been of considerable height. We advance all this hypothetically; deferring much to the enlightened observer, whose description has suggested these remarks.

The passage of M. HUMBOLDT and his friend over the mountain of Quindiu, gives a singular picture of the Andes, and the manner of travelling among those mountains.

We have already remarked, that the Cordillera of the Andes, as it approaches the Gulph of Mexico, and enters the kingdom of New Granada, is divided into three chains, which are

Digitized by Google

almost parallel, and of which the two lateral branches are covered with sandstone, and other secondary formations, to a very considerable height. The eastern chain divides the valley of the river Magdalena from the great plains that are drained by the Orinoco and its branches. The natural bridges of Icononzo are on the western declivity of this ridge. The central chain is the highest of the three, and often attains the limits of perpetual snow, and greatly surpasses it in the colossal summits of Guanacas, Baragan, and Quindiu. The western chain separates the valley of Cauca from the province of Choco, and the coasts of the South Sea. It is lower than the others; and sinks so much as it approaches the isthmus of Panama, that its course can hardly be ascertained. There is no trace, we must observe, of the central and highest chain, in our ordinary maps. Arrowsmith's map of America in 1802, makes the valley of the Magdalena occupy the whole interval between the eastern and western chains. In going from Santa Fé, in the high plain of Bogota to *Popayan*, which is near the sources of the *Cauca*, MM. HUMBOLDT and BONPLAND descended the eastern ridge, passed the Magdalena, and afterwards crossed the central chain. There is one way tolerably easy; but they preferred another, which, though more difficult, was more instructive as to the natural history of the country. This passage is by the mountain Quindiu, and is considered as the most difficult in the Andes. It lies through a thick uninhabited forest, which cannot be traversed, in the finest season, in less than 10 or 12 days. Travellers at all times are obliged to furnish themselves with a month's provision; as it often happens, by the melting of the snow, and the sudden swell of the torrents, that it is impossible to descend in any direction. The summit of the pass is at the prodigious height of 11,499 feet above the level of the sea. The pathway is from a foot to 16 inches in breadth, and has in some places the appearance of a gallery dug in the ground, and left open to the day; as the rock is covered in general with a thick stratum of clay, in which the streams have hollowed out gullies 18 or 20 feet deep. Along these gullies the traveller is forced to grope his way. The galleries which they form are often more than a mile long; and the oxen, which are the only beasts of burden used in the country, can hardly make their way through them.

'We traversed this mountain in October 1801, on foot, followed by 12 oxen, which carried our collections and instruments, amidst a deluge of rain, to which we were exposed during the last three or four days, in our descent on the western side of the Cordilleras. The road passes through a country full of bogs, and covered with bamboos. Our shoes were so torn by the prickles which shoot out from these gigantic gramina, that we were forced, like all travellers

Digitized by Google

who dislike being carried on men's backs, to go barefooted. This circumstance, the continual humidity, the length of the passage, the muscular force required to tread in a thick and muddy clay, the necessity of fording deep torrents of icy water, render this journey extremely fatiguing. It is not however accompanied by the dangers with which the credulity of the people alarm travellers. The road is narrow; but the places where it skirts precipices are very rare.'

As it is impossible, in the present state of the road, to go on mules, and as few people, who can afford to do otherwise, are willing to travel on foot through such roads for 15 or 20 days together, they are carried by men in a chair tied on their backs. They talk in that country of going on a man's back as we do of going on horseback; no humiliating idea is annexed to the trade of carguero (or carrier); and the men who follow that occupation are not Indians, but Mulattoes, and sometimes Whites. The usual load of a carguero is from 160 to 180 lib. weight avoirdupois; those who are very strong, carry as much as 210. Notwithstanding the enormous fatigue to which these men are exposed, carrying such loads for 8 or 9 hours a-day over a mountainous country, though their backs are often as raw as those of beasts of burden; though travellers have often the cruelty to leave them in the forests when they fall sick; and though all that they can earn in their journey, during 15 or even 30 days, is not more than 2*l.* 10s. or 2*l.* 15s., the employment of a carguero is eagerly embraced by all the robust young men who live at the foot of the mountains.

'The passage of Quindiu is not the only one where this miserable expedient is resorted to. The whole province of *Antioquia* is surrounded by mountains, so difficult to pass, that they who are not willing to entrust themselves to the skill of a carguero, and are not strong enough to undertake the journey on foot, must give up all thoughts of ever leaving the country. A few years ago, when a project was formed to make one of these passes practicable for mules, the cargueros presented formal remonstrances against mending the road; and the government was weak enough to yield to their clamours.'

This is an extreme case, we believe, of the continuation of a great public evil, for the convenience, or imagined convenience, of a few individuals. Yet it proceeds on the same principle with innumerable regulations that may be found among the most civilized and enlightened nations. How many people must buy the commodities they have occasion for, at a higher price than they could be procured elsewhere, in order to encourage, as it is called, the manufactures of their own country? How many consumers must eat their bread dearer than is necessary, in order to support agriculture? This is just on the same principle that the Spanish government refuses to make roads, for

Digitized by Google

fear of hurting the trade of the carguero, as if it were possible to render his condition more wretched. That condition, however, has such charms, and the number of young men who undertake the employment of beasts of burden is so great, that M. Humboldt sometimes met a file of fifty or sixty at one time.

It is here some consolation to think, that the person who sits in the chair is not very comfortable, any more than the man who carries it. He must preserve himself, for several hours together, quite motionless, leaning backwards; for the least movement on his part is sufficient to throw down the carguero; and the fall is not a little dangerous from the nature of the ground, and from the confidence of the carguero, who chooses in preference the most rapid declivities, and is fond of showing his skill, by crossing the torrents on narrow and slippery trunks of trees, and the like.

The preceding may serve as examples of the valleys, the cataracts, and the passes characteristic of the Cordilleras. We must next turn our attention to the colossal summits that rise above the general level of the chain, and that, even under the line, ascend far beyond the circle of perpetual congelation.

Cotopaxi is the loftiest of those volcanoes of the Andes, which at recent epochas have undergone eruptions. Its absolute height is 18,874 feet, so that it is double of Canigou, and 2600 feet higher than Vesuvius would be if it were placed on the top of the Peak of Teneriffe. It is also the most dreadful volcano of the kingdom of Quito, and its explosions the most frequent and disastrous. The mass of scoriæ, and the huge fragments of rock thrown out of this volcano, cover a surface of several square leagues, and would form, were they heaped together, a colossal mountain. In 1758, the flames rose 2900 feet above the brink of the crater. In 1744, the roaring of the volcano was heard on the borders of the Magdalena, a distance of 200 leagues. On the 4th of April 1768, the quantity of ashes ejected by the volcano was so great, that in the towns of Hambato and Tacunga, the inhabitants were obliged to use lanthorns in walking the streets at noonday. The explosion which took place in January 1803, was preceded by the sudden melting of the snows which covered the mountain. For twenty years before, no smoke or vapour had been observed to issue from the crater; and, in a single night, the subterraneous fire became so active, that at sunrise the external walls of the cone were heated to such a temperature, as to appear quite naked, and of the dark colour peculiar to vitrified scoriæ. At the port of Guayaquil, 52 leagues distant, our travellers heard the noise of the volcano, day and night, like the continued discharges of artillery.

Cotopaxi is situate to the south-east of Quito, and at the dis-

Digitized by Google

tance of about 12 leagues. In this part of the Andes, a longitudinal valley separates the Cordilleras into two parallel chains; the bottom of this valley is 9843 feet above the level of the ocean, so that Chimborazo and Cotopaxi appear no higher than the *Col du Geant*, as measured by Saussure. The geologists who consider the proximity of the ocean as contributing to feed the volcanic fire, must be astonished to find that the most active volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito, belong to the eastern chain of the Andes, or that which is farthest from the coast. The whole of the peaks which crown the western Cordillera, except *Pichincha*, seem to be volcanoes extinguished for a long series of ages; but the mountain of which we now speak, is more than ten degrees distant from the nearest coast, and spouts out cataracts of fire, which continue at times to spread destruction over the surrounding plains.

'The form of Cotopaxi is the most beautiful and regular of the colossal summits of the Andes. It is a perfect cone, which, covered with an enormous layer of snow, shines with dazzling splendour at the setting of the sun, and detaches itself in the most picturesque manner from the azure vault of the sky. In scaling the volcano of Cotopaxi, it is extremely difficult to attain the inferior boundary of perpetual snow, as we experienced in an excursion in the month of May 1802. The cone is full of deep crevices; and, after a near examination of the summit, we may venture to say, that it would be impossible to reach the brink of the crater. On the south-east of the mountain is a mass of rock, half concealed under the snow, studded with points, and which the natives call the head of the Inca. The origin of this singular denomination is uncertain, for there are several fables and traditions respecting it.'

In the neighbourhood of Quito, as has been remarked, the Cordilleras form a double ridge with a high plane between them, extending from north to south. Cotopaxi, one of these summits, has already been described. The mountain of Chimborazo is still of a greater height, and its summit is 21,430 feet above the level of the sea. A great part, of consequence, is above the circle of perpetual congelation, which, in this latitude, almost under the line, is somewhat higher than the summit of Mont Blanc.

'On a narrow ridge, which rises amidst the snow, on the southern declivity, we attempted, not without danger, to reach the summit of the mountain. We carried instruments to a considerable height, though we were surrounded by a thick fog, and very much incommoded by the great tenuity of the air. The point where we stopped to observe the inclination of the magnetic needle, was higher than any point yet attained by man on the summits or ridges of mountains, for it was more than 3600 feet higher than the top of Mont Blanc. Such laborious excursions, through the narratives of

Digitized by Google

them excite the attention of the public, offer but few results useful to the progress of science. The traveller finds himself on ground covered with snow, in a stratum of air of which the mixture is the same with that at the surface of the earth, and in a situation where delicate experiments cannot be made with the necessary exactness.'

The engraving of this mountain, given in the Paris edition, is extremely beautiful, and conveys, with great effect, the idea of the vast magnitude of this colossus, and the beauty of its snowy sides, seen against the deep azure of a tropical sky.

Though Chimborazo is now the highest of these mountains, there is one called Capac-Urcu, which is said to have been more lofty than Chimborazo, till its summit was demolished by an eruption.

One of the most singular catastrophes of which we have any record, is the sudden elevation of a great mass of strata which happened in the valley of Mexico not many years ago. The Volcano of Jorullo, which M. HUMBOLDT has represented in a very curious and interesting plate, is surrounded by several thousand small basaltic cones. On the foreground is represented a part of the savannah, in which the enormous excrescence was formed on the night of the 29th of September 1759. The fractured strata seen in the foreground separate the plain, which has remained unbroken from the part where the rupture took place, which, bristling with small cones from six to nine feet in height, extends over four square miles. In the place where the thermal waters of Quitimba descend, the elevation of the broken strata is only 12 metres; but the ground raised up has the form of a bladder, and its convexity increases towards the centre, so that at the foot of the great volcano it is elevated about 524 feet.

'The cones are so many funnels which exhale a thick vapour, and communicate an insupportable heat to the surrounding air. They are called in this country, which is excessively unhealthy, by the name of little ovens, or *hernitas*. The slope of the great volcano, which is constantly burning, is covered with ashes. We reached the inside of the crater, by climbing the hill of scorified and branching lavas towards the left. We may remark here, that all the volcanos of Mexico are ranged in a line from east to west. In reflecting on this fact, and comparing it with our observations on Vesuvius, where the mouths, from which the lava is successively thrown out, are generally observed to be in the same straight line, we are tempted to suppose, that the subterraneous fire has pierced through an enormous crevice which exists in the interior of the earth, between the parallels of 18° 59′, and 19° 12′ north, and stretches from the Pacific to the Atlantic ocean.'

It is curious to remark the different modes which men employ for doing the same thing, when placed in physical circumstances of great diversity. We may expect to meet in the Andes with

Digitized by Google

frequent examples of this; for no where, doubtless, are the physical circumstances in which man is placed so unlike those by which he is usually surrounded. Thus, in order to keep up the communication between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and the provinces situated on the east of the Andes, a post is established; and the postman traverses the latter, not conveyed, as we may suppose, in a mail coach, nor riding on horseback, nor even walking on foot, but swimming, which he does for two days together, first down the river Chamaya, and afterwards down a part of the Amazons. He wraps the few letters, of which he is the bearer, in a kind of handkerchief, which he winds like a turban round his head. The Chamaya river is not navigable, on account of a great number of small cataracts; and indeed it falls no less than 1777 feet in the distance of 18 leagues. It is in this rapid river that the postman swims; and, in order to fatigue himself less, he supports himself on a small log of very light wood. When a ridge of rocks intersects the river, he lands above the cascade, crosses the forest, and takes again to the water when he has passed the danger. He takes no provision with him; for he is a welcome guest in the huts, which are numerous along the banks of the river. The rivers which mingle their waters with the Marannon in this tract, are not, it seems, infested with crocodiles; and the natives therefore almost all travel like the Peruvian postman. After he has rested himself a few days at Tomependa, the place of his destination, he returns again by land. It is very seldom that letters are lost in this conveyance, or even wetted.

. The hieroglyphical writing of the Mexicans has employed much of the attention of M. HUMBOLDT, and is commented on with great learning and ingenuity. Among others, this remarkable fact is established, that, in the whole of the New Continent, there is nothing that indicates the existence of alphabetical writing, nor any very near approach to it.

'In the immense extent of the New Continent, we see nations that have reached a certain degree of civilization; and we find forms of government, which could only have been the effect of a long struggle between the prince and the people, the priesthood and the magistracy; and we find languages, some of which, such as the Greenland, the Cora, the Tamanac, &c. display a richness of grammatical forms which we have nowhere on the Old Continent, except at Congo, and among the Biscayans, the remains of the antient Cantabrians. But amid these marks of civilization, and this progressive perfection of language, it is remarkable that no native people of America had attained to the analysis of sounds, which leads to the most admirable, we might say the most miraculous of all inventions, an alphabet.

Digitized by Google

'It is certain that the use of hieroglyphic paintings was common among the *Toltecks*, *Aztecks*, and other tribes, which, since the seventh century, have appeared successively on the elevated plain of Anahuac;* but alphabetical characters are nowhere to be found; and it is not improbable that the progressive perfection of symbolical writing, and the facility with which objects were painted, prevented the introduction of letters. They have done so for a much longer time with the Chinese, who, during thousands of years, have contented themselves with four score thousand characters, composed of two hundred and fourteen keys or radical hieroglyphics. The Egyptians appear to have used hieroglyphics after they were acquainted with alphabetical writing, of which an undoubted proof is deduced from the rolls of papyrus found in the swathings of several mummies, and represented in Denon's Picturesque Atlas.'

KALM makes mention, in his Travels, of a stone tablet fixed in a sculptured pillar, on which were some strokes that were taken for a Tartarian inscription, found in the savannahs of Canada in 1746, 900 leagues west from Montreal. It is said to have been sent to France to M. MAUREPAS, who was at that time the minister. It is not now to be found; nor is it known what has become of it.

An inscription that some have supposed to be Phœnician, has also been found engraved on the rocks near the Banks of the Taunton River, twelve leagues south of Boston in New England. Several drawings of this inscription have been published; but so dissimilar, M. HUMBOLDT remarks, that it is difficult to recognize them as copies of the same original. Drawings of the stone have also been published by Mr LORT, in the 8th volume of the Archæologia; in which, however, our author says he can discover nothing like the symmetrical arrangement of letters or syllabic characters, but rather a drawing rudely sketched like some that are found on the rocks of Norway, and in almost all the countries inhabited by the Scandinavian nations. The sketch seems to represent five human figures surrounding an animal with horns, much higher in the fore than the hinder part of the body.

MM. HUMBOLDT and BONPLAND, in a journey they made to ascertain the communication between the Orinoco and the Amazon river, were told of an inscription that had been found by a Franciscan monk, on a large block of granite in the middle of a cave in Guyana. The circumstances of the two travellers were such as did not admit of their visiting the cave. The inscription, as they received it from the Franciscan, is re-

* Anahuac is the great tract, extending from Mexico northward, and is nearly the same with the territory known by the name of New Spain.

Digitized by Google

presented p. 58.; and M. HUMBOLDT thinks, that some slight resemblance to Phœnician characters may be discovered. He is in doubt, however, how far he can depend on it as faithfully copied, as the good Father seemed to take very little interest in the matter. We will venture farther to remark, that what has been taken for an inscription on stone, particularly on granite, is sometimes nothing else than the wearing down of the stone by the action of the weather, on a surface that has resisted very unequally. We have ourselves seen instances of what in Cornwall passed for inscriptions, and are reckoned such in Borlase's Antiquities of that county, which, on examination, were nothing else than the wasting of a surface of granite or gneiss, by long exposure to the weather. Perhaps the same thing is hardly to be expected in the finer climates which are here treated of. If M. HUMBOLDT himself had visited the cave, there would be no room left for the doubt now suggested.

The above are all the vestiges of alphabetical writing that have hitherto been produced from America; and it is plain that they are of no consideration.

On the subject of the hieroglyphical writing of the American nations, M. HUMBOLDT remarks, that

'When we examine the history of those nations to which the use of letters is unknown, we find, in both hemispheres, that men have attempted to paint the objects which struck their imagination; to represent things that were complex, by putting a part for a whole; and so to compose such pictures as would serve to perpetuate the memory of remarkable events. The Delaware Indian, in scouring the forests, carves some lines on the bark of a tree, to mark the number of the enemy he has killed. Even conventional signs are introduced; and a single stroke marks whether the scalp has been cut from the head of a man or a woman. Such representations, however, are not to be confounded with hieroglyphics, which are essentially different from the mere representation of an event, or of objects in a state of action with one another.

'The first missionaries who visited America, compared the Aztec paintings with the hieroglyphical writing of the Egyptians. Kircher, Warburton, and other learned men, have contested the propriety of this comparison, not having been careful to distinguish the paintings of a mixed kind, in which real hieroglyphics, sometimes curiological,* sometimes tropical, are added to the natural representation of an action.

'According to the ideas which the Ancients have transmitted to us of the hieroglyphical inscriptions of the Egyptians, it is very pro-

* Those hieroglyphics in which part of a material object is put for the whole, are called *curiological*; and those in which one thing is put for another, on account of their analogy or resemblance, are called *tropical*.

Digitized by Google

bable that these inscriptions might have been read in the same manner as Chinese books. The collections which we improperly call Mexican manuscripts, contain a great number of paintings which may be interpreted like the sculptures on the Trajan column; but we find only a very small number of characters susceptible of being read. The Azteck people had real simple hieroglpyhical characters for water, earth, air, wind, day, night, speech, motion: they had the same for numbers, and for the days and months of the solar year. These signs added to the painting of an event, marked, in a very ingenious manner, whether the action passed during the day or the night; what was the age of the persons they wished to represent, &c. We even find among the Mexicans the vestiges of that kind of hieroglyphic called *phonetic*, which indicates relations not directly with things, but with spoken language. Among semi-barbarous nations, the names of individuals, of cities and mountains, have generally some allusion to objects that strike the senses, such as certain plants and animals, fire, air, earth. This circumstance gave the Azteck people the means of writing the names of cities, &c. —Axajacatl, is *face of water*; Khinhamiuu, *arrow which pierces the sky*. Therefore, to represent the kings of the above names, the painter united the hieroglyphics of water and sky to the figure of a head and an arrow. Again, there are three cities, the names of which signify *five flowers*; *house of the eagle*; and *place of mirrors*. To express these, they painted a flower placed on five points, a house from which issued the head of an eagle, and a mirror of obsidian. Such hieroglyphics spoke at the same time to the eye and to the ear. On the whole, the Mexican paintings have a great resemblance, not so much to the hieroglyphical writings of the Egyptians, as to the rolls of papyrus found in the swathings of the mummies, which are also paintings of a mixed kind, and unite symbolical characters with the representation of an action. Indeed, it is not only on the papyri and swathings of the mummies, but also on the obelisks, that we find traces of this union of painting with hieroglyphical writing.'

The Mexicans were very far therefore from having reached the perfection of the Egyptians; yet their paintings were not contemptible substitutes for books, manuscripts, and alphabetical characters—insomuch that from them a tolerably consistent history has been made out of the different nations which appeared on the plain of Anahuac, from about the 7th century down to the time of the Conquest. In the time of Montezuma, thousands of persons were employed in such paintings, either forming new compositions, or copying pictures which already existed. The facility with which they made paper of the leaves of the Maguey, (the Agave), no doubt contributed to render the use of painting so frequent. The papyrus of the old Continent grows only in moist and temperate places; the maguey, on the contrary, flourishes equally in the valleys and on the mountains; it vege-

Digitized by Google

tates in the warmest regions of the globe, and on elevated plains where the thermometer descends to the freezing point.

Every one is struck with the great resemblance of the Mexican manuscripts to one another; they are all extremely incorrect in the outlines; but show a scrupulous attention to detail, with great strength of colouring.

'The figures are in general dwarfish, like those of the Etruscan reliefs; but in correctness of drawing they are far beneath the most imperfect paintings of the Hindus, the Chinese, the Japanese, or even the people of Thibet. We see in the Mexican paintings heads of enormous size, the body extremely short, and feet which, from the length of the toes, look like the claws of a bird. All this denotes the infancy of the art; but we must not forget, that the people who express their ideas by this mixture of painting and hieroglyphical writing, will naturally attach as little importance to correct drawing as the literati of Europe do to a fine handwriting.'

It is easy to conceive how the frequent use of mixed hieroglyphical painting must contribute to spoil the taste of a nation, by familiarizing men to the aspect of the most hideous figures, and forms the most remote from correctness of proportion; and perhaps the low state of the arts of design in antient Egypt may be partly accounted for from this circumstance. It became necessary to adhere to the forms that were once established, the signification of which had been fixed by long use. Hence the civilization of the Mexicans might have been considerably advanced, without their being tempted to abandon the incorrect forms to which they had been habituated. 'A war-'like nation, living on mountains, robust, but extremely ill-'favoured, according to the European principles of beauty, de-'graded by despotism, accustomed to the ceremonies of a san-'guinary worship, is but little disposed to raise itself to the cul-'tivation of the fine arts: The habit of painting instead of writ-'ing, the daily view of so many hideous and disproportioned 'figures, the obligation of preserving the same forms without 'change,—these various circumstances must have contributed to 'perpetuate a bad taste among the Mexicans.'

Before the introduction of hieroglyphical painting, the nations of Anahuac made use of those knots and threads of various colours which the Peruvians call Quippus, and which are found not only among the Canadians, but in very remote times among the Chinese. BOTURINI was fortunate enough to procure specimens of real Mexican quippus, found in the country of the Tlaskaltecks. The use of writing and of hieroglyphics superseded, in Mexico, that of knots; and this change was effected so long ago as about the year 648 of our era. About a century before this, a northern, but very polished race, the Toltecks, appears in the mountains of Anahuac; declares it-

Digitized by Google

self expelled from a country lying to the north-west of the river Gila, and called Huehuetlapallan: It brings with it paintings indicating, year by year, the events of its migration; and it professes to have quitted this country, the situation of which is altogether unknown, in the year 544: and it is not a little remarkable, that this is the same time at which the ruin of the dynasty of Tsin occasioned great commotions among the nations of the east of Asia. Moreover, the names which the Tolteeks bestowed on the cities they built, were those of the cities of the northern country from which they came; and the origin of this, and of the three other nations which spoke the same language, and entered Mexico successively from the same quarter, will be found out, if we ever shall discover a people acquainted with the names of Huehuetlapallan, Aztlan, Teocolhuacan, Amaquemecan, Tehuajo, and Copalla. Whatever fruit be derived from this remark of our author, we believe it will readily be allowed, that five more characteristic names, and fitter to ascertain the identity of the nations where they are found, cannot well be imagined. At the same time, we cannot but observe, that the history of nations, and of the progress of civilization, does not, at this moment, offer a greater enigma to be solved, than the origin of the Tolteck and Azteck nations. Their migration is not hid in the obscurity of distant ages, like those of the Hellenes and Pelasgi; it is at a period within the limits of research, when all the movements on the old Continent are at least possible to be traced. Nothing should be left undone which can throw light on so curious a subject.

In the sequel of this section, Humboldt gives a particular account of the *Codices Mexicani* which have been sent into Europe since the conquest of Mexico.

An incredible number of Mexican paintings were burnt at the beginning of the conquest, by order of the bishops and missionaries, under the pretence of destroying the instruments of idolatry. There are, however, several collections in different parts of Europe of such of them as escaped this spirit of bigotry and intolerance, viz. at the Escurial, Bologna, Veletri, &c.; and no less than 500 were brought together by BOTURINI, about the middle of the last century. DR ROBERTSON had given celebrity to that at Vienna by his remarks; M. HUMBOLDT has given coloured engravings of a great many of them, with very learned elucidations,—to which we must refer our readers.

The contents of some of these manuscripts are curious in a high degree. One is a cosmogony, which contains a tradition of the mother of mankind having fallen from her first state of happiness and innocence; and she is generally represented as accompanied by a serpent. We find also the idea of a great

Digitized by Google

inundation overwhelming the earth, from which a single family escaped on a raft. There is a history of a pyramidal edifice, raised by the pride of men, and destroyed by the anger of the Gods. The ceremony of ablution, is practised at the birth of children. All these circumstances, and many more, led the priests who accompanied the Spanish army at the time of the Conquest, to the belief, that at some very distant epocha Christianity, or at least Judaism, had been preached in the new Continent. I think, however, says M. HUMBOLDT, I may affirm, from the knowledge we have lately acquired of the sacred books of the Hindus, that in order to explain the analogy of these traditions, we have no need to recur to the western part of Asia, since similar traditions of high and venerable antiquity, are found among the followers of Brama, and among the Shamans of the eastern Steppes of Tartary.

Though, in the whole of this detail, nothing appears that marks with precision the origin of the Mexican nation, several circumstances seem to point to Tartary, and the east of Asia, as the country from which they had migrated. It is not a little remarkable, however, that of 83 American languages, examined by learned and competent judges, there have been found only 170 words, which could be traced to the languages of the Old Continent, viz. to those of the Mantchou Tartars, the Monguls, the Celts, the Biscayans. (see Researches, vol. I. p. 149.)

Among the monuments which most strongly mark the degree of civilization of any people, is their mode of computing time, and of adjusting the length of the year. The Mexican calendar possesses a degree of accuracy and refinement, that rises considerably above all the other marks of their civilization. 'We might be tempted,' says M. HUMBOLDT, 'to compare the circumstance of the Azteck calendar, with those languages, rich in words and grammatical forms, which we find among nations, whose actual mass of ideas is not correspondent to the multiplicity of signs adapted to explain them. Those languages, so copious and flexible;—those modes of intercalation, which suppose an accurate knowledge of the length of the astronomical year,—are perhaps only the remains of an inheritance, transmitted to them by nations heretofore civilized, but since relapsed into barbarism.'

A stone of enormous bulk, dug up in 1790, and covered with sculpture, evidently relative to the calendar, has thrown considerable light on this curious subject.

The civil year of the Mexicans was a solar year of 365 days, and divided into 18 months, each of 20 days; at the end of which, five intercalary days were added. These were unlucky days; and all the children born on them, were considered as unfortunate. The beginning of the day was reckoned, like that of the Persians and Egyptians, from sun-rising. It was divided in-

Digitized by Google

to four intervals, determined by the rising and setting of the sun, and its two passages over the meridian. This is an arrangement not likely to have originated, but in a low latitude, where the four divisions thus formed are never subject to any considerable inequality. The hieroglyphic of the day was a circle divided into four equal parts.

Each Mexican month, of 20 days, was divided into four weeks or periods of five days each. The *Muyscas*, a nation south of the Isthmus, had weeks of three days; and it appears, that no nation of the New Continent was acquainted with the week or cycle of 7 days; which, with a few exceptions, we find all over the Old World. In this point, the historian of astronomy has been misled by the authority of Garcilasso, who supposes that the Peruvians reckoned by weeks of 7 days.

Thirteen Mexican years formed a cycle, to which they gave a particular name; and four of these constituting a period of 52 years, which was denoted by another term; and, lastly, two of these periods of 52 years formed what they called an old age. The Spanish writers call the first of these a half century, and the second a century.

At the end of 52 years, 13 days were intercalated, which makes the Mexican year agree with the Julian, of 365 days and 6 hours. They must, however, have been subjected by this arrangement to the inconvenience of finding, that the beginning of their year had gone back with respect to the seasons 12 or 13 days, at the end of every cycle of 52 years. The names of the months are all significant; but none of them seem to imply, that the calendar had originated in a more northern climate.

The Mexicans, as already observed, were in possession of annals which went back eight centuries and a half before the arrival of Cortes in the country of Anahuac. The reckoning of time was according to periods of 52 or 104 years; and along with the series of years and days expressed by hieroglyphics, the migrations of the nations, the battles and remarkable events of each reign were represented in the paintings of which these annals were composed. In the reckoning of time, however, a particular artifice was employed; for though the numbering of the years and months from a given era, would have sufficiently ascertained the date of any event just as with us, this simple method was rejected, and a contrivance substituted in its room, by which the name of the year determined its relative situation. This device, M. HUMBOLDT thinks, was the work of the priests, and was effected by dividing the cycle of 13 years into smaller cycles of 4 years each, and distinguishing these years by particular names. One cycle revolving as it were, in this way, within another, gave a different appellation to every year of the cen-

Digitized by Google

tury. The method by which all this was done, was abundantly ingenious; and is fully explained in the text, to which we must refer.

GAMA, an astronomer very learned in the chronology and history of the Mexicans, is of opinion that they intercalated only 25 days in 104 years; and this would give the length of the year = 365.24 days, which is very near the truth. Mr HUMBOLDT, however, does not think that the reasoning on which this conclusion is founded, is quite convincing, and is inclined to suspend his opinion till the publication of GAMA's astronomical works shall throw more light on the subject. (vol. I. p. 392.) The length of the year, just mentioned, is more accurate than that of HIPPARCHUS, and is nearly the same, as LA PLACE has observed, with that which was determined by the astronomers of the Caliph ALMAMON.

The symbolical writing of the Mexican nations, exhibited simple signs for the number 20, and for its second and third powers. A small standard, or flag, represented twenty units; the square of 20 or 400 was figured by a feather, because grains of gold, inclosed in a quill, were used in some places as money, or a sign for the purposes of exchange. The figure of a sack indicated the cube of 20, and had the name that was given to a kind of purse that contained 8000 grains of cocoa. A flag, divided by two cross lines, and half coloured, denoted 10; and if three quarters were coloured, it denoted 15. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that they were unacquainted with the method of giving to the signs of the numbers, values derived from their position, the admirable invention of the Hindus or Thibetans, and unknown to the Greeks and Romans. The Mexican vocabulary afforded names for numbers as far as 48,000,000, as CLAVIGERO has shown, and derived, according to the strictest rules of analogy, from the decimal mode of reckoning. The units, as far as 10 or 20, were marked by dots or points; thus, 23 was expressed by a flag followed by three dots, &c.

It is remarked by Mr HUMBOLDT, that several of the names by which the Mexicans denoted the 20 days of their month, are those of the signs of a Zodiac, in use from the remotest antiquity among the nations of eastern Asia. He compares the names of the Mexican symbols for the days, with the Tartarean, Japanese, and Thibetan names of the 12 signs, and also with the names of the Nacshatras, or lunar houses of the Hindus. In eight of the hieroglyphics, the analogy is very striking. Thus, Atl, the name of the first day, as also of water, is indicated by a hieroglyphic, the parallel or undulating lines of which remind us of the sign Aquarius. In the Thibetan Zodiac, this sign is marked by a rat, which is also used as

Digitized by Google

an emblem of water. The rat is likewise an asterism in the Chinese Zodiac. Seven other of the names or characters stand related nearly in the same manner. (see Vol. I. p. 338.) A circumstance which M. HUMBOLDT justly considers as remarkable, is, that the *ape* is a character used in the Mexican calendar, as it is in the Thibetan Zodiac, and in the lunar houses of the Hindus, although this animal does not exist in the high country of the Andes.

It appears that the Mexicans made astronomical observations by means of the gnomon; and knew from them, that in the first year of the cycle, the equinoxes fell on certain days of the fourth and the thirteenth month. The Peruvians of Cousko regulated their intercalation, not by the shadow of gnomons, which they however very assiduously measured, but by marks placed in the horizon, to denote where the sun rose and set on the days of the solstices and of the equinoxes.

The stone that has been mentioned as containing a representation of the calendar, is one of great size, of a blackish grey porphyry, with a basis of basaltic wakke. The sculpture is in relievo, and well polished; the concentric circles, with their numerous divisions and subdivisions, are traced with mathematical exactness. In the centre of the stone is sculptured the hieroglyphic of the sun, surrounded by eight triangular radii. The god Tonatiuh is figured, opening his large mouth, armed with teeth, which reminds us of the figure of a divinity in Hindostan, the image of Kala, or Time.

Among the inhabitants of Nootka, we still find the Mexican month of 20 days; but their year has only 14 months, to which they add, by very complex methods, a great number of intercalary days. This fact is certainly not a little remarkable, considering the direction from which the Aztecks appear to have reached the country of Anahuac. On the whole, we cannot but agree with our author, that the people who regulated its festivals according to the motion of the stars, and who engraved its Fasti on a public monument, had no doubt reached a higher degree of civilization than is allowed by PAUW and RAYNALL, or even by ROBERTSON, the most judicious of the historians of America. We must beware of considering every state of society as barbarous, which does not bear the exact type of civilization with which we happen to be familiar.

Several general conclusions, which this learned and ingenious traveller has derived from his survey of the New World, are very concisely and elegantly stated in the preface to this work. And, with a few extracts from them, we shall conclude our remarks.

'An attentive examination of the geological constitution of America, gives no countenance to the opinion, that the New Continent

Digitized by Google

emerged from the ocean at a later period than the Old. We discern, in the former, the same succession of stony strata which we find in the latter; and there seems no reason to doubt, that in the mountains of Peru the granites and micaceous schists existed originally at the same time with the rocks of the same denomination in the Alps of Switzerland. At a height superior to Mont Blanc, we find petrified sea-shells on the summit of the Andes. The fossil bones of elephants are spread over the equinoxial regions of a continent where the living elephant does not exist; and it is remarkable that these bones are not discovered at the foot of the palm trees in the burning plains of Orinoco, but in the coldest and most elevated regions of the Cordilleras. In the New World, as well as the Old, generations of species long extinct have preceded those which now people the earth.

'There is no proof that the existence of man is much more recent in America than in the other Continent. The extensive countries of the north of Asia are as thinly peopled as the savannahs of New Mexico and Paragua. The problem of the first population of America is no more in the province of history, than the questions on the origin of plants and animals; or on the distribution of organic germs, are in that of natural science.

'The nations of America, except those which border on the Polar circle, form a single race, characterized by the formation of the skull; the colour of the skin; the extreme thinness of the beard; the straight and glossy hair. The American race has a striking resemblance to that of the *Mongul* nations, which include those known formerly by the name of Huns, Kulans, and Kalmucks. It has been ascertained, by late observations, that not only the inhabitants of Unalaska, but several tribes of South America, indicate, by the osteological characters of the head, a passage from the American to the Mongul race. As to the languages of America, it has been already observed, that out of 83 American languages, 170 words have been found, that have a great analogy to certain words in the vocabularies of the Old Continent. Neither can this analogy be considered as accidental; since it does not rest on sounds, that may be supposed to be naturally suggested by the principle of imitation. Of these 170 words, 3-5ths resemble the Mantchoû, the Tonguse, the Mongul, and the Samoyede; and 2-5ths the Celtic, the Biscayan, the Coptic, and the Congo languages. These words have been found, by comparing the whole of the American languages with the whole of those of the Old World; as no one American idiom can be said to have a closer affinity with them than the rest.

At the first invasion of the Spaniards, the Americans who had made the greatest progress in civilization were the inhabitants of the mountains. Men born in plains, under temperate climates, had followed the ridges of the Cordilleras, which rise in proportion as they approach the equator. In these elevated regions, they found the temperature and the plants which were congenial with those of their native soil.

Digitized by Google

The civilization of the New Continent appears to have begun in different points, between which we cannot trace any relation. The civilization of Mexico emanated from a country situated towards the north. That of Peru appears to have come from the east, and to be unconnected with the former. Amidst the extensive plains again of Upper Canada, in Florida, and in the desarts bordered by the Orinoco, dikes of considerable length, weapons of brass, and sculptured stones, are indications that those countries were formerly inhabited by industrious nations, which are now traversed only by tribes of savage hunters. Though no connexion can be traced between the nations of South America and those that inhabit the north of the isthmus of Panama, there is some analogy between their traditions. We have seen how the plains of Anahuac became peopled by nations that came from the unknown regions of Aztlan, bringing with them no small degree of civilization, and possessing the great art that is the parent of so many others, that of preserving the memory of past events. In Peru, again, men with beards and clearer complexions than the native inhabitants, make their appearance on the elevated plain of Cousko, without any indication of the place of their birth. They bring with them the title of high-priests, legislators, friends of peace and of the arts. They are venerated by the people; and the names are preserved of three original and mysterious lawgivers, who supported their authority by miracles and religious fictions, as well as by the possession of real knowledge. Some learned men have thought that these strangers were shipwrecked Europeans, or the descendants of those Scandinavians, who in the eleventh century visited Greenland, Newfoundland, and perhaps Nova Scotia; but had this been the fact, in their institutions and monuments, of which there are still so many traces, the habits and the arts of Europe would surely have been discovered. A minute examination of these monuments led M. HUMBOLDT to conclude, that here again we must look to eastern Asia, and to those nations which have been in contact with the inhabitants of Thibet and Tartary.

It would appear that the Mexicans, when they left the city of Aztlan, were worshippers of the sun, and strangers to that degrading and cruel superstition, which is perhaps entitled to the horrible preeminence of being the worst that was ever dictated by the imposture of the priest, or swallowed by the credulity of the people. The Peruvians, on the other hand, were worshippers of the sun; and their religion, though punctilious, and full of useless ceremony, had none of the bloody and atrocious characters by which the former was distinguished. 'A theocratic 'government favoured the growth of industry and art, but li- 'mited the exertion of the intellectual faculties. The empire of

Digitized by Google

'the Incas may be compared to a great monastic establishment, 'in which each member had the duties prescribed to him which 'he was to perform for the general good. An observer on the 'spot studying those Peruvians, who, through the lapse of ages, 'have preserved their national physiognomy, learns to estimate 'at their true value, the laws of Manco-Capac, and their effects on 'morals and public happiness. He discerns a general state of pros- 'perity, contrasted with a small portion of private welfare;—more 'submissive resignation to the decrees of the Sovereign, than pa- 'triotic love for his country;—passive obedience, without courage 'for bold enterprizes;—a spirit of order, which regulated with 'minute precision the most indifferent actions, while no general 'views enlarged the mind, and no elevation of thought ennobled 'the character. The most complicated political institutions re- 'corded in the history of mankind, had crushed the germ of 'personal liberty; and the founder of the empire of Couzco, in 'flattering himself with the power of forcing men to be happy, 'reduced them to the state of mere machines. The Peruvian 'theocracy was, no doubt, less oppressive than the government 'of the Mexican kings; yet both contributed to give the monu- 'ments, the rites, and the mythology of the two nations, that 'dark and melancholy aspect which forms a striking contrast with 'the elegant arts and soothing fictions of the people of Greece.'

ART. VIII. *The Queen's Wake, a Legendary Poem.* By JAMES HOGG. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 362. Edinburgh, 1814.

THE great end of public criticism, we hope our readers are aware, is not the improvement of those who are its immediate objects,—but public example and information; and therefore it is, that we seek chiefly to exercise it on authors who have already obtained some degree of notoriety—their errors being by far the most dangerous, and their excellencies the most likely to attract imitation. It is for the same reason that it is generally of greater consequence to point out the faults than the beauties of writers who have risen to distinction: for this distinction—which criticism, though it may sometimes help to confer, never can possibly take away—is the natural and sufficient reward of their beauties; while their faults are often so mixed up and confounded with their general merits, that, unless they are clearly discriminated, they are extremely apt to be praised along with them, and sometimes even imitated in their stead. We can assure our readers, that we frequently find it necessary to harden our hearts for the performance of our sterner duties, by the recollection of these maxims—and that, when we look back on

Digitized by Google

the severities with which we have sometimes been constrained to visit the perversities of unquestioned talent, we have inwardly exclaimed with Brutus, over the mangled body of Cæsar,

'*Or else*, were this a savage spectacle!'

But though this, we fear, must be regarded as the ordinary course of our duty, there is no doubt another, and a far more pleasing office, in which we may sometimes, though we regret to think how rarely, be permitted to engage—the office, we mean, of recommending obscure merit—doing honour to neglected genius—and bringing into view, or helping forward to distinction, such ill-starred talents as have presented themselves to us, rather than to the more powerful dispensers of glory. This, however, is a function, in the exercise of which more circumspection is required than in any other branch of our vocation; for, while it is obvious that nothing can be more cruel than to encourage ambitious mediocrity by unmerited praise, we really cannot help distrusting our own favourable impressions, when we find that they are not at all participated by the great body of those to whom the works that have excited them have lain equally open. Though there may be occasions, therefore, in which we have the good fortune to bring into notice a work which had been previously unhonoured because it was unknown, we confess that we should in general be a little shy of informing the public that they have long had a prodigy of genius before their eyes without being at all aware of it—and, like the stupid company in the German play, have received the attendance of a Knight Templar in the disguise of a waiter, without any suspicion of his quality.

With all these hazards before our eyes, we shall venture, however, in this and the succeeding article, to introduce to the notice of our readers two productions, which, though they have both been published for a considerable period, are still, we suspect, but little heard of beyond the narrow sphere to which the personal influence of the authors or the publishers extends;—and this, though both the said authors are confessedly natives of Scotland, and not only treat of subjects that are exclusively Scottish, but write, in some degree, in the dialect of their country.—There can be no better proof, we think, of our superiority to all sorts of national prejudice or partiality.

The work to which we intend, in the first place, to direct the attention of our readers, is that of which the title is prefixed to this article; and its history, we think, even independent of its merits, would entitle it to the character of a very remarkable production. It would not, indeed, we are aware, be any apology for oppressing our readers with an account of a dull book, that it treated of antient Scottish legends, or was indited by one

Digitized by Google

of the shepherds who actually feed their flocks among our mountains; but if the book be interesting in itself, these things, we conceive, may fairly be allowed to add to its interest; and a very brief account of the author will form an advantageous, though certainly not a necessary introduction to that of his performance.

This resolute candidate for poetical favour, was born, we believe, to the humble and romantic occupation we have just specified; and spent the better part of his life in tending his sheep in the pastoral solitudes of Ettrick. There are not many regions, however, even in our poetical country, more favourable for the development of poetical propensities, than this whole range of Southern Highlands; where the scattered population —the memory of the Border wars—the clanship which they tended to perpetuate—and the pastoral life of the greater part of the inhabitants, have produced a striking resemblance to the character and genius of the Celtic tribes that occupy the wilder deserts of the North. Though he had but little erudition, therefore, and few opportunities for reading, or literary discussion, our shepherd was early familiar with song,—and had his memory replenished, and his imagination warmed by the innumerable ballads and traditional legends that are still current in that simple and sequestered district, many of which he had imitated or versified at a very early age. In a mind that had fed on such aliments, and expanded under such training, the earlier publications of Mr Scott must have produced a sensation, of which other beings can scarcely form a conception. They connected the pastimes of his humble and solitary leisure with the dazzling visions of general distinction and renown, and cast a gleam of poetical glory over the themes and the persons of his mountain bards, with which he could never have expected that they should be visited. It was not long, therefore, till the author of this exaltation became the object of his emulation, and drew forth his homage; and the Mighty Minstrel, with the liberality of true genius, embraced the cause of his rustic disciple, with a zeal that did more honour perhaps to his heart than to his judgment, and drew him forth to premature notoriety, at a moment when the public ear was almost satiated with his own rich and copious effusions. Under these honourable but hazardous auspices, Mr Hogg put forth a volume of Border Ballads, about the year 1805, which, though respectably versified, and clearly narrated, certainly had not any distinguished success. The truth is, that they were tame and prolix, and occasionally vulgar; and while the splendid colouring of his great patron had made every thing look dim that was not excessively brilliant, the example of Burns had taught even the least fastidious readers to distinguish between simple

Digitized by Google

homeliness and absolute vulgarity; and to feel dissatisfaction with what an age less skilled, and of course less difficult, would have received as fair specimens of ballad poetry.

Mr Hogg, however, was not at all cast down by the equivocal success of his first poetical adventures; and in spite of the remonstrances of some prudent friends, came shortly after to Edinburgh, and commenced author by profession. Here, among other miscellaneous exertions, he attempted a periodical paper, under the name of 'The Spy,'—in which, though there are frequent indications of a vigorous and aspiring mind, the defects of his education, and his late and limited intercourse with general society, are more apparent than in his former publication. The success of this work, therefore, was not very encouraging; and when it was found necessary to discontinue it, the more considerate part of his patrons began we believe to regret, that he had abandoned the peaceful and humble pursuits of his early life, for the hazards and exertions of the more ambitious career upon which he had entered. Mr Hogg himself, however, judged differently; and in the midst of various discouragements and disadvantages, produced the work now before us—which is so much superior to any thing he had before attempted, as to afford good ground for thinking, that he is yet doomed to justify his early election, and in some measure to realize the proudest of his early anticipations.

In the mean time, it must be agreeable to his readers to know, that they are engaged with the work of an author who has in reality all that devotion and enthusiasm for his calling which is so often pretended to disguise the less noble motives which sometimes lead to its adoption; and who, we verily believe, would rather starve upon poetry, than accept of ease and affluence on condition of renouncing it. Delighting still more in the pursuit itself, than in the glory to which he no doubt thinks it is to conduct him, he is resolute, we are persuaded, to serve the Muses, even without the appropriate wages of fame—and will not be induced to abandon them by the want of that success which he will at all events believe he has deserved. It ought also to be recorded to his honour, that he has uniformly sought this success by the fairest and most manly means; and that neither poverty nor ambition has been able to produce in him the slightest degree of obsequiousness towards the possessors of glory or of power; or even to subdue in him a certain disposition to bid defiance to critics, and to hold poets and patrons equally cheap and familiar; and to think that they can in general give no more honour than they receive from his acquaintance. These traits we think are unusual in men whom talents have raised out of a humble condition in society—especially where they are un-

Digitized by Google

accompanied, as in the present instance, either with any inherent insolence of character, or any irregularities in private life; and therefore we have thought it right to notice them. But at all events, the merit of the volume before us is such, as to entitle it to our notice; and as the author has fairly fought his way to that distinction, we are not disposed to withhold from him either the additional notoriety which it may still be in our power to bestow, or the admonitions which may enable him still farther to improve a talent that has already surprised us so much by its improvement.

The work consists mainly of a series of ballads, written in imitation of the old Scottish style, and connected and diversified by a fiction not without elegance or ingenuity. Mary Queen of Scots is supposed, soon after her arrival in this country, to have been struck with some of the native melodies which were played before her, and with the accounts she received of the multitude of romantic legends that were adapted to such airs in every part of the country. To gratify her curiosity, she accordingly appointed a grand competition of minstrelsy, to take place at the approaching festival of Christmas; and invited all the bards and harpers of the North and the South to repair to Holyrood, and contend before her for the prizes with which her royal munificence was to reward their skill and ingenuity. A great convocation, accordingly, took place at the time appointed; and the various ballads which form the bulk of the volume before us, are supposed to have been recited during the three nights that the Queen 'waked' in the midst of her court, and held open those noble lists to the champions of song. The work, accordingly, is divided into Three Books, with an Introduction, containing an account of the origin and preparation for the Wake,—and a Conclusion narrating the distribution of the prizes; the Books themselves being separated by descriptions of the court and of the weather,—and the Songs by pretty long accounts of the history and deportment of the several minstrels who successively appear on the scene.

This, it is obvious, is a plan that admits, and even invites, to every possible degree of variety—at the same time that it has the disadvantage of excluding all sustained or continued interest—and of forcing the author, in a good degree, to mimic a diversity of styles, and, consequently, to forego that which is most natural and best adapted to his genius; and allowance for both these peculiarities must of course be made in judging of this performance, the character of which, however, it is not easy to mistake. Mr Hogg has, undoubtedly, many of the qualifications of a poet—great powers of versification—an unusual copious-

Digitized by Google

ness and facility in the use of poetical diction and imagery—a lively conception of natural beauty—with a quick and prolific fancy to body forth his conceptions. With all this, however, he is deficient in some more substantial requisites. There is a sensible want of incident, and character and pathos, about all his composition. He is excellently well appointed as to what may be entitled the *materiel* of poetry, but weak in its living agents. There is too much mere embellishment, and too little stuff or substance in his writings. Plenty of shining ringlets and tinctured skin; but a want of bone and muscle and marrow. Sonorous versification—sparkling images and striking descriptions play before the imagination of his reader, and alternately soothe or dazzle him with their profusion; but no rapid narrative or well digested story rivets his attention or engages his curiosity—no powerful or simple characters rouse him with the energy, or enchant him with the loveliness of reflected nature—no vigorous sentiment flashes light on his understanding—and no strain of genuine tenderness steals upon his thrilling heart-strings. If we add to this, that he is apt to be somewhat prolix and redundant in his descriptions, and to luxuriate and diffuse himself in heaping image upon image, and weaving stanza to stanza, and that he gives occasional indications of bad taste in assorting harsh and homely pictures with others that are elegant and impressive, we shall have a pretty full account of his faults. His great merit is copiousness and richness of language, with an occasional exaltation of fancy that brings him now and then to the borders of a very high species of poetry—though, we think, from his frequent lapses, without being conscious of its extraordinary value. The reader, however, shall now judge for himself, by a few specimens.

The description of Queen Mary's landing, and procession to Holyrood, though not without merit, we do not think particularly fortunate. The author's talent for painting natural appearances, may be better estimated by the following Winter-morning piece—and the subsequent sketch of a gloomy December day in our Northern latitudes.

'Unheard the bird of morning crew;
Unheard the breeze of Ocean blew;
The night unweened had passed away,
And dawning ushered in the day.
The Queen's young maids, of cherub hue,
Aside the silken curtains drew,
And lo the Night, in still profound,
In fleece of heaven had clothed the ground;
And still her furs, so light and fair,
Floated along the morning air.

Digitized by Google

Low stooped the pine amid the wood,
And the tall cliffs of Salsbury stood
Like marble columns bent and riven,
Propping a pale and frowning heaven.' p. 88, 89.

'The lurid vapours, dense and stern,
Unpierced save by the crusted cairn,
In tenfold shroud the heavens deform;
While far within the moving storm,
Travelled the sun in lonely blue,
And noontide wore a twilight hue.
The pendent clouds of deepest grain,
Shed their dull twilight o'er the main.
Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime,
Were hooded in the wreathy rime;
And all, ere fell the murk of even,
Were lost within the folds of heaven.
It seemed as if the welkin's breast
Had bowed upon the world to rest;
As heaven and earth to close began,
And seal the destiny of man.
Then burst the bugle's lordly peal
Along the earth's incumbent veil;
Swam on the cloud and lingering shower,
To festive hall and lady's bower;
And found its way, with rapid boom,
To rocks far curtained in the gloom,
And waked their viewless bugle's strain,
That sung the softened notes again.' p. 95–97.

It is not fair to Mr Hogg, however, to detain the reader longer among his prologues. We proceed, therefore, to the pieces themselves; among which our especial favourite is what he has entitled 'Kilmeny.' It belongs altogether to what Wharton has rather affectedly denominated 'pure poetry,'—that is, poetry addressed almost exclusively to the imagination, and inspired rather by the recollection of its most fantastic and abstracted visions, than by any observation of the characters, the actions, or even the feelings of mortal men. It is of course a very difficult, and a very dangerous species of poetry—requiring not only a certain fairy brightness and purity in the colouring—but an entire novelty, and at the same time a grace and consistency, and we would almost say a probability in the arrangement of impossible occurrences—as well as a certain caution and temperance in the management, without which it is apt to run into mere mysticism and extravagance. It is a species of poetry, in short, in which it is utterly impossible to succeed without original genius—but, in return, it is one which requires scarcely any other qualification; and in which the utmost excellence may be

Digitized by Google

attained by one who has no knowledge of men or even of books, and who would have blundered equally in the representation of manners and the details of fictitious history. Mr Hogg, we think, has attained no ordinary degree of excellence in it;—and in this little story of Kilmeny, especially, has presented us with a sketch in which this sort of supernatural interest is managed with great delicacy and beauty, and a wild and unearthly charm diffused over the whole composition, without any of the vulgar horrors or exaggerations of the German school of incantation. The story is simply that of a beautiful maiden, who was transported in her sleep to a world of purer spirits—and permitted, after a time, to return for a short period to her mortal parents. It begins with the account of her disappearance and return. The language, we are afraid, may sometimes perplex a mere modern reader—though we have taken the liberty to simplify some of the more antique orthography.

'Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it was not to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pull the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her mother look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloaming Kilmeny came hame!' p.171–2.

Her mother then interrogates her about her mysterious absence—and marvels, not without awe, at the lily brightness of her garments, and the glow and the fragrance of the flowers that burn upon her brow. The description of her deportment is conceived, we think, in a very high strain of poetry and beauty.

Digitized by Google

'Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerald lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, and everlasting dream.' p. 173.

The poet then proceeds to recount in his own words the substance of her astonishing narration, from the moment of her losing sight of her earthly habitation.—After describing a lonely recess in a steep and woody vale to which she had wandered from her mother's cottage, one still summer evening, he proceeds—

'In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' flowerits gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?" p. 174.

One of the immortals answers, that he had transported her from earth, to show how near to celestial purity a woman might attain, if snatched betimes from the cares and pollutions of that lower region.—The hospitable spirits then flock around her.

'They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and her beauty might never fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered bye.

Digitized by Google

And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She knew not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be," &c. p. 177–8.

They then bear her softly through the soft and fragrant air, over all the Elysian landscape beneath—

'Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.' p. 177—179.

and halt at length on the top of a purple mountain, from which she had various prospects and revelations; the greater part, we think, rather injudiciously allegorizing the history of Scotland, and of modern Europe,—but all described with a great glow and splendour of language. The best part of this phantasmagoria, to our taste, is the introduction.

'She saw the sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had vallies and hoary piles,
And marbled seas, and a thousand isles:
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen.
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray.

'Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale,
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.'
p. 180—181.

The description is broken off with some images which seem intended to typify the course of the French revolution—but we are given to understand that it actually included all the events that are to happen till the passing away of this perishable universe.

'But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.' p. 185.

In the midst of these beatitudes, the heart of the mortal maiden is touched with a mournful remembrance of the beloved friends she had left in the lower world; and she begs to be

Digitized by Google

permitted to return for a little season to earth, to see and to console them. Her request is granted—and the effect of her re-appearance is again described with a very happy picture of mild and innocent enchantment.

'With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she wakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and stedfast was her ee!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens een
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lilly flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to roam thro' the lonely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blythly round the field,
The lordly byson lowed and kneeled;
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lilly hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstacy of sweet devotion,
O, then the glen was all in motion.
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and folds the tame,
And murmured and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the thristle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the fox, and the lamb, and the leveret ran.'

p. 185—187.

We cannot afford room for the rest of this saintly jubilee, nor for the account of the enchanted virgin's final retreat to the land of bliss. But the specimens we have already given will enable

Digitized by Google

the reader to judge of the style and manner of this singular composition; upon the strength of which alone we should feel ourselves completely justified, in assuring the author, that no doubt can be entertained that he is a poet—in the highest acceptation of the name.

The only other poem, from which we shall make any considerable extract, is also of a magical and romantic character; though not so entirely divorced from human feelings as that we have just been considering. It is called 'The Abbot M'Kinnon;' and contains the history of the miraculous fate by which this antient master of Icolmkill expiated the breach of his monastic vow.

The poem opens with a view of the embarkation of this worthy Abbot in his gorgeous galley, manned by lay-brothers in their cowls and dark garments, and rushing out of the rocky bay on a secret expedition. The revelry that takes place among the inferior monks in the absence of their rigid head, and the whisperings and sighings that are heard echoing in the dark from nuns and friars gliding in pairs through the dim portals and cloisters during the same period of license, are described with something of a satirical animation. At last, however, the Abbot returns; and brings with him a stranger youth, in the full habit of the order.

'His breast was graceful, and round withal,
His leg was taper, his foot was small,
And his tread so light that it flung no sound
On listening ear or vault around.
His eye was the morning's brightest ray,
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay;
His teeth the ivory polished new,
And his lip like the morel when glossed with dew,
While under his cowl's embroidered fold
Were seen the curls of waving gold.
This comely youth, of beauty so bright,
Abode with the abbot by day and by night.' p. 293.

Some smothered scandal and surmise are excited on account of the beautiful novice; but the authority of the Abbot hushes all murmurs; and the months glide on in tranquillity till this saintly person is visited, one morning, in a dream, by St Columbo himself, who directs him to make an immediate pilgrimage to the neighbouring isle of Staffa, with an appointed company, and there to offer certain oblations to the unseen Spirit of the Ocean. The Abbot, notwithstanding the Heathenish nature of the rite thus enjoined on him, feels himself compelled to obey; and accordingly takes the appointed band along with him, and embarks with a heavy heart on this ill-omened expedition. The follow-

Digitized by Google

ing description of the voyage presents we think a very powerful and original sea prospect.

'The clouds were journeying east the sky,
The wind was low and the swell was high,
And the glossy sea was heaving bright
Like ridges and hills of liquid light;
While far on her lubric bosom were seen
The magic dyes of purple and green.

How joyed the bark her sides to lave!
She leaned to the lee, and she girdled the wave;
Aloft on the stayless verge she hung,
Light on the steep wave veered and swung,
And the crests of the billows before her flung.
Loud murmured the ocean with gulp and with growl,
The seal swam aloof and the dark sea fowl;
And behind her, far to the southward, shone
A pathway of snow on the waste alone.' p. 296, 297.

They arrive at last at the magical island;—the singular aspect of which is thus poetically, though perhaps not very clearly delineated.

'They wheeled their bark to the east around,
And moored in basin, by rocks imbound;
Then, awed to silence, they trode the strand
Where furnaced pillars in order stand.

Their path was on wonderous pavement of old,
Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,
Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand,
With countermure guarded by sea and by land.
The watcher Bushella frowned over their way,
Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with grey;
The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,
With spray-shower and rainbow, the entrance to keep.
But when they drew nigh to the chancel of ocean,
And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion,
The song of the cliff, when the winter winds blow,
The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below,
Conjoined, like the voice of a maiden would be,
Compared with the anthem there sung by the sea.

The solemn rows in that darksome den,
Were dimly seen like the forms of men,
Like giant monks in ages agone,
Whom the God of the ocean had seared to stone,
And bound in his temple for ever to lean,
In sackcloth of grey and visors of green.' p. 297—299.

The hymn in which they invoke the Spirit of the mighty deep, is written with considerable force and solemnity. It ends with these lines.

Digitized by Google

'To thee, who bid'st those mountains of brine
Softly sink in the fair moonshine,
And spread'st thy couch of silver light,
To lure to thy bosom the queen of the night,
Who weavest the cloud of the ocean dew,
And the mist that sleeps on her breast so blue;
When the murmurs die at the base of the hill,
And the shadows lie rocked and slumbering still,
And the Solan's young, and the lines of foam,
Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home,
We pour this oil and this wine to thee,
God of the western wind, God of the sea!' p. 301.

At the close of these oblations, a hoarse and awful voice re-echoes from the cavern, 'Greater yet must the offering be!'—At this dreadful response, the holy brotherhood gaze in terror on each other, and descend sadly to their vessel. On their way M'Kinnon hears a sweet voice, ascending with the dash of the waves from the foot of the precipice, on whose ridge they were journeying; and peeping over the giddy edge, descries a beautiful *mermaid* sporting and singing among the lonely rocks of the shore.

'He saw her sit on a weedy stone,
Laving her fair breast, and singing alone;
And aye she sank the wave within,
Till it gurgled around her lovely chin,
Then combed her locks of the pale sea-green,
And aye this song was heard between.
Matilda of Skye
Alone may lie,
And list to the wind that whistles by!
Sad may she be,
For deep in the sea,
Deep, deep, deep in the sea,
This night her lover shall sleep with me!
For far, far down in the floors below,
Moist as this rock-weed, cold as the snow,
With the eel, and the clam, and the pearl of the deep,
On soft sea-flowers her lover shall sleep,
And long and sound shall his slumber be
In the coral bowers of the deep with me.

The trembling sun, far, far away,
Shall pour on his couch a softened ray,
And his mantle shall wave in the flowing tide,
And the little fishes shall turn aside;
But the waves and the tides of the sea shall cease,
Ere wakes her love from his bed of peace.' p. 303—5.

Heart-struck with this prophetic strain, he rushes down in silence to the beach, where he finds a venerable old man, with

Digitized by Google

a sad and placid countenance, and a beard as white as snow, sitting in the stern of their deserted galley. The mysterious stranger makes no answer to their inquiries, but turns a thoughtful and melancholy eye on their array, as the vessel bounds again from that ill-omened shore. When the waters grow dim with the shades of evening, he rises, and slowly lifting up his hand to the sky, exclaims, with a sorrowful air, 'Now is the time!'—and instantly a sudden blaze of lightning envelops the horizon; and a roar, louder than the mingling voices of ocean and air, bursts at once on their senses—in the midst of which the vessel, with all its devoted crew, vanishes for ever from the light.

'Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean.

This moment she sailed all stately and fair,
The next nor ship nor shadow was there,
It sank away with a murmuring moan,
The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone!' p. 307—8.

From the general character of the quotations we have given, our readers will perceive, that we think Mr Hogg's *forte* consists in the striking representation of supernatural occurrences, or of the more imposing aspects of external nature;—and we certainly consider his narratives of less marvellous events, as of inferior merit. His descriptions, however, are always brilliant and copious; though frequently drawn out to such a length, as to become in some degree tedious and languid. The following is a fair specimen of his ordinary ballad style. Mary Scott, the heroine of one of the Border bards, is reduced, like Juliet, to the necessity of swallowing a sleeping potion—and being put into a coffin, to effect her escape to a lover disapproved of by her father. Her Romeo, however, fortunately lives to witness her revival—which is thus described. The distracted lover opens the coffin, to gratify himself with a last look of the departed beauty.

'With trembling hand he raised the lid,
Sweet was the perfume round that flew;
For there were strewed the roses red,
And every flower the forest knew.

He drew the fair lawn from her face,
'Twas decked with many a costly wreath;
And still it wore a soothing grace
Even in the chill abodes of death.

And aye he prest the cheek so white,
And aye he kissed the lips beloved,
Till pitying maidens wept outright,
And even the frigid monks were moved.

Digitized by Google

Why starts Lord Pringle to his knee?
Why bend his eyes with watchful strain?
The maidens shriek his mien to see;
The startled priests inquire in vain!

Was that a sob, an earthly sigh,
That heaved the flowers so lightly shed?
'Twas but the wind that wandered bye,
And kissed the bosom of the dead!

Are these the glowing tints of life
O'er Mary's cheek that come and fly?
Ah, no! the red flowers round are rife,
The rosebud flings its softened dye.' p. 241—2.

It is returning life, however, that produces those startling appearances; and a glass of good wine, prudently administered by her worthy mother, completes the young lady's restoration.

'She drank the wine with calm delay,
She drank the wine with pause and sigh:
Slowly, as wakes the dawning day,
Dawned long-lost thought in Mary's eye.' p. 243.

This is all very well; but we confess we like Mr Hogg's witchery better than his merely romantic legends; and think he knows more about beings of another world than of this. There is great spirit in the account given by the witch of Fyfe, of her nocturnal peregrinations—her voyaging, for instance, from Fyfe to Norway, in a cockle-shell—

'And aye we mountit the sea-green hillis,
Till we brushed thro' the clouds of the hevin;
Than sousit dounright like the star-shot light,
Fra the liftis blue casement driven.

'But our taickil stood, and our bark was good,
And so pang was our pearly prowe;
Whan we could not climb the brow of the waves,
We needilit them throu belowe.

'As fast as the hail, as fast as the gale,
As fast as the mydnycht leme,
We borit the breiste of the burstyng swale,
Or fluffit i' the flotyng faem.

'And whan to the Norraway shore we wan,
We muntyd our steedis of the wynd,
And we splashit the floode, and we threaded the woode,
And we left the shower behynde.

'The dales war deep, and the Doffrinis steep,
And we rose to the skyis ee-bree;
White, white was our rode, that was never trode,
Owr the snaws of eternity!' p. 72—73.

Digitized by Google

—or her description of the unearthly music, to which she danced on the tops of her native hills, under the bright stars of midnight.

'It rang so sweet through the green Lommond,
That the nycht winde softer blew;
And it swept alang the Loch Leven,
And wakened the white sea-mew.

It rang so sweet through the green Lommond,
So sweitly butt and so shrill,
That the wezilis leapt out of their mouldy holes,
And danced on the mydnycht hill.

The corby craw cam gledgin near,
The ern gede veeryng bye;
And the trouts leapt out of the Leven Loch,
Charmed with the melodye.' p. 70, 71.

We can afford to make no more quotations;—yet it would scarcely be fair not to give one stanza from the song to which the author himself has assigned the prize in this competition.—To us it appears to be altogether in the *falsetto* of affected vehemence. This is the opening—

'When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,
Had dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,
In den of the mountain was Kennedy born:
There hushed by the tempest, baptized with the rain.
His cradle, a mat that swung light on the oak;
His couch, the sear mountain-fern, spread on the rock;
The white knobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
And loud winter-torrents his lullaby sung.' p. 47.

There are some traits of coarseness in this little specimen; but they turn into absolute vulgarity as the story proceeds;—as, for example, when the blushing bride gives this simple account of her proceedings on the night of her marriage—

'I had just laid me down, but no word could I pray;
I had pillowed my head, *and drawn up the bed cover.*'

There are many such blemishes of diction, indeed, throughout the volume, and several that are combined with considerable obscurity;—as when the author tells us of an eagle waked by a ghost, that

'Astonished, to hide in the moon-beam he flew,
And *screwed* the night-heaven till lost in the blue.'

After the large specimens, however, which we have already exhibited, it is useless to dwell on these little peculiarities. Mr Hogg is undoubtedly a person of very considerable genius. He has obviously imitated Mr Scott more than any other author; but he has not imitated him very successfully; and the passages in which he resembles him the least, are certainly the most me-

Digitized by Google

ritorious. In the same department, his inferiority in vigour of sentiment, conception of character, and animation of narrative, is abundantly conspicuous. When he attempts a wilder flight, he is often very beautiful and impressive; but it would be an infinite improvement to the whole of his poetry, if he could be persuaded to put a little more thought and matter in it—to make his images a little more select, and his descriptions a good deal less redundant.

ART. IX. *Anster Fair, a Poem in Six Cantos. With other Poems. The Second Edition.* By W. TENNANT. 12mo. pp. 255. Edinburgh, 1814.

WE consider this volume not only as eminently original, but as belonging to a class of composition hitherto but little known in the literature of this country—to that species, we mean, of gay or fantastic poetry which plays through the works of Pulci and Ariosto, and animates the compositions of many inferior writers both in Spain and in Italy—which is equally removed from the vulgarity of mere burlesque or mock-heroic—and from the sarcasm and point and finesse of satirical pleasantry—which is extravagant rather than ridiculous, and displays only the vague and unbounded license of a sportive and raised imagination, without the cold pungency of wit, or the practised sagacity of derision. It frequently relaxes into childishness, and is sometimes concentrated to humour; but its leading character is a kind of enthusiastic gayety—a certain intoxication and nimbleness of fancy which pours out a profusion of images without much congruity or selection, and covers all the objects to which it is directed with colours that are rather brilliant than harmonious, and combines them into groupes that are more lively than graceful. This effervescence of the spirits has been hitherto supposed almost peculiar to the warmer regions of the South; and the poetry in which it naturally exhales itself, seems as if it could only find a suitable vehicle in their plastic and flexible idioms, or a fitting audience among the susceptible races by whom they were framed.

We are by no means certain that the present attempt will unsettle that opinion; and are very far from thinking, either that its success has been perfect, or that the author has been fortunate in the choice of a subject, or in all of the details of his execution. The attempt, however, is bold and vigorous; and indicates both talents and enterprise that may hereafter be more worthily employed. Hitherto, it is proper to mention, they have been exerted under circumstances the most unpropitious; for Mr Tennant is a kind of prodigy as well as Mr Hogg

Digitized by Google

—and his book would be entitled to notice as a curiosity, even if its pretensions were much smaller than they are on the score of its literary merit.

Born in a very humble condition of life, and disabled, by the infirmities of his person, from earning a subsistence by his labour, the future poet of mirth would probably have perished in helpless penury in any other country of the world. In Scotland, however, education is not very costly,—and no condition is so low, as to exempt a parent from the duty of bestowing it, even upon the most numerous offspring. The youth was early initiated, therefore, in the mysteries of reading and writing;—and after passing some years, as we understand, in the situation of clerk to a little merchant in one of the small towns of Fife, was at length promoted to the dignity of parish schoolmaster in one of the most dreary and thinly peopled parishes in the same county,—where he has ever since remained, in unbroken cheerfulness and measureless content, on an income of less than thirty pounds a-year. In his low and lonely cottage, in this cheerless seclusion,—with no literary society,—with the most scanty materials for study, and the most dim and distant anticipations of literary distinction, he not only made himself a distinguished proficient in classical learning before he had attained his twenty-fifth year, but acquired a familiar acquaintance with the languages and literature of modern Europe,—and cheered his solitude with the composition of such verses as now lie before us. Without any reference to the condition of their author, we have already said, that they are remarkable for spirit and originality;—considered in connexion with his history, we think they are altogether surprising.

The subject, which we do not think very fortunately chosen, is borrowed from some antient legends, respecting the marriage choice of a fair lady, whose beauty is still celebrated in the ballads and traditions of Mr Tennant's native district—and whose hand, it seems, was held out as the reward of the victor in an ass race, and a match of running in sacks—a competition of bagpiping, and of story-telling. Upon this homely foundation, Mr T. has erected a vast superstructure of description, and expended a great treasure of poetry. He has also engrafted upon it, the airy and ticklish machinery of Shakespeare's, or rather of Wieland's Oberon,—though he has given the less adventurous name of Puck to his ministering spirit, who, with the female fairy to whom he is wedded, patronizes the victor in these successive contentions, and secures not only his success, but his acceptance with the devoted fair.

The merit of the poem does not consist at all, as it appears to us, in the contrivance or conduct of the story—of which the out-

Digitized by Google

line is briefly as follows. The blooming heroine sitting one evening by her lonely parlour fire, is startled by the sudden apparition of a gay and glittering fairy, who presents himself among the dishes on her supper table, and after many admonitions, directs her to proclaim to the world her resolution of bestowing her hand in the whimsical manner that has been already mentioned; and to appoint the day of the next Fair or annual market at Anster (or Anstruther in Fife) for this great competition. The orders of the tricksy spirit are accordingly obeyed; and a prodigious concourse of suitors and spectators, including the king and all his court, assemble on the day appointed. The description of their various and contrasted groupes, forms one of the longest and most spirited parts of the poem. The successive contentions are then narrated with great spirit and effect,—and the victory falling of course in every instance to the favourite of the fairies, the *denouement* is brought about by the actual appearance of those alert personages at the grand supper which solemnizes the betrothment, where it is explained that they had been divorced and condemned to solitary confinement, till they should be able to bring about the events which had been that day accomplished.

The great charm of this singular composition consists, no doubt, in the profusion of images and groupes which it thrusts upon the fancy, and the crowd and hurry and animation with which they are all jostled and driven along; but this, though a very rare merit in any modern production, is entitled perhaps to less distinction than the perpetual sallies and outbreakings of a rich and poetical imagination, by which the homely themes on which the author is professedly employed, are constantly ennobled or contrasted, and in which the ardour of a mind evidently fitted for higher tasks is somewhat capriciously expended. It is this frequent kindling of the diviner spirit—this tendency to rise above the trivial subjects among which he has chosen to disport himself, and this power of connecting grand or beautiful conceptions with the representation of vulgar objects or ludicrous occurrences, that first recommended this poem to our notice, and still seem to us to entitle it to more general notoriety. The author is occupied, no doubt, in general, with low matters, and bent upon homely mirth;—but his genius soars up every now and then in spite of him;—and 'his delights'—to use a quaint expression of Shakespeare,

> ——————'his delights
> Are dolphin-like, and show their backs above
> The element they move in.'

We may begin our quotations with a few extracts from the copious account of the groupes that came trooping to the bridal

Digitized by Google

games—though its chief merit consists in that copiousness and variety which cannot well be exemplified in any specimen we can now afford to transcribe.

'Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfyne from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bord'ring clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of gen'rous eye,
Plaided, and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.
And every husbandman, round Largo-law,
Hath scrap'd his huge-wheel'd dung-cart fair and clean,
Wherein, on sacks stuff'd full of oaten straw,
Sits the Goodwife, Tam, Katey, Jock, and Jean;
In flow'rs and ribands drest the horses draw
Stoutly their creaking cumbersome machine,
As, on his cart-head, sits the Goodman proud,
And cheerily cracks his whip, and whistles clear and loud.
Then from her coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
Her subterranean men of colour dun,
Poor human mouldwarps! doom'd to scrape in earth,
Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun;
Gloomy as soot, with faces grim and swarth,
They march, most sourly leering every one.' p. 47, 48.

'Next, from the well-air'd ancient town of Crail,
Go out her craftsmen with tumultuous din,
Her wind-bleach'd fishers, sturdy-limb'd and hale,
Her in-knee'd tailors, garrulous and thin;
And some are flush'd with horns of pithy ale,
And some are fierce with drams of smuggled gin,
And market-maids, and apron'd wives, that bring
Their gingerbread in baskets to the FAIR;
And cadgers with their creels, that hang by string
From their lean horse-ribs, rubbing off the hair;
And crook-legg'd cripples, that on crutches swing
Their shabby persons with a noble air.' p. 50.

'Nor only was the land with crowds oppress,
That trample forward to th' expected Fair;
The harass'd ocean had no peace or rest,
So many keels her foamy bosom tear;
For, into view, now sailing from the west,
With streamers idling in the bluish air,
Appear the painted pleasure-boats superb,
And red-prow'd fisher-boats afar are spy'd
In south-east, tilting o'er the jasper main,
Whose wing-like oars, dispread on either side,
Now swoop on sea, now rise in sky again.' p. 60, 61.

Digitized by Google

There are at least thirty pages of this kind of description—nor is the account of the occupation of the assembled multitude on the eve of the solemnity less animated or strongly coloured.

'Others upon the green, in open air,
Enact the best of Davie Lindsay's plays;
While ballad-singing women do not spare
Their throats, to give good utt'rance to their lays;
And many a leather-lung'd co-chanting pair
Of wood-legg'd sailors, children's laugh and gaze,
Lift to the courts of Jove their voices loud,
Y-hymning their mishaps, to please the heedless crowd.
Meanwhile the sun, fatigued, (as well he may),
With shining on a night till seven o'clock,
Beams on each chimney-top a farewell ray,
Illuming into golden shaft its smoke;
And now in sea, far west from Oronsay,
Is dipp'd his chariot-wheels' refulgent spoke,
And now a section of his face appears,
And, diving, now he ducks clean down o'er head and ears.
Anon uprises, with blithe bagpipe's sound,
And shriller din of flying fiddle-stick,
On the green loan and meadow-crofts around,
A town of tents, with blankets roofed quick:
A thousand stakes are rooted in the ground;
A thousand hammers clank and clatter thick;
A thousand fiddles squeak and squeal it yare;
A thousand stormy drones out-gasp in groans their air.
And such a turbulence of gen'ral mirth
Rises from ANSTER loan upon the sky,
That from his throne Jove starts, and down on earth
Looks, wond'ring what may be the jollity.
Meantime the Moon, yet leaning on the stream,
With fluid silver bathes the welkin chill,
That now Earth's half-ball, on the side of night,
Swims in an argent sea of beautiful moonlight.'

p. 67—69.

The bright opening of the eventful day is described in a strain of purer poetry—which slides, however, very naturally into the gossiping tone that is most natural to the subject.

'Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the East some fleeces bright of die,
That stripe the hem of heav'n with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flow'rs enroll'd,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.
The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;

Digitized by Google

City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.
Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little sky-larks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heav'n's blue key-stone flickering:
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheerly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.
For when the first up-sloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harb'ring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling loud without a stop;
For toilingly each bitter beadle swung,
Ev'n till he smok'd with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ush'ring in
The morn of Anster Fair, with tinkle-tankling din.
And, from our steeple's pinnacle out-spread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazon'd fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst, on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast-head,
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air.' p. 76—78.

We have not courage to venture on any detailed description of the games themselves—though they are delineated with singular spirit and originality. The following little sketch of the starting of the victor in the ass race, will be sufficient to satisfy the reader, that, even in the most dangerous parts of his subject, the author never stoops to mere vulgar jocularity, and always redeems himself by some actual felicity of diction or conception.

'See how his bright whip, brandish'd round his head,
Flickers like streamer in the northern skies;
See how his ass on earth with nimble tread
Half-flying rides, in air half-riding flies,
As if a pair of ostrich wings, out-spread,
To help him on, had sprouted from his thighs.
The pole is gain'd; his asses head he turns
Southward, to tread the trodden ground again;
Sparkles like flint the cuddy's hoof and burns,
Seeming to leave a smoke upon the plain;
His bitted mouth the foam impatient churns;
Sweeps his broad tail behind him like a train.' &c. p. 100.

Digitized by Google

The bag-piping is also recorded in strains not less sonorous. The effect of the victor's performance is to throw the whole assembly into a wild delirium of dancing—a catastrophe borrowed from the Oberon of Wieland—and yet described with an original vein of extravagance and humour.

'And hoar-hair'd men and wives, whose marrow Age
Hath from their hollow bones suck'd out and drunk,
Canary in unconscionable rage,
Nor feel their sinews wither'd now and shrunk;
Pellmell in random couples they engage,
And boisterously wag feet, arms, and trunk.
And cripples from beneath their shoulders fling
Their despicable crutches far away,
Then, yok'd with those of stouter limbs, up spring
In hobbling merriment, uncouthly gay.
And such a whirling and a din there was,
Of bodies and of feet that heel'd the ground,
As when the Maelstrom in his craggy jaws
Engluts the Norway waves with hideous sound;
In vain the black sea-monster plies his paws
'Gainst the strong eddy that impels him round;
Rack'd and convuls'd, the ingorging surges roar,
And fret their frothy wrath, and reel from shore to shore.
So reel the mob, and with their feet up-cast
From the tramp'd soil a dry and dusty cloud,
That shades the huddling hurly-burly vast
From the warm sun as with an earthy shroud;
Else had the warm sun spy'd them wriggling fast,
He sure had laugh'd at such bewitched crowd,
For never, since heaven's baldric first he trod,
Tripp'd was such country dance beneath his fiery road.'

p. 149–151.

After the whole solemnities are finished, the breaking up of the vast assemblage is thus described.

'Which heard, the congregated folk upbroke
With loud disruption their diffusion vast,
And, split and shoaling off in many a flock,
With homeward squeeze they turbulently past:
Beneath their feet the pillar'd Earth did rock,
As up to Jove a dusty cloud they cast,
That blear'd the bright eyes of Night's glimm'ring queen,
And chok'd the brilliant stars, and dimm'd their twinkling sheen.
And such the clutter was, when shoal from shoal
With violent impulse was torn and riven,
As when the vaulting ice, that floors the pole,
Touch'd by the fiery shafts of warming Heaven,
Splits into fractured isles, that crash and roll
Diverse, athwart the molten ocean driven.' p. 202, 203.

When the bridal party are assembled at supper, 'the gallant

Digitized by Google

victor thinks fit to disclose, that he had been moved to this enterprize by the suggestion of a little female fairy, who appeared on his supper table, and promised him her assistance. He first saw a white and fragrant vapour ascend in columns from his dishes.

'I sat and gaz'd—not long; when, strange to say,
Forth from that reeky pillar's paly base
Started at once a little female fay,
Giggling and blithely laughing in my face;
Her height was as the lily that in May
Lifts to the sun her head's envermeil'd grace.
The gown in which her elfship was array'd,
Like to the peacock's painted feather shined,
And on the tablecloth redundant spread
Its lustrous train for half a foot behind;
Over her breast her purple-striped plaid
Lay floating loose and thin as woven wind;
And gorgeous was her head-dress, as the hue
Of Iris-flower, that spreads her velvet petals blue.
Deck'd was her neck's circumference with row
Of diamonds, strung on thread in costly band,
Small pearly berries that are wont to grow
Upon the bushes of old Fairyland;
And in each diamond's orb so fair in show,
My candle's image burning seem'd to stand,
That her white slender neck was all in gleam,
Doubly impearl'd thus with light's reflected beam.'

p. 216, 217.

The story is no sooner ended, than a flash of silvery light emblazes the hall, and the two glittering beings appear on the table, in the midst of the fragrant vapour. Their first attention is to each other. They rush like parted lovers into a fond embrace.

'And, as two doves of plumy-varnish'd throat
Sit billing in their dove-cot's nested hole,
Their liquid wee lips twitter kisses hot
In fond commutuality of soul.' p. 226.

Puck then tells the whole story of their cruel separation by the malice of a gloomy enchanter, and of the spells which had connected their reunion with the marriage of the happy pair, whom they had just brought together; and finally takes his leave of the good company, and the merry monarch who graced it with his presence, in this characteristic manner.

'And now, my Lord, O King! we must away
To taste the sweets of new-found liberty,
To ride astraddle on the lunar ray
In airy gallop to the top of sky,
And lave our limber limbs, and plash and play
Amid the milk that dims the galaxy;

Digitized by Google

Farewell!—may joys be rain'd on each of you!
Adieu, thou Bridegroom sweet! thou bonny Bride, adieu!"—
This having said, he on his shiny hair
Did gracefully his silver'd hat replace,
And seizing by the hand his lady fair,
A while look'd smerking, winking, in her face;
Then swift as spark from fire, or beam from star,
That unsubstantial, slim, frail, fairy-brace,
From table heaving off their phantasms small,
Sheer through the window flew of MAGGIE's dining-hall.
Sheer through the window fleetly flew the twain,
Mocking the eye that try'd to follow them;
Yet, strange to add! nor wood nor glassy pane
Was injur'd of the fay-pierc'd window frame.
Amazement ran in ev'ry beating vein
Of Bride, and Groom, and King, and Lord, and Dame,
As they beheld the coupled goblins fly
Through window-shut and glass abroad into the sky.' 238–9.

Perhaps we have detained our English readers too long with our two tuneful countrymen. They have neither of them, we confess, the pathos and simplicity of Burns, or the energy and splendour of Scott; but they appear to us to be persons of promise; and, at all events, to be singly worth a whole cageful of ordinary songsters from the colleges and cities of the South. We leave them now to their fate; and if they do not turn out well, we engage to be more cautious in giving out words of good augury for the future.

ART. X. *Memorial of M. Carnot, Lieutenant-General in the French Army, Knight of the Order of St Louis, Member of the Legion of Honour, and of the Institute of France. Addressed to His Most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. Translated from the French Manuscript Copy. To which is subjoined, a Sketch of M. Carnot's Life, together with some remarkable Speeches which he made on former occasions in the National Convention and Tribunate.* By LEWIS GOLDSMITH, Author of The Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte, Editor of the Antigallican Monitor, &c. &c. Hookham, London, 1814.

IT is much to be regretted, that so interesting a work should have fallen into the hands of a person in every way so ill qualified to do it justice by a translation. The pretence of its being rendered from 'the French Manuscript copy,' is intended no doubt to convey an impression that Mr Goldsmith had

Digitized by Google

received it in confidence; but it is well known that printed copies are to be had in Paris, and undoubtedly this translation has been made from one of these—or perhaps, if there is any truth at all in the assertion, from a written copy transmitted of one of the Paris edition, after it became scarce in consequence of the prohibition. A very slight attention to almost any page of this translation, evinces that it conveys a most imperfect idea of the original—in many passages perverts its meaning—and in none renders its spirit. Yet it is the only edition to which we have access, and we must therefore be satisfied with it. Of Mr Goldsmith, his history, and his former works, we say nothing. We are unwilling to be diverted for a moment from M. Carnot to *such* a subject.

We have frequently had occasion to remark the fortunate disposition which prevails in almost every part of Europe, to regard the public of this country as a sort of common arbiter, and to look towards the opinion here entertained, as the public opinion generally. It is evident that this remark is liable to exceptions. Wherever our individual interests are concerned, as in maritime questions, or our jealousy of France is supposed to be excited, our voice goes for little; but, upon ordinary occasions, we are regarded as a kind of tribunal, to which foreign princes must look for judgment, and foreign communities for sympathy and justice. This arises partly from our having a less immediate interest in the affairs of the Continent, and consequently being more free from a selfish bias, than those who belong to it; but it is chiefly founded upon our enjoying a much greater portion of liberty than any other European people, and having especially a considerable share of the liberty of the press. Hence it is that the people are of some weight in the nation; their voice is frequently heard, notwithstanding the corruption of the Government; every now and then they make a successful stand against oppression; and, directly or indirectly, their opinion is far more consulted, because much better ascertained, and therefore much more formidable than in any other country. It is singular in how great a degree, accordingly, sovereigns, ministers, and other powerful personages abroad, who in reality are far beyond the reach of the public voice in England, yet look towards our press, as stamping their character both with the present times and with posterity. They have no *publick*, as it were, of their own; and therefore regard England as a publick common to all nations. The oppressed, on the other hand, cast their eyes towards the same quarter, as they were somewhat oratorically, and indeed falsely, said to do in antient times towards Rome, as a common refuge for the distrest; and, if they cannot obtain assistance, they at least expect to find consolation, in the disin-

Digitized by Google

terested and liberal expression of our sentiments.—Such being the 'high prerogative' of this free country, it is the more to be wished that its conduct should on all occasions justify so great a preeminence; and those aberrations from justice and consistency are the more to be lamented, which not unfrequently tend to impair the confidence of the world in the publick opinion of England.

There are few individuals respecting whom that opinion has fluctuated more, or appeared more manifestly to be under the dominion of prejudice and temporary interests, than the eminent person whose name is prefixed to this article. While he formed a part of the revolutionary government, and was only known to us by the tremendous successes of the French arms under his controul, we were fain to say nothing about him individually, and to lose sight of him, by confounding him with the Jacobin chiefs. The more regular and tranquil constitution of the Executive Directory and Two Councils, presented him in a conspicuous place; the course of victory was pursued under his auspices; and as it was no longer easy to overlook him, we pretty lavishly abused him, merely because he discharged his duty towards his own country, and that country was at war with ours. The abuse, however, was not pointed, as it was undoubtedly intended, against his military genius; but he was singled out, unfortunately enough, from among the Directors, as the type of Jacobinism: and Mr Burke, intending to denounce them as a vile and bloodthirsty crew, made choice of him for the chief figure in his picture, and sketched him with a rapid and coarse, but powerful pencil, as 'snorting away the fumes of the undigested blood of his Sovereign, and fitting to the necks of other kings the slide of his guillotine.' That great man was far above such follies; but unquestionably the unparalleled successes of M. Carnot's administration, secured the abuse of him a favourable reception in the country. Accordingly, the publick opinion was destined to undergo a change when he no longer was an object of terror. Had Mr Burke lived, nothing would have altered his views of the matter; but the vulgar herd of his admirers were suddenly converted to the admiration of M. Carnot, as soon as the revolution of September 1797 (*the dix-huit Fructidor*) had excluded him from the Directory, and banished him from the country he had so often saved. We then heard of nothing but the prodigious talents, the unshaken integrity, the virtuous firmness, of this remarkable character; and these sentiments were propagated from mouth to mouth, as if they expressed a deliberate and candid opinion, while in truth they originated—partly in a visionary hope, that M. Carnot had adopted principles of Royalism—partly in a much better founded

Digitized by Google

confidence, speedily justified by the event, that his loss could never be repaired to France in the conduct of the war. The admiration and interest excited by his celebrated Tract in vindication of his conduct (*Reponse de L. N. M. Carnot*), are fresh in every one's recollection; nor did it cease upon the reflection which every page suggested, that they who flattered themselves with the idea of his treachery to France, had prodigiously mistaken his nature.* Upon the return of Bonaparte, and the renewal of the French successes, it was speedily discovered that this great minister once more presided over the campaigns of the enemy; and, but for the superior object of abuse which the Consul presented, we should soon have retracted all the admiration which had been lavished upon the Ex-director. His virtuous opposition to Bonaparte's usurpation, in a very short time, renewed the praises formerly bestowed upon him; for we considered him as a sort of *opposition* to the enemy's government; and when he unexpectedly appeared commanding in Antwerp, the public voice was divided respecting his merits, until his *adhering* to the restored government renovated his fame for a season; but last of all came his retirement from office, ever an unpopular deed where kings are the patrons, and the presentation of this Memorial.—All his merits and virtues were forthwith buried in oblivion; and we reverted to the creed of 1794 or 1795, regarding him as a jacobin, a terrorist, a regicide.

Through all these vicissitudes of reputation in this country, when numbers of people must have fancied that the organs of publick opinion were speaking of different persons, so various were the lights in which they viewed him through the changing medium of self-interest, he remained indeed the same, without wavering for an instant in his steady course. Nor has his character, in the eyes of his own countrymen, proverbial as is their fickleness, ever undergone the slightest variation. All acknowledge his vast political and military talents, crowned upon every occasion with extraordinary success;—his genius for the abstract sciences, and his contributions to their progress, unequalled by

* Similar changes of sentiment as to Moreau may be noted. It is singular to compare the tone of the present day with the language of 1797, when the Antijacobin poets termed him 'that *rascal* Moreau,' in a vein of elegant pleasantry:—the ground of praise in the one case being his deserting his country and fighting with our Allies—that of the abuse in the other being his refusing to join Pichegru in his treachery. To be sure, others have undergone equal changes. Madame Staël is, in the same work, abused in a tone of downright *obscenity*; and Mr Southey is the object of unceasing and very successful ridicule. Now-a-days, the lady is all but divine; the poet is himself loyal, and a courtier.

Digitized by Google

those of any other man not a mere philosopher. Upon these points there can exist no difference of opinion; but it is singular to find an equal unanimity in extolling his integrity as a publick man, notwithstanding the horrid scenes of faction in which he has borne sway, and the manifold contamination by which his course has so constantly been surrounded. That he is a misguided man in his sentiments; that he holds opinions hurtful in their consequences to the repose of mankind; that his concurrence in the trial and execution of the king was among the worst of those results;—are ideas familiar with those who have been his opponents. But his honesty and consistency are denied by no one. We may freely admit his errors; that is, we hold an opinion very different from his upon some fundamental points;—but his integrity is a fact which no difference of sentiment can affect.

In a word, M. Carnot is, and always has been, a sincere republican. He has never been convinced that France is, from extent or other circumstances, incapable of such a form of government; and he has followed this vision, or chimera, as we may call it, with the same unconquerable zeal which led our Hampden and Sydney to their glorious martyrdom. That he would have died for his principles like them, we have at least one reason for believing; he has repeatedly sacrificed every thing which attaches vulgar minds to life—wealth, comfort, power, glory, his country and his home, when those principles demanded their surrender. We speak now of what every man acquainted with the facts allows to be correctly true. It is undeniable, that he has shown himself the most inflexible friend of liberty whom France has produced,—the man most renowned for acts of personal opposition to tyranny of every description,—who has the most frequently flung himself into the breach, and attempted to stay the fate of the cause in which he deemed his country's rights and happiness involved. Those are the men, wheresoever they appear, whose conduct deserves the applause of a grateful world; nor ought that praise to cease, even when we find them supporting tenets erroneous or pernicious in our eyes. To unite in large and powerful bodies against the progres of abuse, and combat among many for the right cause, is doubtless rendering a great service to mankind. But it bears no comparison with the actions of him who, unsupported and alone, stands forward against the marshalled powers of a whole despotism; and teaches, even in his discomfiture, the most valuable of practical lessons to the people—the most dreadful to their oppressors—to the friends of liberty the most cheering,—what a single arm can achieve when nerved by stedfast principles, and animated by a considerate enthusiasm. To hold up such men to the ad-

Digitized by Google

miration and example of after ages, is the province of history; but it is also useful to anticipate the historian's office, and diffuse more widely the fame of those deeds, for the instruction of the age that produced them.

We purpose commencing, what we have to deliver upon the present occasion, with some account of the singular tract before us. It is a Memorial, addressed to the King of France, with the design of averting from his country, and from Europe, the incalculable evils which must result from an apprehended breach of faith with the Revolutionary or Republican Party, in an attack, contrary to express stipulations, upon their personal safety, on account of their past conduct or opinions.—M. Carnot had, it seems, in the month of July last, begun to print it, for the purpose of securing the Royal attention;—being impressed with the idea, that manuscript works are seldom read by kings. One of the Ministers having got notice of this, sent the Director-General of the Police, to expostulate with the author on the hazardous nature of the intended publication; but he was informed, that no publication was projected. He then promised, that the King should read the manuscript, and should say, whether he had any objection to its being printed. Next day, M. Carnot was informed, that His Majesty had read it; but wished it might not be printed for the present. 'In that 'case,' said M. Carnot, 'it shall remain in manuscript.' One or two copies, however, having been handed about among his particular friends, an impression was printed wholly without the author's knowledge, who, as soon as he learnt what had happened, published an advertisement, declaring that the publication was without his knowledge. Mr Goldsmith says, that he obtained one of the manuscript copies, and made his translation from it. Certainly, however, the work was in the shops at Paris before the translation appeared. We leave the reader to form whatever opinion he pleases upon this part of the story;—and we shall now add, what the translator has left untold of the matter, that being by far the most important part.

When the work appeared, much alarm was excited in the Government. They did not venture at once to attack the author, whose vast fame and popularity rendered such an experiment dangerous;—but the publisher was sought out, and not being found, one of the booksellers who sold it was arrested.—He underwent the usual examinations; and an accusation, and, as we should say, a bill of indictment was preferred before the *Cour d'Instruction Criminelle*, answering to our Grand Jury, though composed of regular Judges. The plan of pitching upon the poor bookseller, the least guilty party, was pretty accurately copied from similar proceedings in some countries where

Digitized by Google

Louis XVIII. resided during his exile. The error of attempting too severe a punishment, was probably taken from the same quarter,—more especially from a period of about twenty years ago. Nothing would satisfy these wise repressers of the licentiousness of the press, (whose only motive, as we well know, is to preserve its legitimate liberty), but proceeding against the bookseller as for publishing a work exciting to civil war, which by the French law is a capital offence. This attempt was so monstrous, as to defeat itself—even in a court where the Judges are removeable.—They threw out the bill.—M. Carnot was called upon to state who the original publisher was.—He declared his entire ignorance; and the Court, on the mere credit of his well known veracity, dismissed him without farther molestation.

But the work had in the mean time got into some people's hands; and the Government were resolved both to suppress, and to answer it. In the one attempt, they pretty nearly succeeded; in the other, they had but little success to boast of. The newspapers were filled day after day with long answers, and longer invectives, against the author;—but all the while the book so answered and abused, was not allowed to be read; and those papers took care to cite none of it:—an extraordinary absurdity—and, where the answers were but feeble, leading manifestly to the inference, that the work itself must contain very powerful matter, since the public were not fit to be intrusted with a sight of it—though so much pains were taken, and in vain, to refute it. The effect of the book could never have been so great, as the effect of this concealment, and of the exaggerations to which it immediately led. Again—M. Carnot being calumniated for the publication, and for the breach of faith which it implied, was naturally very anxious to contradict such reports. But the newspapers, under the strict controul of the new censorship, absolutely refused for some time to admit his justification; nor was it without much pains and management, that he could procure the insertion of a few lines to this effect in one of the Journals,—while every column was filled for weeks with the most unmeasured personal invective against him, as the person who had not only written, but published it. Last of all comes Mr Goldsmith, the sworn friend of the Bourbons, ever since he ceased to receive pay from Bonaparte for secret services;—the avowed enemy of all republicans, from the date of his leaving that employment;—the strenuous adviser of assassinating Bonaparte, from the moment that he lost his place of spy under him;—the implacable enemy of France, and advocate of England—and as zealous in both these capacities, as he was in the opposite line;

Digitized by Google

when a few years ago he conducted in France the Journal most bitter against England.—This consistent gentleman comes to the aid of the restored government, by publishing the tract, which they are endeavouring to suppress! and while he publishes it, he inveighs loudly against its pernicious tendency, and against the dangerous errors of the author. All this, indeed, may be much more easily excused, than the very great injustice which he has done the tract in his translation.

The literary merits of a tract like this, are a matter of very subordinate importance. That it is the work of an able and eloquent man, who sees clearly, and expresses himself strongly, cannot be denied; although it is equally clear that, from the great talents of the author, or the interest of the subject, a good deal more might have been expected,—and its inferiority to his former tract, and to his speeches, may safely be pronounced. But the sentiments and the occasion of it, are the material points for consideration; and here we must admit, that he has not given himself time to make the most of his case. The defence of regicide can never be an easy task: But he has much to say of the real causes of that unfortunate act; much more of the conduct of the pretended royalists, both then and since; most of all respecting the conduct of the restored government:—and these points would have been far better handled, had they been less eloquently brought forward in a plain statement of facts and reasons.

The pamphlet begins with acknowledging the errors of both parties, or rather admitting the fatal mistakes and cruel disappointments of the republicans, in their pursuit of a liberty irreconcileable with the weakness and crimes of human nature, and charging mistakes to the full as great upon the opposite party. He then states the difficulty of forming a fair and impartial judgment respecting the conduct of men in such scenes of trouble, while our passions are yet warm, and our reason is applied to a subject scarcely capable of being unravelled. He remarks, that the vulgar propensity to judge of conduct by the event, leads to manifold injustice; but candidly admits, that on many questions it is justified by the tendency of theory to mislead—a tendency never, he says, more fatally exemplified than by the history of the Revolution. There is something peculiarly touching in the manner of making this frank avowal—and in the sorrow expressed by the author at the disappointment of his darling hopes. 'We thought,' says this ardent lover of liberty, 'that 'we had laid hold of the phantom of national felicity. We 'thought that it was possible to obtain a Republic without anar-'chy; an unlimited liberty without disorder; a perfect system

Digitized by Google

'of equality without factions. Experience has undeceived us 'most cruelly. What remains to us after so many chimeras 'vainly pursued?—Regrets—prejudices against all kinds of per-'fection; the discouragement of a multitude of good men, who 'have at length seen the inutility of their efforts.' But then, he adds, where is the justice of charging us with treachery for all this, and by whom is the accusation levelled at us? We who have saved France from dismemberment, from the fate of Poland; who have carried her glory over all Europe, and built up a military renown for her which must make posterity almost incredulous of what has recently happened;—we who stood by her in her extremities, and out of nothing but anarchy and alarm, called forth the resources of unexampled victories;—are we to be accused of enmity to our country by those who deserted her, and fought with her enemies, and only returned when those enemies had conquered her!

'What! say those traitors, are not those who have voted for the death of the King, the Regicides? No, the Regicides are the persons who took up arms against their native country. It is you yourselves who are. The others have voted as judges appointed by the nation, and are not obliged to account for their judgment to any one. If they fell into an error, they are in the same circumstances as other judges who have erred. They have erred together with the entire nation which provoked that judgment, and urged as it were by thousands of addresses sent in from the Departments and from the Districts. They have erred in common with all the nations in Europe who treated with them, and which would be at this very day in peace with them, had not the one as well as the other been equally the victims of a new Upstart.

'But you, Sirs, who return after the storm is over, how do you pretend to justify yourselves for having so unmercifully refused your assistance to that King whom you affect to lament—you, to whose cupidity he sacrificed the resources of the public treasury—you, who by the perfidy of your counsels drew him into a labyrinth from which he could not be extricated but by your own proper efforts? Why did you refuse those gratuitous offerings for which he asked you? why did you refuse him those additional aids which your depredations had rendered indispensable? What did the Notables do for him? What, the Clergy? Who were they who incited the States-General? who were they who caused a general insurrection through all France, and who, when the Revolution had once commenced, found themselves capable of stemming the torrent? If you could do it, why did you not? If you could not, why reproach others with not having stopped it?

'Louis XVI, you say, was the best of Kings: Did you not abandon him in the most cowardly manner, when you saw him in that danger into which you had precipitated him? Was it not your duty

Digitized by Google

to form a rampart round him with your bodies? Was not that the oath which you took that you would defend him to the last drop of your blood? If he was the father of his subjects, were you not the children of his choice? Was it not for you that he had run himself in debt? Was it not to satisfy your rapacity that he deprived himself of the affection of his other children,—and you left him, without support, to the mercy of those whom you had irritated against him? Was it the business of Republicans to defend with their tongues him whom you had not the courage to defend with your swords? What would those Republicans have to rest upon for their support, who, contrary to their own interest, might have wished to save the King? When you ran away, was it not evident that they would have sacrificed him and themselves uselessly—that they would have been the victims of a popular commotion? You exact from others a virtue more than human, whilst you yourselves give an example of desertion and of felony.

'How does it happen then, that the first authors of the martyrdom of Louis XVI., the real instigators of our civil commotions, are the persons who in the present day take to themselves the parts of accusers? How happens it that others who have courageously braved the Revolution in the midst of its vicissitudes, find themselves at once struck as it were with stupor, and appear to suffer condemnation from their hypocritical clamours? It is only from the singularity of the events, that their weak adversaries have become the stronger. It is because the enemies of the French name, with whom they leagued themselves, had, by the advantage of numbers—ten to one—got possession of the capital without resistance.—That when one instant sufficed to efface twenty years of glory and of victory, those who had fled at the moment of danger, returned in triumph behind the baggage waggons, and that thus twenty years of glory and of victory have become twenty years of sacrilege and of outrage.' p. 11–14.

This brings our author into the middle of his subject; the immediate consequences of the Restoration; the apprehended treatment of the republicans; and the discontents of the country.—The tyranny of Napoleon had pressed so heavily upon all classes, but especially upon the '*old republicans*,' that they welcomed the return of the Bourbons with an universal enthusiasm of joy. They expected peace and quiet; they looked to security and oblivion; they counted upon something like liberty, the value of which, even princes might have learnt by the evils which they had suffered from attempting to destroy it. 'All classes 'had suffered so much,' says he, 'that not a man could be 'found who did not give himself up to the most consoling hopes, 'and feel a momentary intoxication:—But the horizon did not 'long remain unclouded; joy continued but for a moment.'—The first disappointment which he dwells upon, arose from the

Digitized by Google

insults offered to the spirit of national pride, and the love of military glory—engendered, at least fostered and carried to its highest pitch, by the wars of the Revolution. This powerful feeling had met, he thinks, with only a slight degree of irritation, by the momentary reverse which led to the occupation of Paris; but he describes it as exasperated to the utmost extremity, by 'the conduct of the new sovereign.' 'Formerly,' says he, 'the Kings of England came to render homage to the Kings 'of France, as to their Sovereigns:—but Louis XVIII. has, 'on the contrary, declared to the Prince Regent of England, 'that under God, he owed his crown to him; and when his 'countrymen flew to meet him, and in order to decree that 'crown to him by an unanimous vote of the nation, he was in-'structed to answer, that he did not wish to receive it from 'their hands, that it was the inheritance of his fathers.—Then 'were our hearts closed—they were silent.' Thus was Louis XVIII., adds M. Carnot, advised to begin his career by the most violent of all outrages which a feeling people could receive. Yet, as there were no bounds to the sacrifices which they were prepared to make, all this, and even the loss of Belgium was forgotten; when a new disappointment went to the heart of every man who was alive to the cause of justice, or the sense of publick safety.

'Louis caused himself to be preceded by proclamations, which promised an oblivion of the past; which promised to preserve to each man his situation, his honours, his salary. In what manner have his Counsellors made him keep his promise? By causing him to drive from the Senate all those who might have appeared guilty in his eyes, had he not promised to forget every thing. But not an individual of those against whom the public opinion was raised—not one of those who, by the poison of their flattery to Napoleon, had reduced the French to the last degree of debasement. Thus it appears more and more evident, that flattery is the first want of Princes, under whatsoever title they may reign.

'In the same manner were excluded, with the most extreme diligence, those functionaries of a secondary class, whom perhaps an excessive love of liberty might have led astray. It is true that they have not as yet been formally proscribed—they are not as yet given up to the tribunals, but they are pointed out, by the very fact of their dismissal in their districts, to the animadversion of their fellow-citizens, as being suspected persons, and unworthy of the confidence of Government—they are marked with the seal of reprobation: And, if military men be spared a little,—if there appear a disposition to pardon their victories, which they are content with only marking by the appellation of impious, the reason may be easily conjectured.—Oh! how many heroic actions are condemned to oblivion, if they be not put down to the account of crimes!'

Digitized by Google

This is the most important matter discussed by M. Carnot; and the one deserving the fullest elucidation. We regret, therefore, that the facts are not more distinctly brought forward; indeed the form of the tract, a Memorial to the King, prevented it. The case, however, we believe, was exactly as follows.—When the Allies allowed the Provisional Government to choose a new constitution and dynasty, leaning, however, as is pretty well understood, towards the Bourbons, a proposition was sent to Louis XVIII, offering him the crown upon certain conditions. These were contained in a solemn decree of the Conservative Senate, passed on the sixth of April—adopted on the eighth by the Legislative Body—and consisting of twenty-nine articles. This decree has been termed, sometimes, the French Magna Charta,—and sometimes the French Bill of Rights;—nor would either name have been too high for it, had Frenchmen shown themselves as jealous of its infringement as our ancestors were wont to be (though often without effect) of royal encroachments upon our chartered liberties. Its provisions need not here be specially enumerated. We agree with M. Carnot, that some of them were hasty and injudicious, and that a revision at a quieter moment would have been desireable; but some principles were so fundamental, that to revise must be to fritter down the very corner-stone of the government; and to repeal, or in any degree to break in upon them, was an unjustifiable breach of faith. Of this number are the sixth, seventeenth and eighteenth, and the twenty-third. By the sixth, the places of all Senators, then in that situation, are preserved to them, with the exception of such as should renounce the rights of French citizens. By the seventeenth and eighteenth, the absolute independence of the courts of justice is decreed; and it is expressly added, that 'the Judges are for life, and irremoveable.' By the twenty-third, the entire liberty of the press is decreed, excepting in so far as offences resulting from its abuse are subject to punishment.

Here, then, are three most distinct and important enactments:—The hereditary continuance in their rank and functions of all Senators;—the continuance in office for life of all Judges;—and the freedom of printing without previous censorship. Then comes the last article of all,—that 'Louis 'Stanislaus Xavier of France (described as *brother of the last* '*King*, in the *second* article) shall be proclaimed King of the 'French, as soon as he shall have signed and sworn by an act, 'stating, "*I accept the constitution;—I swear to observe it, and* "*cause it to be observed.*" And this oath (adds the same article) 'shall be repeated in the solemnity, when he shall receive the 'oath of fidelity of the French.'

Digitized by Google

This decree was signed by many known republicans, and by some who had voted for Lewis XVIth's death;—as Sieyes, whose '*La mort sans phrase*' is well known,—and Garat, who actually read the sentence to that unfortunate Monarch. It was signed likewise by many staunch adherents of Buonaparte, and by such of the Marshals and Generals as were senators. It was published to the people in Paris, and the departments; it was made the leading argument for the adherence of the armies, and referred to in the letters which some of their commanders addressed to the Government. Surely it required great deliberation in Lewis XVIII, before he refused his acceptance of such an act of State. At all events, he ought speedily to have made up his mind, and either to have accepted or refused the conditions, by an open and distinct declaration; for, that the articles were so many conditions of his restoration, no man can pretend to doubt. If he left the communication unanswered, or did not object to the terms, it might fairly be presumed that he assented. But if he said nothing, and then proceeded to enter France as King, no one could deny that he came according to the decree, and under its provisions. To say nothing about the matter until he had fairly been suffered to reach Paris, upon the understanding that he had accepted the terms, and then to rely on the effects of popular enthusiasm in favour of the new order of things, for the chance of stepping out of the restrictions, is a proceeding that savours somewhat of low trick, and one infinitely beneath a great Monarch. The shameless violence, and open injustice of Napoleon, were vices of so much more manly a stamp, that they might almost be called virtues in the comparison.

Lewis XVIII. went, however, even beyond this;—he was silent until he approached Paris; and then he published a proclamation at the moment of his entrance, in which he approved, generally, of the basis chalked out in the decree—observing, that some 'things bearing the marks of precipitation, could not, in their present form, become fundamental laws.' This reservation came after the Senate and Marshals had been presented to him, and done him homage; nor was any experiment made of the effects which it might have produced upon the publick and the army, if issued before the King had reached his capital. Nevertheless, he states his firm resolution to adopt a free constitution, the details of which shall be discussed by the Legislature; and, in the mean time, he solemnly gives 'for the basis of that constitution, 'certain guarantees.' Of these, some are so vague that they may comprehend every thing, and therefore they mean nothing;—such is the third—'that public and individual liberty shall be 'secured.' Some are ambiguous, though calculated to deceive and to quiet alarms;—as the first, that 'the Representative Go-

Digitized by Google

'vernment shall be maintained the same as it exists this day, di-
'vided into two bodies, the Senate and the Chamber of Depu-
'ties:'—a stipulation, capable, no doubt, of being construed as only signifying, that the existing form of government should be preserved; but which, when coupled with the ninth and the twelfth, providing for the maintenance of the nobility new and old in their privileges, and for the absolute indemnity of all men from the consequences of former political conduct, must be allowed to carry the construction universally put upon it, that the individuals forming the Senate should be continued in their functions. At all events, we may be permitted to think, that any person, after reading these three articles, would have been little prepared to expect a proscription of certain Senators for the part which they had borne in the Revolution. One most important article, the fourth, is found to resemble the corresponding enactment of the decree in outward appearance, but with a very material alteration. It stipulates, that the 'liberty of 'the press shall be respected, saving the necessary precautions 'for the public tranquillity:'—a saving which may be extended to cover almost any restriction, even the Censorship, which the decree had plainly excluded. But the most interesting article of the whole is happily clear of all ambiguity;—we mean the eighth, which provides that 'the Judges shall be irremove-'able, and the judicial power independent.' We are aware that it may seem less explicit than might have been wished, upon the continuance in office of the existing Judges; but besides that their present removal was a thing wholly out of the question, and therefore their permanent continuance provided for by the force of the article, it is a matter of very trivial moment whether certain men shall continue in office or not, compared with the vastly more important point, settled by the article beyond all possibility of cavil, that whoever are once made Judges, shall be independent and irremoveable. In like manner, no doubt can now be entertained as to the infringement of this essential condition of the Restoration.

Such, then, were the fundamental stipulations upon which the King ultimately entered into his high office. Upon some matters of a subordinate, but not a trifling nature, he preserved a guarded silence—a silence, however, which might fairly be construed into acquiescence in the spirit of the decree. He had been there denominated Lewis of France, *brother of the last King*. In his proclamation he calls himself *Lewis, by the grace of God*, omitting the term XVIII, and leaving it doubtful whether he reckoned his nephew Lewis XVII, or considered himself as succeeding to his brother directly. The decree stated,

Digitized by Google

that he was freely *called* to the throne by the people;—the proclamation describes him as *called* to the throne of his ancestors. The decree names him King of the French;—the proclamation, King of France and Navarre. Thus, in the subordinate as well as the more important branches of the stipulations, some things were left in ambiguity; so that either sense might be adopted, as the current should be found to set in for or against the Court. Some remained not quite clear, yet with a manifest tendency to make the public suppose the original terms had been accepted; some were distinctly given in the words of those terms, beyond all chance of cavil; and some were as manifestly variations of the terms proposed.

We have already stated, that to delay answering the propositions of the Provisional Government until his entry into Paris, savoured little of good faith. To omit even then answering some of them, was still less frank and becoming. But to give ambiguous answers to any of them, was wholly inexcuseable, and could only have been safe in a crisis of popular enthusiasm. Where the terms proposed had been so perfectly explicit, silence respecting any of them might well have been interpreted as consent, more especially after the whole benefit had been taken of the most unqualified acceptance. Where an ambiguous answer was given under such circumstances, its subsequent construction might well be expected to receive its direction from the spirit of the original proposition, and to incline towards the benefit of the country. It does not become a Monarch, in so peculiar a situation, to special plead upon his royal word; to take advantage of his own loose expression, and to avail himself sometimes of an intentional ambiguity in his phrase—sometimes of a designed omission—sometimes of a violent and strained construction upon expressions of his own choice. 'If,' says M. Carnot, 'the persons of kings be justly held sacred, ought 'not their words to be so likewise, and show a superiority to all 'subterfuge? Is that then the loyalty of character which people 'are pleased always to look upon as the most noble appanage of 'the House of Bourbon?'—'Is it consistent' (says he in the conclusion of his Memorial) 'with the dignity of a Prince, to 'quibble on some obscure expressions of the Constitutional 'Charter, as if he was already sorry for having given it to us? 'And in case of any doubt arising, should it not always be interpreted in the most liberal manner? Should not a King 'rather go beyond than stop short of what he has promised? 'And ought not his ministers perpetually to remind him of 'that sublime passage in the proclamation of his ancestor Henry IV, when he was only King of Navarre, "*Who can say to* "*the King of Navarre that he has ever forfeited his royal word?*"

Digitized by Google

These are the sentiments of true regal glory; and they are the dictates too of republican honesty. If Lewis XVIII. had given ear to such councillors as the brave and upright man whose book lies before us, he would better have supported his claim to the proud title of Henry the Great's descendant, than by causing such flatteries to be blazoned through the medium of servile addresses and an enslaved press, while he was following councils which held up his conduct as a contrast alike to his mighty ancestor's actions, and his own recent professions. He might even have made us pass over the grossest of those flatteries, the preposterous epithet of *Louis le Désiré*, bestowed on one utterly forgotten, by showing that at least he deserved to be remembered. Let us see the councils which he has preferred to the path of real fame.

We pass over the immediate assumption of the title Lewis XVIII, the people having called him to the throne as Lewis XVII, that is, having refused to acknowledge the Dauphin as King. The offence given by this step cannot fail to be deep and lasting in the minds of all the Revolutionary party. Every acknowledgement has likewise been avoided, of the power from which his crown has come to him. He admitted, at first, that he received it from the love of his people; he now wears it as of divine and hereditary right. But the entire deviation from the spirit of some fundamental conditions of his recal, and the breach of others in the letter as well as spirit, merits more attention. The Senate has been *weeded* or *purified*, as the fashionable phrase is, of several members. Many persons have been removed from independent offices everywhere. The press has been subjected to a rigid censorship—by an act of the legislature, no doubt—but an act passed with the whole weight of the Government. No work can be printed under 320 pages, without the express permission of censors appointed by the Crown. Every newspaper, without any exception, is therefore carried on under the eye of the censors; and, to make the assurance of slavery doubly sure, the government has power summarily to stop the press of every printer. It may safely be said that there is no country in the world where the press is more enslaved by law; but the activity of the police seems to render this slavery, practically speaking, more strict than any where else. Then comes the most important matter of all. In the teeth of an express stipulation, both of the decree and the King's proclamation, the Judges are all continued in office during pleasure. They have not been removed; but neither have they been confirmed; and they are now invested with judicial functions, which the Court may at any moment strip them of, without assigning any reason. So much for the stipulated 'in-

Digitized by Google

dependence of judicial power'—so much for the royal word of the Great Henry's descendant and representative. Of these judges, many hold seats in the Legislative Body. Their votes there are liable to be influenced by the tenure of their places on the Bench; and others, to a much greater number, who expect to succeed them, are influenced by the prospect, and run with them the race of servility. So much for the purity of the legislature. A general election would give the people some power of checking this evil. It remains to be seen when the Court will venture upon such a compliance with the letter of the constitution. M. Carnot appears to have many doubts on this head; but in case any of our countrymen should anticipate much from the purity of French election, and should be disposed to reecho the praises of the New Government, rather hastily bestowed by some well-meaning men, who were led away by the fair appearance of a 'system of representation without rotten boroughs,' we may add, that the elective franchise is enjoyed by exactly one man in one thousand everywhere—a proportion which gives to the metropolis about six hundred electors, and converts towns of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants into something very like our Cornish boroughs or Scotch counties. So much for the purity, and, we may add, the uniformity, which is indeed perfect, of French elections. We are not chimerical enough to expect an improvement, at the present crisis, in the representative system of France; but at least we may be permitted to express a hope, for the sake of publick tranquillity in that country, so essential, as experience has proved it, to the peace of Europe, that Lewis XVIII. will at length listen to wiser and more honest councillors than those who have dared advise him to forfeit his royal word upon the most momentous interests on which ever monarch gave a pledge, the purity and independence of the Judges of the land.

The breach of faith, which we have been discussing, is not the only symptom of a dangerous nature observeable in the state of affairs at the court of the Restored King. M. Carnot complains of an universal system of partiality and exclusion; a marked preference of the persons who have been hostile to France during the last twenty-five years; an equally marked disregard of those who have stood by their country, and exalted it by arts or by arms. He thinks he sees a tendency to carry things still farther—to violate the security of person and property guaranteed so sacredly in the king's proclamation, but not certainly more sacredly than the already invaded independence of the judicial establishment. That such fears are groundless, who will assert? The breach of faith already committed is sufficient to warrant them. The partialities of the Court are almost equally

Digitized by Google

impolitic: they half gain a paltry set of a few hundred insatiable favourites, at the expense of the hearts of thirty millions of people. That a Court so circumstanced as the French King's should venture upon such an offensive policy, and ensure the dislike of the civil population, while the military are almost necessarily its enemies, would exceed the powers of belief, were not the history of past times but too fruitful in examples of Royal infatuation—always supposed impossible by the bystanders, until it was exhibited—and deemed safe by its victims up to the instant when it worked their irreparable destruction.

The object of M. Carnot, in his Memorial, was to warn the Court, through its august chief, of the danger; and endeavour betimes to check a career which he perceived was leading towards the repetition of every ill that had chequered the Revolutionary history of France. The moment the barrier was broken down, which at first had seemed to secure all persons, and therefore the restored Government, he appears to have apprehended that nothing was safe. Whether he came forward to gratify a factious disposition, or, at the risk of personal inconvenience, to discharge a solemn duty to the country he had so often served—to the cause of liberty for which he had suffered so largely—to the public tranquillity of which he had ever been the steady friend, we might leave to be determined from a view of his past conduct. To this we shall briefly advert, after extracting his own statement upon this point.

'Far from me be the most distant thought which could afford the least pretext for new troubles. On the contrary, I complain bitterly of those which some men are endeavouring to excite, by forming new parties. It is a certain fact that there were no parties at the time of Napoleon's resignation; it is certain that parties now exist, and it is assuredly not the former Republicans who have excited them. It was not they who filled the Journals with *diatribes* against themselves; it was not they who caused incendiary writings against the Constitutional Chart to be hawked about, which Chart is their guarantee. —It was not they who counselled his Majesty to elude the accomplishment of such promises as were favourable to them, and to fail in his royal word. Why, contrary to that word, are distinctions made, and those distinctions marked more strongly than ever, between those who remained attached to the person of the King. and those who remained attached to the soil of their country? That distinction was natural so long as the one was in arms against the other; but it ought to have been effaced as soon as the former repassed the sea which separated them.—When they set their feet again on their native soil, they then pretend to return as conquerors, who were reckoned as nothing in the crisis which has just passed!' p. 26, 27.

The translator of this tract has subjoined to it memoirs of its

Digitized by Google

illustrious author. These are exceedingly scanty, in comparison of the interest excited by the subject; they are, however, of some value; and, together with what is universally known of M. Carnot in the history of Europe, and in his own writings, they furnish the means of appreciating his public as well as private character. It is by no means our intention to write an eulogium;—we differ widely with him in many of his opinions;—we hold doctrines decidedly hostile to those which led to the King's death;—and although the crimes of the reign of terror cannot be in any degree ascribed to M. Carnot, who confined his attention wholly to his own department, we are of opinion, that when matters had gone so far, it was the duty of an honest man to have retired from all fellowship with the monsters of the day, even at the risk of destruction; in short, that he ought to have treated Robespierre as he afterwards did Buonaparte. Moreover, we are disposed to see in his early conduct a considerable portion of enthusiasm of which we cannot partake, although certainly it may have flowed from the feelings of a virtuous mind. With these large qualifications, we shall recal to the reader's recollection the singular career of this extraordinary personage.

M. Carnot was born at Nolay in Burgundy in the year 1753. His father was a respectable lawyer, and placed him in the artillery, where he soon distinguished himself by his scientific attainments. Before he was twenty, he had published several mathematical works, an Eloge of Vauban, crowned by the Academy of Dijon, besides some poetical pieces; and these various literary talents had opened to him the door of several learned academies. His genius in his profession was eminent; and much has been said of the patronage which he received from the Condé family. If the statement be true, it only proves the insuperable obstacles to rising merit, when unsupported by rank and fortune, under the old regime; for with all his acknowledged talents, and such princely patronage, he had only attained the rank of Captain at the period of the Revolution, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. Buonaparte, educated in precisely the same way, and with similar talents for war, having the Director Carnot for his patron, in times of comparative freedom, received the command of armies at the age of twenty-six. Being chosen a Member of the Legislative Assembly in September 1791, he took a very decided part for republican measures; and after the too famous tenth of August (1792) he was sent to notify the abolition of royalty to the armies. He voted, as is well known, for the king's death; an act, of which it may be said as was said in this country upon a similar occasion, that it was not a deed done in a corner; nor can we fail to recollect the observation of

Digitized by Google

Mr Fox upon the infinitely greater guilt which belongs to the perpetration of such executions in despotic countries. Let it in nowise be thought that we defend the regicides; we hold the Convention to have acted unjustifiably in assuming judicial functions, and still more culpably in executing the sentence when they perceived that it was carried by a small majority. But, in fairness to all parties, we must regard it as a proceeding carried on in the midst of revolution and civil wars, when ordinary laws are silenced by the strife of perpetual convulsion, and no man possesses the entire freedom of acting as his unbiased conscience or his judgment would dictate. All France, say the persons who concurred in this unhappy measure, demanded punishment; thousands and thousands in arms beset the Legislature; it was impossible the victim should escape; but if the Convention let him go, they, as well as he, must have been sacrificed. Then, reply the enemies of the Revolution—Better have perished and involved France in civil war, than assented to an act of injustice. Between the two opinions we presume not here to decide; but we may observe, that those who hold the latter dogma, and follow it up by inexorable censures of the regicides, must allow some parallels at least to their guilt.—The English Parliament has more than once been hurried by popular delusions, and even by threats of violence, into acts of attainder—in one memorable instance, after the common course of law had let the party go free: Nor does any one now very severely condemn an individual, because he voted for Strafford's attainder; nor is even the king himself, who sacrificed his friend to his fears, made an object of violent abuse by the most implacable enemies of the French convention. But in *our* eyes, this is no vindication of the latter; and still less are we disposed to cite examples from regular despotical courts, where a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, are strangled to make way for a successor, or to ensure his tranquillity; and yet the monarch so raised to the throne, or so propped upon it, shall be all but deified and adored throughout the remainder of his reign, by the friends of social order, and the zealots of the true church. It is, however, because we are consistent, and detest such proceedings, whether undertaken by prince or by people, whether intended to raise up a monarch or to pull him down, that we have already more than once expressed our decided opinion respecting the trial and condemnation of Lewis XVI. It is, however, essentially necessary to add, that this opinion can only be applied to the particular circumstances of the case. To assert that the persons of kings are sacred, as an absolute and unlimited proposition; to deny their responsibility in all cases, is to destroy the fundamental doctrine of resistance upon which our free constitution was

Digitized by Google

originally built, and which is the true bulwark of all liberty. That the cases are rare, and only such as set ordinary rules of government and procedure at defiance;—that the peace of the world depends upon holding monarchs to be irresponsible in all ordinary circumstances—is equally manifest. But we should in vain endeavour to find an excuse for the patriots of 1688, who took arms against James II. and proscribed him and his family, and afterwards set a price on his son's head;—in vain should we seek a palliation for their ancestors in still more critical times, who fought the battles of freedom with Charles I., if we wholly refuse to hear the plea of M. Carnot and his colleagues, that all France was resolved to dethrone and punish Lewis XVI., and that an united nation has a right to decide those matters for itself. It is very possible that their decision may have been wrong; that the grounds which justified our conduct towards James II. and his son, did not exist in the case of Lewis. We argue not so much on the merits of the case, as on the question of competency and jurisdiction; and though it may be a bold judgment, to pronounce that all France was deceived, it may also be a right one;—whereas, to deny all power of deciding, must be an erroneous judgment.

To resume our historical notices—Early in 1793 M. Carnot was sent, as representative of the nation, with the Army of the North; and he immediately displayed his characteristic decision and boldness, by cashiering General Gratien on the field of battle for retiring before the enemy—by putting himself at the head of his columns, and renewing the attack. Being appointed a member of the too famous Committee of Publick Safety, he was invested with the entire superintendance of the war. With the other proceedings of that body, or of Robespierre's sanguinary reign, he is universally allowed to have had no concern. It was well known that he was an object of the utmost jealousy to the miscreants who then tyrannized over France, without the semblance of any talent except those of secrecy and intrigue,—or the shadow of any virtue but the equivocal merit of courage, and a republican simplicity of life, the result of taste perhaps, rather than of principle. While the war raged in every quarter, the vast genius of him who was its main spring, and who directed all its movements, sometimes also superintending them in the field, was indispensably necessary to the government; but it is well known that he was devoted to destruction, the moment that either the war should terminate, or some unforeseen misfortunes attend the republican arms. To recount the brilliant events of those campaigns which M. Carnot conducted with undivided power, would be a needless and an ungrateful task. England, and Europe, have paid too dearly for his glory; and the

Digitized by Google

revolutionary phrase, which described him as having '*organized victory*,' though somewhat uncouth or unclassical, is certainly not an exaggerated statement of the certain and scientific progress of his consummate genius.

After Robespierre's fall, he bore a principal part in the bold and energetic conduct by which the Government put down the anarchy of the Clubs, and the rebellion of the Sections. Both then, and in the establishment of the Directory, he contributed more than any other individual to the termination of the Revolution. During the last scenes of that anarchy, he made that bold and manly stand against the proscription of Billaud Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and their associates, which especially contributed to the peace of the country. They were wretches whom he had ever shunned with detestation—by whom he had been repeatedly accused—who had uniformly and greedily thirsted for his blood during the reign of terror; but he plainly saw, that if they were now attacked, however justly their lives were forfeited—the retribution would not stop here, and the wounds of the country must once more be opened. He came forward then, and threw himself into the same ship with them; he insisted upon sharing their fate; he avowed himself their colleague, in order to protect them; and thus effectually prevented the vengeance of the nation from falling on their heads, —not because their lives had not been forfeited, but because it was impossible to stop, if punishment once began. He prevailed so far as to have them only banished; and he sacrificed in the struggle his own high station among the rulers of the country, retiring into the more private rank of a legislator, until the establishment of the new constitution in 1795, when he was placed in the Directory by the united voice of the country, and again ruled the destinies of France and of the Continent, by presiding over the military affairs of the Republic.

In September 1797, the celebrated *Revolution on* 18. *Fructidor* was effected by the party who had always opposed his views of moderation in foreign policy,—views which wisely prescribed to France the Rhine as her boundary,—and an honourable peace with her neighbours, grounded upon their independence,—more especially that of Switzerland, and the free German States. Rejecting all measures, even of self-defence, which might have plunged his country into a civil war; refusing the support of the army, under his illustrious friend Moreau; and preferring the temporary cloud of suspicion cast over him by his crafty adversaries as if he were leagued with Pichegru in his treasons, to all the distinctions of the first place in the government, obtained through the miseries of internal commotion, and kept by measures hostile to liberty, he retired into voluntary exile;

Digitized by Google

and after a life of more power and splendour, than usually falls to the lot of absolute monarchs, passed some years in obscurity and want, among the free and honest Swiss, to whom he had shown himself so warm a friend. The favourite studies of his earlier days now became the solace of his retirement; and it may be presumed, that he then laid the foundation of those profound researches in the higher branches of the Mathematicks, which have rendered his name as conspicuous in the scientific, as it is in the political world.

When Buonaparte returned from Egypt, he recalled to power the man who had given him the command of the army of Italy, and prepared the signal successes of his first campaigns. The last act of his government, before leaving Paris to review the famous army of reserve at Dijon, * was to place M. Carnot at the head of the war department; and the publick will still recollect the sensation of awe with which the account of his preparations were received by them, when the papers announced, that after arranging every thing for the extended operations of the campaign, then about to open, as Mr Fox said, from the Mincio to the Maine, 'this consummate minister made a rapid progress round the depôts, corps, and head quarters, of the various forces, in order to satisfy himself that all was right previous to the first movements of the troops.' After a short pause of fearful expectation, it was found, that the whole faults of the Directory had been repaired,—the victories of Suwarrow and the Archduke were forgotten,—Italy was reconquered in a day;—and the masterly campaign of Moreau, by slower but more scientifick movements, carried the French standards over Blenheim and Hochstet, to the gates of Vienna.

The ambition of Buonaparte was soon found to be irreconcileable with the liberty of France. A few months destroyed all M. Carnot's fond hopes, that he would give his country a free constitution, and thus acquire far greater glory than ever gilded the summits of power. Once more, therefore, he resigned his high employments, and retired into the bosom of his family

* We mean that army, in whose *existence* it was reckoned disaffected to believe, by our English Carnots, Mr Pitt and Mr Dundas; until this restriction was graciously removed, upon receiving intelligence, that it had availed itself of the season of disbelief, to cross the Alps, and gain the battle of Marengo! It is said, that there are no men whom experience will not teach: accordingly, since the period in question, our Statesmen (if we except Mr Frere of Madrid) have never shown any scepticism respecting the existence of armies; indeed, some of them in 1803 went into the other extreme, and saw armaments which were not.

Digitized by Google

and his books. In March 1802, he was called again into public life, by being chosen as a member of the Tribunate, where he strenuously asserted his free principles—unfettered by slavish party—uninfluenced by the fears or the hopes of professional statesmen. He often opposed the Government alone;—he gave his vote against the assumption of the Consulship for life;—and, in the year 1804, he stood single in the Tribunate, and raised his voice against the assumption of the Imperial dignity, with all the energy of his commanding eloquence, and the powerful weight of his character, at once so much esteemed and admired by his countrymen. 'Shall we,' he exclaimed, 'because this man 'has restored the peace and prosperity of his country, reward 'him with the sacrifice of her best interests—the very liberty 'which we are grateful to him for preserving? Shall we re-'place the pride and heroism of the masculine republican virtues, 'by ridiculous vanity—by vile adulation—by unbridled ava-'rice—by carelessness the most entire for the national prosperi-'ty? Has freedom then been shown to man, that he might 'never enjoy it? Perpetually presented to him, is it a fruit 'which his hand may not reach, without being struck dead? 'Has our common nature, indeed, been so much a stepmo-'ther, as to make the most pressing of all our wants, that one 'which we must never gratify?—No. I will not consent to re-'gard this greatest good, so universally prized above all others, 'except as one without which all others are mere illusions.—'My heart tells me, that liberty is practicable; and that a free 'government is more easy, and more stable, than the gloomy 'stillness of despotism, or the capricious and selfish abuses of 'an oligarchical system.' It is pleasing to dwell upon such words;—they were indeed the last accents of expiring freedom, in that great country which has sacrificed so lavishly for its independence, and is still so far distant from the purchase of so much blood.

When the Tribunate was suppressed in 1806, M. Carnot again retired into private life, all intercourse with the new dynasty being of course at an end. He remained in a state of complete seclusion, surrounded by his family and his books, and seeing only from time to time such few of the mathematicians as dared encounter the displeasure of the Court, by cultivating his acquaintance. His retirement, thus graced by letters, was not interrupted and disfigured by the intriguing movements of a restless discontent. He kept his word religiously, of attempting nothing against the Government, how much soever he disapproved of it, and had in the beginning opposed its formation. At length, in the month of January last, after an interval of nearly eight years, passed in neglect and obscurity, see-

Digitized by Google

ing the threatened return of the Bourbons, 'whom all France 'had sworn to exclude for ever,' and preferring to the probable horrors of a counter-revolution even the government of the existing tyrant, he made a tender of his services to him in his adversity, whom he had singly opposed in the fullness of his power and fortunes. The offer was accepted, and the command of Antwerp entrusted to him. There he had no sooner arrived, than the place was deemed by all to be impregnable; and it is said that the beseiging army, suspending its operations, for a while retired.—He held his post to the last, amidst all attacks, and refused to surrender it though required by the provisional government, until the complete establishment of Lewis XVIII. justified him in obeying his orders; and then he gave it up safe into his hands, adhering, with his generals, staff, and army, to the constitutional charter. The prevailing belief is, that he was intreated to accept of command and place under the restored dynasty; but that he declined. Certain it is, that he gave up all communication with the Court the instant that he perceived the base policy adopted of breaking and evading the conditions of their restoration—and, for the sake of arresting a course so fatal to his country, he presented the Memorial which has given occasion to these remarks. He then withdrew into his obscure retreat, as on so many former occasions, when his principles had called upon him to make the sacrifice. He left office once more, as poor as when he entered on it; having lost about half of a very moderate paternal fortune in the course of the revolution; and never availed himself, even for the ordinary comforts of his family, of the unexampled opportunities of amassing wealth, which he had so often enjoyed without the possibility of inquiry or suspicion.

The literary character of this remarkable person ought perhaps to have claimed the precedence in these pages. He has since the revolution published three mathematical works, besides occasional contributions to the Memoirs of the Institute, and his celebrated answer to Bailleul in 1797. The *Geometrie de la Position*, in one quarto volume, appeared in 1802, while he was still actively occupied with state affairs. It is a work of great research and ingenuity; abounding in mathematical learning, and showing much skill in the management of the calculus. But we conceive him to have been considerably misled by his notions respecting negative quantities; an aberration (so to speak) which he shares with several eminent analysts of our own country, whose strict views of the subject, have sometimes gotten them the title of *purists*. The '*Principes fondamentaux de l'equilibre* '*et du mouvement*,' appeared in 1803, being an enlargement of an Essay on Machines, published by him in 1783. It contains,

Digitized by Google

together with many interesting views of the principles of dynamics, several curious applications of the calculus of variations, and some very original investigations connected with the famous principle of Least Action. The last of these works was first published, we believe, about 1806, and a second edition appeared last year;—it is entitled '*Reflexions sur la Metaphysique du calcul Infinitesimal,*' and shows a remarkable precision and clearness of intellect upon the nicest subjects of inquiry, with considerable felicity in the management of the calculus. Its principal merit, however, consists in the development of the fundamental doctrines of fluxions, and the calculus of variations in a connected and systematic manner, and tracing the connexions of the various kinds of calculus which we have denominated fluxional. There is a curious speculation also on Impossible Quantities,—but tinctured with the author's notions respecting the negative sign.

In contemplating the extraordinary career of this eminent person, we presume there will be little hesitation in directing the chief portion of our admiration towards his spirit of independence and dauntless integrity. Brilliant as have been his various talents, and the successes they have led to, the portion of his life which has been passed in retirement shine with a lustre less dazzling perhaps, but far more captivating to the good and the wise. To struggle with arbitrary power, and free an enslaved land, or abandon life, or what is vulgarly deemed glory in the attempt, is doubtless one of the noblest efforts of virtue. But we know not if the sacrifice to principle is not more difficult, which he makes, who, endowed with the power of serving his country and mankind by his talents, foregoes the delights of active exertion, and, to avoid base compliances, withdraws altogether from the scenes of his former renown. To give up vulgar wealth and splendour;—to cease filling the mouths of men, or attracting their gaze;—to relinquish the higher pleasures of power, appears a much less costly price to pay for the lasting serenity of a self-approving conscience. But years of complete inactivity, to one who, like Carnot, had governed France, and pointed her thunders over Europe; a contented seclusion from scenes where he can only hear of inferior men marring his own great work; a transition to the Mathematics, from the boundless experience of his talents for command, and in a man enthusiastically devoted to his principles of government;—this is indeed a reach of public virtue approaching to the grandeur of the ideal character. Its recompense is to be found, perhaps, in the real good which such examples render to mankind—unless indeed the escape from a fellowship with petty intrigues and profligate partizans, should be deemed of itself a sufficient reward for any sacrifice.

Digitized by Google

ART. XI. *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since.* In three Volumes 12mo. pp. 1112. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1814.

IT is wonderful what genius and adherence to nature will do, in spite of all disadvantages. Here is a thing obviously very hastily, and, in many places, very unskilfully written—composed, one half of it, in a dialect unintelligible to four-fifths of the reading population of the country—relating to a period too recent to be romantic, and too far gone by to be familiar—and published, moreover, in a quarter of the island where materials and talents for novel-writing have been supposed to be equally wanting; and yet, by the mere force and truth and vivacity of its colouring, already casting the whole tribe of ordinary novels into the shade, and taking its place rather with the most popular of our modern poems, than with the rubbish of provincial romances.

The secret of this success, we take it, is merely that the author is a person of genius; and that he has, notwithstanding, had virtue enough to be true to nature throughout, and to content himself, even in the marvellous parts of his story, with copying from actual existences, rather than from the phantasms of his own imagination. The charm which this communicates to all works that deal in the representation of human actions and characters, is more readily felt than understood, and operates with unfailing efficacy even upon those who have no acquaintance with the originals from which the picture has been borrowed. It requires no ordinary talent, indeed, to choose such realities as may outshine the bright imaginations of the inventive, and so to combine them as to produce the most advantageous effect; but when this is once accomplished, the result is sure to be something more firm, impressive, and engaging, than can ever be produced by mere fiction. There is a consistency in nature and truth, the want of which may always be detected in the happiest combinations of fancy; and the consciousness of their support gives a confidence and assurance to the artist, which encourages him occasionally to risk a strength of colouring, and a boldness of drawing, upon which he would scarcely have ventured in a sketch that was purely ideal. The reader, too, who by these or still finer indications, speedily comes to perceive that he is engaged with scenes and characters that are copied from existing originals, naturally lends a more eager attention to the story in which they are unfolded, and regards with a keener interest what he no longer considers as a bewildering series of dreams and exaggerations—but an instructive exposition of human actions and energies, and of all the singu-

Digitized by Google

lar modifications which our plastic nature receives from the circumstances with which it is surrounded.

The object of the work before us, was evidently to present a faithful and animated picture of the manners and state of society that prevailed in this northern part of the island, in the earlier part of last century; and the author has judiciously fixed upon the era of the Rebellion in 1745, not only as enriching his pages with the interest inseparably attached to the narration of such occurrences, but as affording a fair opportunity for bringing out all the contrasted principles and habits which distinguished the different classes of persons who then divided the country, and formed among them the basis of almost all that was peculiar in the national character. That unfortunate contention brought conspicuously to light, and for the last time, the fading image of feudal chivalry in the mountains, and vulgar fanaticism in the plains; and startled the more polished parts of the land with the wild but brilliant picture of the devoted valour, incorruptible fidelity, patriarchal brotherhood, and savage habits, of the Celtic Clans on the one hand,—and the dark, untractable, and domineering bigotry of the Covenanters on the other. Both forms of society had indeed been prevalent in the other parts of the country,—but had there been so long superseded by more peaceable habits, and milder manners, that their vestiges were almost effaced, and their very memory nearly forgotten. The feudal principalities had been extinguished in the South for near three hundred years,—and the dominion of the Puritans from the time of the Restoration. When the glens of the central Highlands, therefore, were opened up to the gaze of the English, it seemed as if they were carried back to the days of the Heptarchy;—when they saw the array of the West-country Whigs, they might imagine themselves transported to the age of Cromwell. The effect, indeed, is almost as startling at the present moment; and one great source of the interest which the volumes before us undoubtedly possess, is to be sought in the surprise that is excited by discovering, that in our own country, and almost in our own age, manners and characters existed, and were conspicuous, which we had been accustomed to consider as belonging to remote antiquity, or extravagant romance.

The way in which they are here represented must satisfy every reader, we think, by an inward *tact* and conviction, that the delineation has been made from actual experience and observation;—experience and observation employed perhaps only on a few surviving relics and specimens of what was familiar a little earlier—but generalized from instances sufficiently numerous and complete, to warrant all that may have been added to the portrait:—And indeed the records and vestiges of the more extraordinary parts

Digitized by Google

of the representation are still sufficiently abundant, to satisfy all who have the means of consulting them, as to the perfect accuracy of the picture. The great traits of Clannish dependence, pride, and fidelity, may still be detected in many districts of the Highlands, though they do not now adhere to the chieftains when they mingle in general society; and the existing contentions of Burghers and Antiburghers, and Cameronians, though shrunk into comparative insignificance, and left indeed without protection to the ridicule of the profane, may still be referred to, as complete verifications of all that is here stated about Gifted Gilfillan, or Ebenezer Cruickshank. The traits of Scottish national character in the lower ranks, can still less be regarded as antiquated or traditional; nor is there any thing in the whole compass of the work which gives us a stronger impression of the nice observation and graphical talents of the author, than the extraordinary fidelity and felicity with which all the inferior agents in the story are represented. No one who has not lived extensively among the lower orders of all descriptions, and made himself familiar with their various tempers and dialects, can perceive the full merit of those rapid and characteristic sketches; but it requires only a general knowledge of human nature, to feel that they must be faithful copies from known originals; and to be aware of the extraordinary facility and flexibility of hand which has touched, for instance, with such discriminating shades, the various gradations of the Celtic character, from the savage imperturbability of Dugald Mahony, who stalks grimly about with his battle-axe on his shoulder, without speaking a word to any body,—to the lively unprincipled activity of Callum Beg,—the coarse unreflecting hardihood and heroism of Evan Maccombich,—and the pride, gallantry, elegance and ambition of Fergus himself. In the lower class of the Lowland characters, again, the vulgarity of Mrs Flockhart and of Lieutenant Jinker is perfectly distinct and original;—as well as the puritanism of Gilfillan and Cruickshank—the atrocity of Mrs Mucklewrath—and the slow solemnity of Alexander Saunderson. The Baron of Bradwardine, and Baillie Macwheeble, are caricatures no doubt, after the fashion of the caricatures in the novels of Smollet,—or pictures, at the best, of individuals who must always have been unique and extraordinary: but almost all the other personages in the history are fair representatives of classes that are still existing, or may be remembered at least to have existed, by many whose recollections do not extend quite so far back as to the year 1745. We are speaking, however, of the book, as if our readers were already familiar with its contents—and its great popularity perhaps entitles us to do so: But it will be safer, and more decorous, at all events, to preface the extracts we propose to make from it, with a short account of the story.

Digitized by Google

It is not very skilfully adjusted—though narrated with so much ease and rapidity as to be on the whole very interesting. Waverley is the representative of an old and opulent Jacobite family in the centre of England—educated at home in an irregular manner, and living, till the age of majority, mostly in the retirement of his paternal mansion—where he reads poetry, feeds his fancy with romantic musings, and acquires amiable dispositions, and something of a contemplative, passive, and undecided character. All the English adherents of the abdicated family having renounced any serious hopes of the cause long before the year 1745, the guardians of young Waverley were induced, in that celebrated year, to allow him to enter into the army, as the nation was then engaged in foreign war—and a passion for military glory had always been one of the characteristics of his line. He obtains a commission, accordingly, in a regiment of horse, then stationed in Scotland, and proceeds forthwith to head-quarters. Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine Esq. of Tully-Veolan in Perthshire, had been an antient friend of the house of Waverley, and had been enabled, by their good offices, to get over a very awkward rencontre with the King's Attorney-General soon after the year 1715. The young heir was accordingly furnished with credentials to this faithful ally; and took an early opportunity of paying his respects at the antient mansion of Tully-Veolan. The house and its inhabitants, and their way of life, are admirably described. The Baron himself had been bred a lawyer; and was by choice a diligent reader of the Latin classics. His profession, however, was that of arms; and having served several campaigns on the Continent, he had superadded, to the pedantry and jargon of his forensic and academical studies, the technical slang of a German martinet—and a sprinkling of the coxcombry of a French mousquetaire. He was, moreover, prodigiously proud of his ancestry; and, with all his peculiarities, which, to say the truth, are rather more than can be decently accumulated in one character, was a most honourable, valiant, and friendly person. He had one fair daughter, and no more—who was gentle, feminine, and affectionate. Waverley, though struck at first with the strange manners of this northern baron, is at length domesticated in the family; and is led, by curiosity, to pay a visit to the cave of a famous Highland robber or freebooter, from which he is conducted to the castle of a neighbouring chieftain, and sees the Highland life in all its barbarous but captivating characters. This chief is Fergus Vich Ian Vohr—a gallant and ambitious youth, zealously attached to the cause of the exiled family, and busy, at the moment, in fomenting the insurrection, by which his sanguine spirit never

Digitized by Google

doubted that their restoration was to be effected. He has a sister still more enthusiastically devoted to the same cause—recently returned from a residence at the Court of France, and dazzling the romantic imagination of Waverley not less by the exaltation of her sentiments, than his eyes by her elegance and beauty. While he lingers in this perilous retreat, he is suddenly deprived of his commission, in consequence of some misunderstandings and misrepresentations which it is unnecessary to detail; and in the first heat of his indignation, is almost tempted to throw himself into the array of the Children of Ivor, and join the insurgents, whose designs are no longer seriously disguised from him. He takes, however, the more prudent resolution of returning, in the first place, to his family; but is stopped, on the borders of the Highlands, by the magistracy, whom rumours of coming events had made more than usually suspicious, and forwarded as a prisoner to Stirling. On the march he is rescued by a band of unknown Highlanders, who ultimately convey him in safety to Edinburgh, and deposit him in the hands of his friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, who was mounting guard with his Highlanders at the antient palace of Holyrood, where the Royal Adventurer was then actually holding his court. A combination of temptations far too powerful for such a temper, now beset Waverley; and, inflamed at once by the ill usage he thought he had received from the Government — the recollection of his hereditary predilections — his friendship and admiration of Fergus—his love for his sister—and the graceful condescension and personal solicitations of the unfortunate Prince,—he rashly vows to unite his fortunes with theirs, and enters as a volunteer in the ranks of the Children of Ivor.

During his attendance at the court of Holyrood, his passion for the magnanimous Flora is gradually abated by her continued indifference, and too entire devotion to the public cause; and his affections gradually decline upon Miss Bradwardine, who has leisure for less important concernments. He accompanies the Adventurer's army, and signalizes himself in the battle of Preston,—where he has the good fortune to save the life of an English officer, who turns out to be an intimate friend of his family, and remonstrates with him with considerable effect on the rash step he has taken. It is now impossible, however, he thinks, to recede with honour; and he pursues the disastrous career of the invaders into England—during which he quarrels, and is again reconciled to Fergus—till he is finally separated from his corps in the confusion and darkness of the night-skirmish at Clifton—and, after lurking for some time in concealment, finds his way to London, where he is protected by the grateful friend

Digitized by Google

whose life he had saved at Preston, and sent back to Scotland till some arrangements could be made about his pardon. Here he learns the final discomfiture of his former associates—is fortunate enough to obtain both his own pardon, and that of old Bradwardine—and, after making sure of his interest in the heart of the young lady, at last bethinks him of going to give an account of himself to his family at Waverley-Honour.—In his way, he attends the assizes at Carlisle, where all his efforts are ineffectual to avert the fate of his gallant friend Fergus—whose heroic demeanour in that last extremity, is depicted with great feeling;—has a last interview with the desolated Flora—obtains the consent of his friends to his marriage with Miss Bradwardine—puts the old Baron in possession of his forfeited manor, and, in due time, carries his blooming bride to the peaceful shades of his own paternal abode.

Such is the outline of the story;—although it is broken and diversified with so many subordinate incidents, that what we have now given, will afford but a very inadequate idea even of the narrative part of this performance. Though that narrative is always lively and easy, however, we think the great charm of the work consists in the characters and descriptions—of which we must now present our readers with a few specimens. We may begin with the hero's first approach to the mansion of Tully-Veolan; in which those who have visited the more unfrequented parts of our country, will easily recognize many features with which they must be familiar.

'It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandame, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed, like a sybil in frenzy, out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for every thing he saw, has recorded,

Digitized by Google

as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist: But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr Dent's dog-bill.

'As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger, and the form and motions of the horses; and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little groupe at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and with their thin short-gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing; for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan; the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of those quick motions and eager looks that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid: and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children also, whose skins were burned black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

'About a bow-shot from the end of the village appeared the enclosures, proudly denominated the parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls

Digitized by Google

five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampant bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. The avenue was straight, and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chesnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a very deep and rich verdure, excepting where a foot-path, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, and battlemented on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with ascending lines leading into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung from the aperture up the dark and sombre avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

'The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic; and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some non-descript kind of projections called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle, a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musquetry, and iron stancheons on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other of-

Digitized by Google

fices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, " rather a prison for murderers and larceners, and such like as are tried at sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle." Above these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called girnels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue, and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the enclosure. It was not without its ornaments. In one corner, was a tun-bellied pigeon-house, of great size and rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dyke.

' Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone bason, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, " *Bewar the Bar,* " cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Every thing around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued splashing of the fountain ; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up." I. p. 99—111.

This enchanted castle appears at first to be utterly deserted ;—and it is not till after he has wandered over the whole premises, that he at last finds any body to announce his arrival to the Baron, who soon appears stalking with unconscionable strides, in a kind of French suit, half rustic and half military. It is but fair, however, to let the author himself complete the introduction of this mighty champion.

' At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend, had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes ; when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *à-la-mode Françoise,* and kissed him on both sides of the face ; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *accolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest. " Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, " but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr Waverley ! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley Honour—*spes altera,* as Maro hath it—and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley; not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems,* as my

Digitized by Google

Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son epouse.*—And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed.—And how does the worthy knight baronet and the fair Mrs Rachael?—Ah, ye laugh, young man; but she was the fair Mrs Rachael in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes—*et singula prædantur anni*—that is most certain. But, once again, ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan!—Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Chateau Margoux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to Dundee in the year 1713." I. 130—132.

By good luck, a party of the neighbours came to dine that day at Tully-Veolan, who are thus enumerated by their worthy host, for the information of the new-comer.

'They were all, as the Baron assured him, very estimable persons. "There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports—*gaudet equis et canibus*—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *untill* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Damnonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Cirencester.) He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—*servabit odorem testa diu*—and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the Border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir,—ye would hardly believe such a scandal,—but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, intermarried with the lady dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded taillie, and to the prejudice of the disponer's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tipperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing lawsuit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman-sentinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eighth, ninth, or tenth generation, his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last words in the mouths of us men of unblemished race—*vix ea nostra voco*, as Naso saith.—There is, besides, a clergy-

Digitized by Google

man of the true (though suffering) Episcopal Church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a whiggish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-place of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My baron-baillie and doer, Mr Duncan Macwheeble, is the third of our list. There is a question, owing to the incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble; but both have produced persons eminent in the law.' " I. p. 134–37.

The repast, and its consequences, are described with great spirit—and admirable fidelity to the old style of Scottish hospitality. We can only afford to give the later acts of it.

' At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated him, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley of Ben Jonson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relique of the olden time. " It represents, " he said, " the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as ye observe, and *rampant*, &c.—Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of Saint Duthac, abbot of Abberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine, (though old Dr Doublet used jocosely to call it Ursa Major), and was supposed, in old and catholic times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the antient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley." During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a cobwebbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

' Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate mot-

Digitized by Google

to, "Beware the bear;" but plainly foresaw, that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table, if possible, and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconvenience from the draught than he he could possibly have expected, The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation; "the good wine did its good office." The frost of etiquette, and pride of birth, began to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other, were now familiarly abbreviated into Tully, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life. As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the Baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley, from the same motive, and to enjoy, after this feverish revel, the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's, the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan, by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called *dock and dorroch*, a stirrup-cup, to the honour of the Baron's roof tree.

'Widow Macleary seemed to have expected this visit; as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merry-bouts, not only at Tully-Veolan, but at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland, Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude to their entertainer's hospitality, encouraged the trade of his change-house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by spending what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night, in the general license of a tavern.

'Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at Midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form, upon the sites which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had al-

Digitized by Google

ready taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated *a Tappit Hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, reamed (*i. e.* mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

'It was soon plain, that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured, were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which began to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade the gaily circling glass. The rest began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-à-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and bottom-dressing, and year-olds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a grey-hound called Whistler.' I. 140–149.

The scene naturally enough ends with a quarrel, in which the Baron and the laird set to with drawn swords; and the final catastrophe of the evening is thus described.

'Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants; but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture, at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint-stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no great stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthen partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Lot, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, "Wad their honours slay each other there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lea-land in the country to fight upon?" a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every whig, presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to Land's End, and was with difficulty got to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a

Digitized by Google

word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.' I. 155—157.

One morning, all the worthy Baron's milch cows are discovered to have been carried off in the night, by some depredators from the Highlands;—and while the whole family are in consternation at the occurrence, a messenger arrives from Vich Ian Vohr, by whose agency they are ultimately recovered.

'While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander, fully armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition, without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout dark man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, showed his sinewy and clean-made limbs; the goat-skin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk and steel-wrought pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a Duinhé-Wassell, or sort of gentleman; a broad sword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other hand he pulled off his bonnet; and the Baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, "Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich, what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?"

"Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," said the ambassador, in good English, "greets you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forbears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say, you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning."

'To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of Clan Ivor to be a wellwisher to the *King*, and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles; "for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

Digitized by Google

'This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

'Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr Macwheeble some subordinate articles, with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy; and apparently the Baillie found means to satisfy their ally without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels, than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Maccombich having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off;—they have broken the bone," he observed, "but have had no time to suck the marrow." I. 232-36.

Waverley is induced, by a natural curosity, to accompany this person in his expedition;—and accordingly they set out on foot late in the afternoon. The history of this excursion includes some of the finest and most characteristic scenes in the work.

'It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford comunication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage, which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and showed it partially, chafed by an hundred rocks, and broken by an hundred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand, the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessibility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copsewood, with which some pines were intermingled.

'The pass issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty, and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them occasionally; on which occasions, Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by showing that he did not fear wetting his feet.

Digitized by Google

'Through the gorge of this glen, they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit-holes, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracks which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin-soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to show them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very stony hill, which it was the travellers' next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant, and not dark: and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

'In a short time, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, showed obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains, with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool, and yet mild air of the summer night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

'He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sate on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, and left by his guide.

'While wrapt in these dreams of imagination, his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, "Yon's ta cove." A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured splash arrived near and more near; and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal; and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was

Digitized by Google

seated. He advanced to meet them with his attendant; was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers; and had no sooner seated himself, than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

'The party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chaunt of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire; but whether kindled upon an island or the mainland, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer; and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially enlightened by pallid moonlight.

'The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pine-wood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been kindled as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave; and then shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter with the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point, or platform, of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' length farther, stopped where the cavern, for it was already arched overhead, ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rock, so easy and regular, that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment, a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

'The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen couched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously

Digitized by Google

called his *spence* (or pantry), there hung by the heels the carcases of a sheep or ewe, and two cows, lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Evan Dhu as master of ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

'Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well proportioned, and active, he appeared, on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh, had laughter been either civil or safe.

'Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean, three cogues, or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *imrigh*, a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders.—A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave; and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcases which were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own time and leisure. The liquor was under stricter regulation, be-

Digitized by Google

ing served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared.

'At length the fluctuating groupes began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he reopen them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

'When Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately around him, but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burned and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the mark of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural, or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before, was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable that the inhabitants of the cavern had not some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed one or two shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform; and making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and, descending with some difficulty on the other side, he thus gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half over, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

'Near to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging to advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley bread, fresh butter, and honeycomb. The poor girl had made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and of the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained; and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, &c. were out of the ques-

Digitized by Google

tion in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted, that although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to arrange her own person in her best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short russet-coloured jacket, and a petticoat, of scanty longitude, was her whole dress; but these were clean, and neatly arranged. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the *snood*, confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress, was laid aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament, were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold ear-rings, and a golden rosary which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean Lean) had brought from France—the plunder probably of some battle or storm.

'Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which, in dumb-show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps a young soldier, who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of a hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say, that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid old gentleman advanced in life, the Baron of Bradwardine, for example, with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so sedulously arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cran-berries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards distance, and appeared to watch with great complacency for some opportunity of serving him.

'Meanwhile Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and, with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salute, dropping, at the same time, her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a similar favour; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a deer, and, turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language; then waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carrol, as she proceeded gaily on her solitary journey.' I. 240–270.

From this extraordinary expedition, Waverley is conducted by his guide to the castle of Vich Ian Vohr himself, who receiv-

Digitized by Google

ed him with the greatest hospitality, and whose imposing person and address are admirably described.

'An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eyebrow and upper-lip bespoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye, showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.' I. 284, 285.

Here he is first entertained with a genuine picture of the state and hospitality of an ancient Highland chieftain. Nothing can be added to the spirit and expression of the following powerful delineation.

'The hall in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness; and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

'This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, &c. which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was

Digitized by Google

a yearling lamb, called "a hog in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clans-men, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

'The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the Chief's immediate neighbours; whiskey, plain or diluted, and strong-beer, refreshed those who sat near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and consequently, the tacksmen and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy. The bagpipers, three in number, screamed, during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout idle kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broad-sword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander." Then, turning to the company, he proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine."

"He is welcome hither," said one of the elders, "if he come from Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine."—"I say nay to that," said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast. "I say nay to that;—while there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne."—"There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine," answered another ancient; "and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor."—The old man, whose cup remained full, replied, "There has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine."—"Ah! Ballenkeiroch," replied the first, "you think rather of the flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Veolan, than the glance of the

Digitized by Google

sword that fought for the cause at Proud Preston."—"And well I may," answered Ballenkeiroch; "the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James."

'The Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley that the Baron had shot this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan about seven years since; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto untasted cup, and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said, aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?" Mac-Murrough, the family bhairdh, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chaunt, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gesture. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophize the absent, to exhort and entreat and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burned countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forwards towards the reciter; many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstacy; and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.' I. 305–313.

These are unconscionable extracts; but we are persuaded our readers will not think them tedious. We must now treat them with a glimpse of the gifted Gilfillan, into whose charge Waverley was delivered after his detention on the Highland border. The persons who had the charge of him, had been waiting some time for this pious volunteer—and at length they hear the drum of his party.

'They soon recognized in solemn march, first, the performer upon the drum; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, on which were inscribed the words, COVENANT, KIRK, KING, KINGDOMS. The person who was honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which, in mine Host of the Candlestick, mantled in a sort of supercilious hypocrisy, was,

Digitized by Google

in this man's face, elevated, and yet darkened by genuine and undoubting fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without the imagination placing him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer consoled by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith under every earthly privation; perhaps a persecuting inquisitor, as terrific in power as unyielding in adversity; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something in the affected precision and solemnity of his deportment and discourse, that bordered upon the ludicrous; so that, according to the mood of the spectator's mind, and the light under which Mr Gilfillan presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a west-country peasant, of better materials indeed than that of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of the age, or of the Scottish gentry at any period. His arms were a broad-sword and pistols, which, from the antiquity of their appearance, might have seen the rout of Pentland, or Bothwell Brigg.

'As he came up a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his huge and overbrimmed blue bonnet, in answer to the Major, who had courteously raised a small triangular gold-laced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore, in conference with one of Marlborough's captains. The group of about thirty armed men who followed this gifted commander, was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of different colours, which, contrasted with the arms which they bore, gave them an irregular and mobbish appearance—so much is the eye accustomed to connect uniformity of dress with the military character.

'The Major, however, greeting Mr Gilfillan civilly, requested to know if he had received the letter he sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state prisoner whom he there mentioned, as far as Stirling Castle. "Yea," was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very *penetralia* of his person.

"But your escort, Mr Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected."—"Some of the people," replied Gilfillan, "hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word."—"I am sorry, sir, you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains, is at the command of persons employed in the service."—"It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered the Covenanter, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I thank you; but the people remained waiting upon the precious Mr Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation."—"And have you, sir, when the rebels are about to spread themselves through this country, actually left a great part of your command at a field-preaching?"—Gilfillan again smiled scorn-

Digitized by Google

fully as he made this indirect answer,—"Even thus are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light." —"However, sir," said the Major, "as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each, in his march, should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common; and, for fear of surprise, I further recommend to you to form a small advance-party of your best men, with a single vidette in front of the whole march, so that when you approach a village or wood"—(Here the Major interrupted himself)—"But as I don't observe you listen to me, Mr Gilfillan, I suppose I need not give myself the trouble to say more upon the subject.—You are a better judge, unquestionably, than I am of the measures to be pursued; but one thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour or incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security."

"I have looked into my commission," said Mr Gilfillan, "subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William Earl of Glencairn; nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan."

'Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears which appeared beneath his neat military side-curls, the more so as he observed Mr Morton smile at the same moment. "Mr Gilfillan," he answered, with some asperity, "I beg ten thousand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I thought, however, that as you have been bred a grazier, if I mistake not, there might be occasion to remind you of the difference between Highlanders and Highland cattle; and if you should happen to meet with any gentleman who has seen service, and is disposed to speak upon the subject, I should still imagine that listening to him would do you no sort of harm. But I have done, and have only once more to recommend this gentleman to your civility, as well as to your custody."' II, 187—194.

Most of the extracts we have now made are somewhat of a ludicrous character; but the author's powers are by no means limited to representations of this description—nor are we aware of many things, either in poetry or prose, more striking and impressive than the closing scene of the gallant Fergus and his faithful attendant. They were made prisoners, as has been already mentioned, in the night skirmish at Clifton, and arraigned at Carlisle when the law came to glean what had escaped the merciless sword of the victor. Waverley arrived just as the fatal verdict had been given in.

'He pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agi-

Digitized by Google

tation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the clerk of Arraigns pronounced the solemn words: "Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves, why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?"

'Fergus, as the presiding judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a stedfast and stern look, and replied, in a firm voice, "I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear; for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water—spare not mine—Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

'Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour, and the honourable court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye myself, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

'Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency; and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, its like enough

Digitized by Google

they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

'There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.' III. 299, 303.

From this heart-thrilling scene Waverley passed almost immediately to another still more agonizing—in an interview with the heart-broken, but still high-minded Flora. He sent her a short note, requesting to be admitted to her presence.

'The messenger brought back a letter in Flora's beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. "Miss Flora Mac-Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress."

'When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of catholic devotion; but, when Waverley entered, laid it on the table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand; but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands, as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress, and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress—even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered, were, "Have you seen him?"—"Alas, no," answered Waverley, "I have been refused admittance."—"It accords with the rest," she said; "but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?"—"For—for—to-morrow?" said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.—"Aye, then or never," said Flora, "until"—she added, looking upward, "the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past."—"Vain indeed!" echoed Waverley.—"Or even of the future, my good friend, so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and yet, how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour?"—"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind"—"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly; "there is, Mr Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart, that whispers—but it were madness to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has—murdered her brother!"—"Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shock-

Digitized by Google

ing?" &c.—' Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.—" Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, " you once found me making Fergus's bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal-garment; our friends here," said she, with suppressed emotion, " are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"—III. 306–312.

We cannot resist giving the last dreadful act of the tragedy.—There never, perhaps, was a more powerful or more natural picture of heroism and gallantry of temper.

' After a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the serjeant of the guard, and was admitted. The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the huge old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

" My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, " this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure; and how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks—and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?"—" How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment?"—" Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these antient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep, because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully."—" You are rich," he said, " Waverley, and you are generous; when you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprize you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"—Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.—" Would to God," continued the Chieftain, " I could bequeath

Digitized by Google

to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race:—or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest—the bravest—the most devoted——" The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother.—"But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words," said he, half smiling, "are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies; and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life."—"And I am sure," said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence,—"I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain."

'A tap at the door now announced the arrival of the priest; and Edward retired, while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes. In about an hour he was re-admitted. Soon after a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.—"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage—we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy; and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm."—Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "That is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora,—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."—"We part not *here?*" said Waverley.—"O yes, we do, you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly; "Nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half-hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.—This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland;—her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose, one day or other—when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head! they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, that I love so dearly!"

'A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the castle.—An officer now appeared, and intimat-

Digitized by Google

ed that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sate the Executioner, a horrid looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, ere we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

'The sledge now approached, and Fergus turning round embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sate down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the Governor of the castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James!*" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

'The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march, as it is called, was instantly heard; and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

'The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend.—At length, a female servant of the governor, struck with surprise and compassion

Digitized by Google

at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him, if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice, ere he comprehended her; but at length it recalled him to himself.—Declining the courtesy, by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn; then threw himself into an apartment and bolted the door.

'In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was over, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations. III. 315–329.

Though we have encroached so long already upon the patience of our readers, we cannot take our leave of them with so tragical a citation. There is a happy mixture of the ludicrous and interesting in the account of the poor Baron of Bradwardine's situation after the final discomfiture of his party. His estate had been forfeited of course, and his mansion desolated;—but he had found a safe asylum in the cottage of an old retainer of the family,—from which, however, he used to retire to a still more secure lurking-place, when the danger of discovery seemed to grow imminent. Waverley with some difficulty discovers him in the cottage;—but, at the peep of dawn, he deems it expedient to repair to his other hold.

'"I must go back," he said to Waverley, "to my cove; will you walk down the glen wi' me?" They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled footpath, which the occasional passage of anglers, or wood-cutters, had traced by the side of the stream. On their way, the Baron explained to Waverley, that he would be under no danger in remaining a day or two at Tully-Veolan, and even in being seen walking about, if he used the precaution of pretending that he was looking at the estate as agent, or surveyor, for an English gentleman, who designed to be purchaser.—With this view, he recommended to him to visit the Baillie, who still lived at the factor's house, called Little Veolan, about a mile from the village, though he was to remove at next term. Stanley's passport would be an answer to the officer who commanded the military; and as to any of the country people who might recognize Waverley, the Baron assured him he was in no danger of being betrayed by them.

'"I believe," said the old man, "half the people of the barony know that the auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice, whilk, while I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to interdict. Nay, I often find bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because

Digitized by Google

they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was."

'A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes, had something in it venerable, and even sublime. There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy; he bore his lot, and the hardships which it involved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

'"I did what I thought my duty," said the good old man, "and doubtless they are doing what they think theirs. It grieves me sometimes to look upon these blackened walls of the house of my ancestors; but doubtless officers cannot always keep the soldiers' hand from depredation and spuilzie; and Gustavus Adolphus himself, as ye may read in Colonel Munro his Expedition with the worthy Scots regiment called Mackay's regiment, did often permit it.—Indeed, I have myself seen as sad sights as Tully-Veolan now is, when I served with the Mareschal Duke of Berwick. To be sure we may say with Virgilius Maro, *Fuimus Troes*—and there's the end of an auld sang. But houses and families and men have a' stood lang enough when they have stood till they fall wi' honour; and now I hae gotten a house that is not unlike a *domus ultima*"—they were now standing below a steep rock.—"We poor Jacobites," continued the Baron, looking up, "are now like the conies in Holy Scripture, (which the great traveller Pococke calleth Jerboa), a feeble people, that make our abode in the rocks. So, fare you well, my good lad, till we meet at Janet's in the even, for I must get into my Patmos, which is no easy matter for my auld stiff limbs."

'With that he began to ascend the rock, striding, with the help of his hands, from one precarious footstep to another, till he got about half way up, where two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole, resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated, first his head and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body, his legs and feet finally disappearing, coiled up like a huge snake entering his retreat, or a long pedigree introduced with care and difficulty into the narrow pigeon-hole of an old cabinet. Waverley had the curiosity to clamber up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking-place might well be termed. Upon the whole, he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle, called *a reel in a bottle*, the marvel of children, (and of some grown people too, myself for one), who can neither comprehend the mystery, how it has got in, or how it is to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of his standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at the latter posture. His sole amusement was the perusal of his old friend Titus Livius, varied by occasionally scratching Latin proverbs and texts of Scripture with his knife on the roof and walls of his fortalice, which were of sandstone. As the cave was dry, and filled with clean straw and withered fern, "it made," as he said, coiling himself up with an air of snugness and comfort which contrasted strangely with his situation,

Digitized by Google

unless when the wind was due north, "a very passable *gite* for an old soldier."' III. 244—249.

We shall conclude with a few particulars of the auspicious restoration of this worthy Jacobite to the inheritance of his fathers. He was at first kept in the dark as to the true state of the transaction, and made to believe that it had been purchased by Waverley's English friend Colonel Talbot; to whom he is with some difficulty prevailed upon to pay a visit in his new residence.—On his approach, he is agreeably surprised to find most of the marks of devastation effaced, and his favourite bears in particular restored to their several stations.—Making a strong effort to overcome the affecting recollections that rushed in upon him, he at last addresses the Colonel; and observes, that—

"Since you have lawfully and justly acquired the estate for you and your's, which I have lost for me and mine; I wish it may remain in your name as many centuries as it has done in that of the late proprietors."—"That is very handsome, Mr Bradwardine, indeed."—"And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Colonel, whom I noted to have so much of the *amor patriæ*, when we met at Edinburgh, as even to vilipend other countries, should have chosen to establish your lares or household gods, *procul a patriæ finibus*, and in a manner to expatriate yourself."—"Why really, Baron, I do not see why, to keep the secret of these foolish boys, Waverley and Stanley, and my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier should continue to impose upon another. You must know then that I have so much of that same prejudice in favour of my native country, that the sum of money which I advanced to the seller of this extensive barony, has only purchased for me a box in ——— shire, called Brerewood Lodge, with about two hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of which is, that it is within a very few miles of Waverley-Honour."—"And who then, in the name of Heaven, has bought this property?"—"That," said the Colonel, "is this gentleman's profession to explain." The Baillie, whom this reference regarded, had all this while shifted from one foot to another with great impatience, 'like a hen,' as he afterwards said, 'upon a het girdle;' and chuckling, he might have added, like the said hen in all the glory of laying an egg, now pushed forward. "That I can, that I can—your honour;" drawing from his pocket a budget of papers, and untying the red tape with a hand trembling with eagerness. "Here is the disposition and assignation by Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to him, he has disponed, alienated, and conveyed the whole estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, with the fortalice and manor-place"——"For God's sake to the point, sir; I have all that by heart," said the Colonel.—"To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq." pursued the Baillie, "his heirs and assignees, simply and irredeemably—to be held either *a me vel de me*"——"Pray read

Digitized by Google

short, sir."—"On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I read as short as is consistent with style—"Under the burden and reservation always"——"Mr Macwheeble, this would outlast a Russian winter—give me leave. In short, Mr Bradwardine, your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only burdened with the sum advanced to repurchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportioned to its value."—III. 350–353.

The whole legend closes, according to ancient and approved rule, with the grand dinner of betrothment.

'The dinner was excellent. Saunderson attended in full costume, with all the former inferior servants, who had been collected, excepting one or two, who had not been heard of since the affair of Culloden. The cellars were stocked with wine which was pronounced to be superb; and it had been contrived that the Bear of the fountain, in the court-yard, should (for that night only) play excellent brandy punch, for the benefit of the lower orders.

'When the dinner was over, the Baron, about to propose a toast, cast somewhat a sorrowful look upon the side-board, which however exhibited much of his plate that had either been secreted, or purchased by neighbouring gentlemen from the soldiery, and by them gladly restored to the original owner.

"In the late times," he said, "those must be thankful who have saved life and lands; yet when I am about to pronounce this toast, I cannot but regret an old heir-loom, Lady Emily—a *poculum potatorium*, Colonel Talbot"——

'Here the Baron's elbow was gently touched by his Major Domo, and turning round, he beheld, in the hands of Alexander ab Alexandro, the celebrated cup of Saint Duthac, the blessed Bear of Bradwardine! I question if the recovery of his estate afforded him more rapture. "By my honour," he said, "one might almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily, when your Ladyship is in presence."

"I am truly happy," said Colonel Talbot, "that, by the recovery of this piece of family antiquity, it has fallen within my power to give you some token of my deep interest in all that concerns my young friend Edward. But, that you may not suspect Lady Emily for a sorceress, or me for a conjuror, which is no joke in Scotland, I must tell you that Frank Stanley, your friend, who has been seized with a tartan fever ever since he heard Edward's tales of old Scotch manners, happened to describe to us at second hand this remarkable cup. My servant, Spontoon, who, like a true old soldier, observes every thing and says little, gave me afterwards to understand, that he thought he had seen the piece of plate Mr Stanley mentioned in the possession of a certain Mrs Nosebag, who, having been originally the helpmate of a pawnbroker, had found opportunity, during the late unpleasant scenes in Scotland, to trade a little in her old line, and so became the depositary of the more valuable part of the spoil

Digitized by Google

of half the army. You may believe the cup was speedily recovered, and it will give me very great pleasure if you allow me to suppose that its value is not diminished by having been restored through my means."

'A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot, and "The Prosperity of the united houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine!"

'It only remains for me to say, that as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of human events, have been, upon the whole, more happily fulfilled.' III. 360–363.

Though in these extracts we have greatly exceeded the limits we usually impose on ourselves with regard to performances of this description—and trespassed indeed considerably on space which we had reserved for more weighty matters, we have, after all, afforded but an imperfect specimen of the variety which this work contains.—The gay scenes of the Adventurer's court—the breaking up of his army from Edinburgh—the battle of Preston—and the whole process of his disastrous advance and retreat from the English provinces, are given with the greatest brilliancy and effect—as well as the scenes of internal disorder and rising disunion that prevail in his scanty army—the quarrel with Fergus—and the mystical visions by which that devoted chieftain foresees his disastrous fate. The lower scenes again with Mrs Flockhart, Mrs Nosebag, Callum Beg, and the Cumberland peasants, though to some fastidious readers they may appear coarse and disgusting, are painted with a force and a truth to nature, which equally bespeak the powers of the artist, and are incomparably superior to any thing of the sort which has been offered to the publick for the last sixty years. There are also various copies of verses scattered through the work, which indicate poetical talents of no ordinary description—though bearing, perhaps still more distinctly than the prose, the traces of considerable carelessness and haste.

The worst part of the book by far is that portion of the first volume which contains the history of the hero's residence in England—and next to it is the laborious, tardy, and obscure explanation of some puzzling occurrences in the story, which the reader would, in general, be much better pleased to be permitted to forget—and which are neither well explained after all, nor at all worth explaining. The passages in which the author speaks in his own person, and assumes the smart and flippant style of modern makers of paragraphs, are also considerably below mediocrity—and form a strange and humiliating contrast with the force and freedom of his manner when engaged in those dramatic or picturesque representations to which his genius so decidedly inclines.

Digitized by Google

There has been much speculation, at least in this quarter of the island, about the author of this singular performance—and certainly it is not easy to conjecture why it is still anonymous.—Judging by internal evidence, to which alone we pretend to have access, we should not scruple to ascribe it to the highest of those authors to whom it has been assigned by the sagacious conjectures of the public;—and this at least we will venture to say, that if it be indeed the work of an author hitherto unknown, Mr Scott would do well to look to his laurels, and to rouse himself for a sturdier competition than any he has yet had to encounter.

ART. XII. *Letters from Canada, written during a Residence there in the Years* 1806, 1807, *and* 1808; *shewing the present State of Canada, its Productions, Trade, Commercial Importance, and Political Relations: Exhibiting also the Commercial Importance of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, &c.* By HUGH GRAY. London, 1814.

The Right and Practice of Impressment, as Concerning Great Britain and America, considered. London, 1814.

We have delayed this article to the very last moment—in the hope that we might have been spared the pain of preparing it, by the pleasing intelligence of the cessation of that most lamentable and unnatural war to which it forces us to turn our attention. Without entertaining any extravagant ideas of that portion of human wisdom which is employed in governing the world, or making any romantic estimate of the justice and prudence of cabinets and public assemblies, we did think it improbable that a war, which both parties had entered upon with reluctance, should, by any management, be protracted for more than a year after all the objects for which it had been gone into had ceased to exist, and after both parties appeared to be convinced that no beneficial results could be expected from its continuance. Nor can we yet believe that the infatuation which has already cost so much brave blood can be indulged much longer;—and while the uncertainty of the result seems to impose it upon us as a duty to call the attention of the country to the true character and inevitable consequences of the hostilities in which we are so unfortunately engaged, we go to the task with a fond and sanguine expectation, that what we have to say may lose the greater part of its interest even before it comes into the hands of our readers, and be recorded rather as a *memento* against future errors, than a protestation and appeal against an

Digitized by Google

existing enormity. On the strength of this anticipation, we shall confine our remarks to as small a space as possible.

We are no admirers of the Americans—and no advocates for the policy they have pursued in the great crisis of European affairs. We think their government has all along shown a manifest partiality to France, even after France became a great monument of despotism at home, and oppression abroad;—that in wisdom and in justice they ought to have declared war against that power, and not against us, if they found it impossible to maintain the position of neutrality;—and that, at all events, they should have withdrawn that declaration of war the moment that, by rescinding our Orders in Council, we had redressed the most urgent of their grievances, and given a substantial pledge of our disposition to redress the rest. With these sentiments and settled impressions, however, we are far from thinking that the Americans are a detestable people; or that we ought to pursue hostilities against them to our own injury and disgrace, for the mere gratification of our resentment. There are—we once hoped that by this time we might have used another tense—there are circumstances in the history of the two countries that prevent them from judging fairly of each other—and from which, if we suffer unjustly on the one hand, we may depend on it that they suffer at least as much on the other. It is impossible even to lay the foundation for a candid or impartial view of the present unhappy differences, without casting a glance back to their original source of alienation.

The war of the revolution, or of emancipation, as it is called in America,—the violent rupture of the ties which had previously bound the two countries so closely together,—necessarily left a certain degree of soreness upon both sides. At first sight it may appear that this should have been greatest on the part of England, and that we have a better apology than our opponents for the rancorous feelings which have been fostered too long by the less generous part of both nations. The truth, however, is otherwise;—for though those who are worsted in a contest generally retain the bitterest animosity, and the successful can best afford to be generous, yet in this particular instance the general rule was reversed, by two circumstances equally obvious and conclusive. In the *first* place, the war was carried on in America, and not in England,—and was not always carried on, we regret to say, in a spirit of magnanimous hostility; and, in the *second* place, that war which, even while it lasted, was little more than a tale of interest to the greater part of our population, and has since been effaced from our recollection by the still greater and more momentous contentions in which we have been involved, was the first and the last adventure of the insurgent colonies in

Digitized by Google

the great game of battles. The leaders in that war were the founders of their being as a nation; and the events of it the steps by which they rose to independence. With them, therefore, it has always possessed an importance, and been connected with a weight of public feeling to which there was nothing parallel in this country; and while the remembrance of disasters and defeats sustained on the other side of the Atlantic, and never really felt but through the medium of taxes or gazettes, was likely to be speedily obliterated from our unviolated and opulent land, a very different impression might naturally be expected to survive the contest in that country, which had been the theatre of so many sanguinary scenes—whose fields and cities still bore the marks of devastation and rapine—whose whole population had been exposed to the horrors of rancorous hostility—whose national vanity has scarcely any other field of triumph but the story of our discomfiture—and whose *fasti* are consecrated to record our cruelties and defeats. In such a country, the bitterness of the struggle was of necessity far more deeply felt than in this, and therefore was more likely to be remembered; nor can it be reasonably denied, we think, that in spite of their success, the Americans had more apology for allowing hostile feelings to survive the close of the contention, than can be fairly pleaded for us.

Such as they were, however, the course of events seemed for a while to hold forth the promise of their gradual and total extinction. The ties of blood and of language—the common prerogative of freedom—the substantial identity of laws, literature, and manners—and, above all, the actual and substantial advantages which, by a pacific intercourse, each had discovered experimentally that it would derive from the other, were all tending to obliterate the remembrance of past hostility, and to unite, in a voluntary and equal association, those kindred races which would alike have spurned at the idea of subjugation.—But then came the French Revolution, and the wide-spreading and vindictive wars which were scattered from that grand source of discord and of crime.

The war of independence had left behind it in America a feeling of gratitude to France, as well as of hostility to England; and when France became a republic, this feeling of gratitude was naturally exalted into a more ardent sympathy, and extended into visions of a more intimate alliance. The atrocities which stained the infancy of the European democracy, soon checked this sympathy in the illustrious founder of American independence, and the greater part of those who directed the councils of his country; but it had too strong and natural a foundation in the circumstances of the people, to be altogether extinguished; and it unfortunately fell in with the policy of one

Digitized by Google

great party in the nation to foster and inflame it, and to make it the means of reviving the animosity against this country, which had been gradually subsiding, and must otherwise have disappeared entirely with the generation which had witnessed its birth.

The constitution of America was purely democratical from the beginning;—but the evils of this form of government were averted for a while, by the personal influence and authority of those by whose wisdom and valour they had submitted to be guided in the war which had led to its establishment, and by the habits of deference to wealth, talent, and hereditary influence to which they had been trained before the rise of these dissensions. The love of power, however, is the strongest of all human passions; and the circumstances of the country which made the lower orders entirely independent of the patronage or employment of the higher, cooperating with the democratical institutions which had been adopted, enabled this principle to develop itself to an extent previously without example in any age of the world. The whole political power of the country was actually vested in, and exercised by, the numerical majority of its inhabitants;—or, in other words, by the vulgar and uninstructed part of the community. Even in America, however, the people must ultimately act through leaders,—who end by making them their tools.—But to win the favour of the vulgar, vulgar passions must be appealed to;—and those aspiring spirits who saw the decline of the natural aristocracy of Washington and his coadjutors, thought that nothing was better calculated to accelerate the extinction of their interest, and ensure their own succession to office and distinction, than to take advantage of the rising enthusiasm for republican France, and to rekindle along with it those embers of hatred to England, which ten years of peaceful intercourse had gone far to extinguish. The device succeeded,—and animosity to England, and admiration of France,—even of conquering, insulting, Imperial France—became the watchwords and the instruments of a party, which the course of events had destined, at all events, to rule for a season in the country.

This alone, however, could scarcely have led to war—but it kept alive the elements from which war might at any time be engendered, and prevented that resentment of the outrageous proceedings of France, which must otherwise have leagued them with England in open resistance of her pretensions. When two great powers go to war, all the neutrals in their neighbourhood are exposed to occasional injuries, and let into the enjoyment of great and peculiar advantages. America attempted, from the beginning, to avail herself of these advantages, and submitted with occasional grumblings to the rubs and inconveniencies she

Digitized by Google

encountered in their pursuit. It was a prudent, at least, if not a magnanimous policy;—and it is infinitely to be lamented, for her own sake as well as for ours, that she did not persevere in it to the end. Could she have foreseen that the end was so near at hand, we are persuaded she would have endured till it came. In the whole course of the struggle, however, we conceive it to be quite manifest and undeniable, that she endured far more from France than from England—infinitely more in the way of direct indignity and insult—and a great deal more in barefaced depredation, rapine, and injustice. If England had held the language, or assumed the tone which France did to America, from the time of Genet to that of Taurreau, neither prudence nor fear could have prevented an immediate recourse to hostility;—and if at any time she had seized and condemned the American shipping, with the unprincipled and indiscriminating rapacity which characterized the conduct of France from 1803 to 1806, the same result would inevitably have followed. We do not blame America for remaining at peace under those provocations; but we refer to the fact of her having done so, as conclusive evidence of the partiality for which we have been endeavouring to account, and in part perhaps to apologize.

Then came the Milan and the Berlin decrees, and our unhappy Orders in Council. In this measure too, there can be no question that the first and the greatest outrage was on the part of France, and that she set the example of this unprecedented invasion of the freedom of neutral commerce. If America had looked only at the injustice of the pretension, she must have seen that France was by far the most to blame, and that our proceedings were palliated at least, if not rendered necessary in principle, upon the ordinary grounds of belligerent retaliation. She did not look at the question, however, entirely in this light; and though we have no doubt that her habitual partialities continued to operate, we must admit in candour that it was not natural that she should so look at it; and that her conduct in this last and most unfortunate crisis was infinitely more justifiable than in the long period that had preceded. France, to be sure, had denounced intolerable edicts against the trade of America, and had openly proclaimed her resolution to sacrifice its interests, without the slightest scruple, to her own immediate objects;—and we only followed the example she set before us. But then, though France was willing no doubt to have executed her edicts with unrelenting severity, it was notorious that she had but feeble and precarious means for carrying them into execution. She had no navy abroad on the seas; and it was their own fault if they trusted themselves in her ports, or those of her confederates. England, on the contrary, covered the ocean

Digitized by Google

with her cruizers, and was able to carry into terrible effect whatever she might denounce against the unarmed vessels of a neutral. The French decrees, therefore, were only heard—but the English were felt, by America;—and those proceedings which were denominated retaliation, were the only proceedings from which she suffered any serious inconvenience.

For this, as well as for other reasons, we have always considered our Orders in Council as an unjustifiable aggression against America, as well as a most impolitic contrivance against our own trade;—and, though we cannot help thinking that America had borne even worse things from France, and that it would have been wiser and better for her to have abstained from the declaration of war, upon which she was indisputably driven mainly by the pressure of those Orders, we cannot say that, in adopting that measure, she did any thing that can be called very unjustifiable, or indicated any very rancorous hostility or groundless animosity against this country. The case became far worse for her, however, when we rescinded these obnoxious Orders. Their existence undoubtedly was the immediate cause of the war;—and no man doubts that peace might have been preserved if they had never been enacted, or had been recalled a year earlier than they were recalled. It seems a fair inference, therefore, that peace should have been restored, or at least that pacific overtures should have been made, the moment they were actually withdrawn;—and we are clearly and decidedly of that opinion.

At the same time, there were not wanting serious causes of complaint, and grounds of dissension as considerable as many that have precipitated nations into war. The impressment of their seamen was undoubtedly a grievance of very serious and intolerable magnitude;—and though we conceive that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of our right to reclaim the services and secure the persons of such of our sailors as we found in their vessels, we suspect that this right was sometimes asserted without those scrupulous precautions against abuse which were indispensably necessary to justify the practice. We have always been clear, that the right of impressment which is vested in the sovereign by the known principles of our constitution, and which entitles him to annul and disregard all contracts entered into by our own merchants with persons using the sea, entitles him just as clearly to disregard any similar engagement into which such persons may have entered with foreign merchants, and to enforce their immediate service in his navy, in virtue of the paramount and precedent obligation which they contracted by engaging in that profession. We consider all British seamen, in short, as under an incapacity, and a *notorious incapacity*, to contract any absolute engagement to their private employers,—or

Digitized by Google

any engagement that is not substantially conditional with reference to the intermediate assertion of the preferable right of the sovereign. Upon the question of right or of principle, therefore, we conceive that the pretensions of England are liable to no serious dispute:—But, on the other hand, it is no less plain that we have no right, or shadow of right, to touch the person of a native American—and that the impressment of a single citizen of that country is an atrocious and intolerable violation of his most sacred rights, against which his government is bound to protect him, and which it would be deserting its first and most imperious duties if it did not resent and resist. Now, the plea of America is, that the right of search and impressment at sea cannot, in the nature of things, be exercised without occasionally mistaking native Americans for English, even if there was every disposition to avoid such mistakes—and she complains that there is no such disposition, but in many instances an insolent and arbitrary resolution to make up a complement of men, without any regard to the most regular evidence of citizenship and neutrality. There is therefore a real difficulty in the adjustment of these conflicting and indisputable rights—not such a difficulty, perhaps, as might not have been got over, if there had been a truly amicable and cordial feeling on both sides—but such as will go far to account for the continuance of a war which was already on foot, and had of course fomented that antient spirit of hostility, the origin and progress of which we have hitherto been endeavouring to trace. That this spirit was stronger on the part of America than of England, and that she therefore is justly to be blamed for the continuance of the war at the period of which we are now speaking, is manifest, we think, from this notorious fact, that this very question had been made the subject of an amicable arrangement between Mr Monroe and Lords Holland and Auckland, but five years before—and that we had just given an unequivocal proof of our being still willing to settle all differences upon moderate principles, by the repeal of our obnoxious Orders.

The war, however,—whoever had the immediate blame of it, found us shamefully unprepared, and ridiculously sanguine and secure.—Our navy was to drive the pigmy fleets of America from the ocean, and to levy contributions along all her shores—while the very dread and terror of our hostility was expected to shake their unseasoned government to pieces—to effect a disunion of the states—in all likelihood a civil war, and perhaps the return of some of the revolted colonies to the dominion of the mother country!—Such were our expectations.—How they have been answered by events, is too painfully and universally known, to make it necessary for us to say any thing.—We have been worst-

Digitized by Google

ed in most of our naval encounters, and baffled in most of our enterprizes by land.—With a naval force on their coast exceeding that of the enemy in the proportion of ten to one, we have lost two out of three of all the sea-fights in which we have been engaged—and at least three times as many men as our opponent; while their privateers swarm unchecked round all our settlements and even on the coasts of Europe, and have already made prize of more than seventeen hundred of our merchant vessels.—By land we were so shamefully unprovided, that had it not been for the gross mismanagement of the American commanders, they must have got possession of Montreal, and in all probability advanced to the walls of Quebec before the end of the first campaign;—and even when reinforced to an extent which could not possibly have been calculated on when the war began, it is but too well known that we have gained no substantial or permanent advantages—but have actually had to witness the incredible spectacle of a regular and well appointed army of British veterans retiring before little more than an equal force of American militia!

While these things were in progress, and while it was yet extremely doubtful whether Bonaparte was to retain the dominion of the Continent; and whether the whole resources of England might not be required to maintain the cause of Europe on European ground, we again testified our desire, or our need of peace, by making a spontaneous proposal for an immediate negociation. This proposal was made in December 1813, and was immediately acceded to on the part of the American government;—and the consequence has been the discussions that are still depending at Ghent.

At the time when this proposal was made, it certainly will not be pretended that we had any view to an increase of territory, or to any other thing than the adjustment of those questions as to neutral and maritime rights, which formed the whole original subject of contention; and as little can it be doubted that peace would have been instantly and joyfully accepted, had America been then disposed to withdraw her pretensions upon the points of search and impressment, or to leave those and the other relative questions as to the law of blockade, to amicable and deliberate discussion. The great doubt and difficulty was, whether America would abandon any part of her pretensions; and whether we would consent to such modifications of our practice, as to lay a ground for immediate pacification. Before the Commissioners met, however, all these difficulties seemed to be providentially removed; for peace was restored in Europe; and, with the state of belligerent, vanished all the grievances and all the pretensions of the neutral. As there was no longer to be any impress-

Digitized by Google

ment at all, it became quite unnecessary to settle under what limitations impressment should take place out of the trading ships of a neutral;—and as all blockade, and prospect of blockade, was abandoned, it was equally idle to define the conditions on which it should be enforced against third parties. It could scarcely be pretended, and could never for a moment be seriously believed in any quarter, that it could be of any use to settle these general questions, with a prospective view to future cases of war and neutrality, which all the world knew would make rules, or exceptions, suited to their own emergencies; and, at all events, it was obvious, that such a settlement upon abstract principles, would be gone about with much better hope of success in deliberate consultations to be entered into after the cessation of hostilities, than by the ruder logic of force. It was confidently anticipated, therefore, that America would consent to the *waiver* of all her neutral pretensions, and that the war would die a natural death upon the removal of all the objects and causes by which it had been excited. This anticipation, it appears, was fully realized on the part of America, who instructed her Commissioners to allow all these points to lie over, and to let the secondary and relative hostilities which had arisen out of the wars in Europe cease with the wars which had occasioned them;—and we are now at war, because England will not agree to that proposal, but insists upon gaining certain advantages by the war, which she had not in contemplation when she herself first suggested the negotiation, and which, to all ordinary observers, she seems to have but a feeble prospect of obtaining by force.

What these advantages are, it is not necessary very minutely to explain. They amount, in one word, to a demand for a cession of territory; and the war which is now going on is neither more nor less than a war for the conquest of that territory. By the treaty of 1783, the boundary line between the United States and Canada was settled with the utmost precision; and for the greater part it was made to run through the centre of the great chain of lakes, and their connecting waters, with a joint right of navigation to both parties. The territory of certain Indian tribes, who are now dignified with the name of our Allies, is within the country then solemnly ceded to America, in so far as England had any power to cede it,—in the same way as the territory occupied by many other Indian tribes was included in the country then finally ceded to England. We now insist on the exclusive military occupation of all those waters—on a guarantee for the perpetual inviolability and independence of the territory of our Indian Allies—and on the unqualified and absolute cession, without compensation, of a part of the state of Massachusetts,

Digitized by Google

in order to establish a more convenient communication between Halifax and our settlement of New Brunswick—besides some smaller matters:—And we refuse to make peace unless these terms are complied with.

On the *justice* of these pretensions—on the fairness of our *causa belli*—we have scarcely a word to say, after we have again repeated that it is undeniably, and almost professedly, *a war of conquest* upon our part. The territory we now insist upon taking from America, was solemnly ceded and secured to her by the treaty of 1783, when we knew, or ought to have known as well as we do now, what was necessary for the security of the provinces we retained. The obligations of that treaty, we humbly conceive, are by no means annulled by the war which has intervened; because that war did not arise from any infraction of the treaty on the part of America, but from certain collisions of neutral and belligerent pretensions, which have since been settled and entirely taken away by the cessation of European hostilities, and which leave all the other rights and pretensions of both nations precisely on the same footing as before. But it is truly of no consequence whether the treaty of 1783 be supposed to be in force or not. At all events it is indisputable, that when we went to war with America on the subject of neutral commerce and belligerent impressment, the whole territory and subjects which we now insist upon her giving up, were confessedly and exclusively hers, and formed a part of her legitimate and unquestioned dominion—no matter whether expressly recognized or guaranteed by treaty with us or not. It is as little to be denied, we think, that when she did go to war about neutral rights, she had, if not a just, at least a natural and colourable cause for so doing. It was not a war of mere depredation or conquest—an unprovoked and wanton aggression upon her part, for the gratification of cupidity or revenge—but an ordinary case of taking up arms for the redress of specific and considerable grievances, which we cannot deny to have existed; though we are of opinion, that she was not fully justified, in the circumstances of the case, in taking that way to redress them. After a short period of hostilities, attended with various success—certainly not with such decided advantage on our side as could have entitled us to dictate terms to the enemy had the original subject of contention remained—the occasion of dissension is fortunately removed by the restoration of peace in Europe, and the consequent disappearance both of neutrals and belligerents. America, then, agrees to wave all farther discussion of claims which are no longer to be asserted in practice; and England refuses to lay down her arms till she has got large portions of land and water from her antagonist. The war which goes on

Digitized by Google

after this, we conceive, is just as clearly a war of mere conquest and aggression upon our part, as if we had first signed a peace on the accommodation of the only points that had occasioned the war—and next day declared war anew, for the avowed purpose of adding a part of her territory to our possessions.

The matter indeed seems scarcely to be disguised in the official statements of our commissioners. It is not in the way of indemnity for the past, or security for the future, that we demand these cessions. It is because the joint possession of the Lakes is apt to excite a contest for naval superiority; and in order that we may have a direct communication between Halifax and New Brunswick. Pretexts like these—pretexts indeed of a much higher nature, have never been wanting to justify that most pernicious and most dangerous of all human crimes, the undertaking of a war of conquest; nor is there any other meaning in the general principle of maintaining the independence of all civilized governments, than that no pretext—nay, no *proof* of increased security and general advantage—shall be admitted as an apology for the invasion of one state by another, or the forcible dismemberment of an atom of her indisputed territory. It is upon this principle that civilized society depends for its very existence. It is by this alone that the strong are restrained, and the weak protected from oppression—by this and by this only, that the substance or the names of public principle or occasional peace have ever been heard of among mankind.

The apology that is held out for our invasion of this principle, however, is not more hollow in itself than it is inconsistent with the very form of the invasion. We are the weakest of the two powers it seems in America;—and therefore, what?—why, we will take by force what is necessary to put us on a footing with our neighbour. This way of putting our case certainly lays us open to a very perplexing dilemma. If we are now in a condition to take our neighbour's territory in America by force, we surely cannot justify our taking it on the score that we are now too weak to have any chance in a contest against him;—or, if we are too weak to enter into such a contest, we certainly have no great chance of succeeding in depriving him of it by means of a war. The plea, however, is manifestly quite preposterous; and the consequence of admitting it would be, that after we had got what we now ask, we might ask more, till we were on a footing of perfect equality with our neighbour;—or, in other words, that mere inequality of force in neighbouring states, is a lawful and sufficient cause for their engaging in a war of conquest.

It is needless, however, to say more of the *justice* of our pretensions, when we have so much to say upon the inexpediency of pursuing them any farther. If we had ever so just a title to

Digitized by Google

the territory we are now fighting to acquire, we conceive it would be insanity to fight for such an object. We think it impossible that we should succeed in acquiring it—and altogether certain that we shall encounter disgrace and disaster in its pursuit. The invasion of their territory will necessarily unite all Americans against us. Nothing but the most complete ignorance of their character can leave the least doubt upon that subject. They are split, no doubt, into hostile factions—very rancorous and very abusive of each other;—but they are all zealous republicans, and all outrageously proud of their constitution, and vain of their country. This indeed is the ruling passion of all democracies; and it exists in America in a degree that is both offensive and ridiculous to strangers. In this point of view, nothing could be so unwise—to say nothing more of them—as our unmeaning marauding expeditions to Washington and Baltimore—which exasperated without weakening—and irritated all the passions of the nation, without even a tendency to diminish its resources—nay, which added directly to their force, both by the indignation and unanimity which they excited, and by teaching them to feel their own strength, and to despise an enemy, that, with all his preparation and animosity, could do them so little substantial mischief. The consequences, accordingly, were immediately apparent; and for the paltry and unworthy gratification of obliging the Congress to assemble in a wooden shed, we gave confidence and popularity to the war-party in that assembly, and tied up the tongues of those who might otherwise have thwarted their designs. This was before our projects of conquest were known in the country; and it affords a pretty sure augury of the effect of their promulgation. We have no doubt at all, that every man in America will be for a vigorous prosecution of the war, rather than submit to so great an indignity; and that, though the adverse factions will still revile and accuse each other, sacrifices and efforts will be made for this purpose, of which scarcely any other people would be capable.

In the *next* place, what sort of a nation is it which we have thus united against us—and from whom, thus united, we propose, by main force, to wrest a part of their territory? It is a nation, in the first place, situated at the distance of three thousand miles from our shores, to which it probably costs us upwards of 100*l.* to transport every man we are to employ in subduing them;—a nation now consisting of *between eight and nine millions of souls*;* —a nation remarkably hardy, athletic, and brave, in which every individual is armed, and in which, from

* By the last census, which was completed in 1810, the population was about seven millions. It must be increased near two millions since that time.

Digitized by Google

the abundance of game and leisure, and the want of all game laws, every individual is an expert marksman before he is sixteen years of age;—a nation in which not only public feeling but political power has its chief depository in the body of the people, and in which the poor can therefore compel the rich to make any sacrifices, and partake any hardships, which they think necessary for the gratification of their vanity or hatred;—the nation, in short, which, with one-third of its present population, without government or resources, and divided far more radically than it can ever be divided again, baffled all our efforts to retain an established authority over it; and drove us, after a sanguinary struggle, beyond those boundaries which, in the maturity of their strength, we now propose to repass by force.

In the *third* place, what are the circumstances of encouragement and good augury under which we think it reasonable to demand the exclusive possession of their lakes, and the cession of a part of their territory? Why, it is after being twice utterly routed on these lakes, and in the only considerable battles of which they have been the theatre;—or, in other words, after being almost entirely driven from the possession of those waters in which, before the war, we had an equal interest with them, and in which we may still regain an equal interest, merely by making peace, and accepting their renunciation of all the pretensions in support of which they originally took up arms. A nation forced into an unjust war has sometimes insisted on retaining a part of her conquests at its termination; but it is something new, we believe, for one who has lost ground in the quarrel, to insist on a cession of territory from her enemy—and to refuse a peace which restores her in all her former rights, unless this extraordinary pretension be yielded to. On land again, after having received reinforcements infinitely greater than we had any reason to expect could be afforded—after frightening a few defenceless towns, and defeating some regiments of militia—we have been repulsed from Baltimore, and retreated from Plattsburgh;—and are now retired into winter quarters with the loss of at least four or five thousand men, while the enemy is increasing every hour in skill, confidence, and numbers.

In what *can* such a contest issue, but in the utter discomfiture of a conquering or invading army. All the advantage was with us in the beginning,—our numbers complete—our reputation high—our discipline perfect; while the enemy was raw and timid, and unwilling to venture in numbers within the hazard of the conflict. With all these advantages, a long campaign has just been closed with a series of disasters, and without any sensible progress towards the triumphs through which alone we can hope to force our hard terms on the adversary. Every hour our numbers are diminishing, while theirs are increasing;

Digitized by Google

every hour they are improving in discipline, and consequently in enterprize and valour. The attacks at Washington and Baltimore have called out all the militia of the country, and filled the land, from border to border, with armed men;—while the repulse from the latter place, followed so soon by the disaster at Plattsburgh, have taught them their strength, and made them come forward with alacrity to share the honours of a contest, the result of which is no longer to be dreaded. More than one hundred and fifty thousand men are now in arms within the territories of the United States;—bad soldiers certainly at this moment, and unfit as yet to contend in pitched battles in the field—but quite fit, even now, to do murderous execution from behind a breastwork, and perfectly capable of acquiring that discipline and steadiness which a few campaigns will necessarily give them.

What, then, are our prospects for these approaching campaigns? If we are to carry our objects, we must reckon not only upon being able to drive the enemy from the lakes and to destroy all their settlements on their borders, and on taking forcible possession of the territory we mean to keep, but, on so ruining the place, and breaking the spirit of the country, as to induce them to sue for peace on condition of our permanently keeping both the lakes and the territory. Is there any man in his senses who looks to the condition of this country, and the condition of America, that expects *this* to be done?—or, if he does think it possible to be done, who can hesitate for a moment in saying, that it could only be done at a cost ten thousand times greater than the value of the object can justify? With an army of forty thousand men, and a suitable equipment of vessels transported in frame from Great Britain, we may, at an expense of twenty or thirty millions—we are convinced it cannot be at less—retrieve, in the course of next campaign, some of the disgraces and disasters which we have sustained in the last. With the loss of a fourth part of our troops, we may succeed in clearing our frontier of the enemy, and driving him back before us beyond the line to which we wish to advance our future boundary, and we may even succeed, after a pitiable carnage, in gaining possession of the lakes. —But does any man expect that the Americans will agree, upon this, to let us keep what we have so dearly won; and submit to leave in the hands of an exasperated foe the key to some of the richest provinces of their country? No man can possibly expect it. The enemy knows that we cannot afford to send out twenty thousand men every year, nor to incur an additional expense of twenty millions, to maintain possession of a few barren acres on their borders. They will harass us, therefore, with continual attacks, and exhaust us with interminable marches, in the bound-

Digitized by Google

less wastes of their difficult and unfruitful country;—till, after distinguishing ourselves by prodigies of useless valour, and disgracing ourselves by acts of vindictive cruelty, the second American war ends, like the first, in the utter discomfiture and signal defeat of the rash and stubborn invaders. 'Conquer three millions of free men!' exclaimed Lord Chatham with contempt and wonder at the infatuation which persisted so long in that first fatal contention; although we had then a settled and original possession of half the country—and the hearts of the other half were believed by many to be with us! And now we expect to conquer nine millions, when we have been driven from one part of the border, and have united the hearts of the whole against us!—Nothing short of conquest, and complete prostration, can possibly gain for us the objects on which we are insisting; and no sane person, we imagine, believes that to be possible.

But suppose that it were possible, and that it were actually accomplished, what should we have gained?—we shall not say to compensate for the waste of blood and treasure which our success must have cost us—but with a view to that security for our Canadian dominions, which is held out as the object of the contest. The carnage, the sufferings, the disgrace which our success must necessarily have inflicted on the enemy, must excite a rancorous and incurable animosity in the breast of every citizen of the land; and if we are able, by main force, to maintain ourselves in possession of our new frontier, it may fairly be assumed that it will only be to force that we shall owe it. The most rooted hostility, the most eager thirst for revenge, will infallibly watch all our proceedings; and a greedy advantage will assuredly be taken of the first moment of negligence or weakness, of external embarrassment or interior dissension, to repair the loss and retrieve the dishonour of so invidious a conquest. After such a conquest, therefore, we can never be secure for a moment, even under the appearance of the most complete pacification,—but must continually maintain such a force as may be sufficient to repress the desperate attempts to which we must be continually liable. In our old frontier we should excite no such jealousy, and require no such costly precautions; and therefore we presume it can scarcely be doubted, that we should be more secure on the whole with that old frontier,—and must lose more in the increased hostility of our neighbours, than we can possibly gain by this slight diminution of their resources.

Such, we think, would be the inevitable result of our success—even if the relative strength of the two countries were destined to remain at its present proportions. But it is impossible here to shut our eyes to a fact most material to the whole question.—

Digitized by Google

America has doubled her population in little more than eighteen years—and, from the state of her territory, is likely to go on nearly at the same rate for at least fifty years to come.—Long before that time, therefore, she must have a population of from thirty to forty millions—while in Canada, from the inferiority of the soil and climate, we can never reckon upon having more than two or three millions. Against such an enormous preponderance of force, if backed by mortified pride and vindictive resentment, it is evident that no succours that England could spare could enable this colony to make any resistance;—and long, indeed, before the disproportion has attained to this limit, not only our new boundary, but our whole transatlantic possessions must infallibly be swept away.—It is not easy, indeed, to see how Canada is ultimately to be protected against this monstrous force, by any frontier or by any policy;—but this, at all events, we take to be manifest, that she may be longest protected by that policy which most effectually conciliates the friendship and respect of her more powerful neighbour—and by that frontier which is most visibly guarded by the sanctity of justice and the charm of moderation. America, in fact, has no need of any accession to her territory—and will every day feel less and less jealousy of a weak and a peaceable neighbour. But if we now make aggressions upon her soil, we may be assured that, in the fulness of her strength, they will be repaid with interest;—if we wantonly sow the seeds of rancorous and inexorable hostility, we must expect to reap in due season the bitter and abundant harvest.

But truly it is too visionary to dwell thus at large upon the consequences of a success which we are obviously never destined to attain, and from the hope of which so many circumstances conspire at this moment to exclude us.—If there are any persons so insane as to dream at any time of conquests in America, is there nothing in the present situation of Europe that should admonish them that this is not the season when such visions can be safely indulged?—Is there nothing in the aspect of the blackening horizon before us—of the storms that are brewing in the South—and the East, that should induce us to look anxiously for the return of serenity in the West?—Who is there so sanguine as to expect that Europe is to remain in peace for many years, or that England is not to be embroiled in the first and the last of her quarrels?—or, if that tremendous destiny may be avoided, who does not see that the best chance to avoid it, is to have a great disposeable force ready to throw into the scale of the advocates of order and justice—to have our hands free, and our flanks disencumbered for the vital contest that we may yet have to sustain on our own shores?—For the sake of trying to gain a frontier a little more convenient for the insignificant pro-

Digitized by Google

vince of Canada—for the sake of making an irreconcileable enemy of America, and pouring out oceans of blood, and heaps of treasure in a contest in which success can be attended with no glory, and defeat leads to aggravated disgrace—is it really worth while to desert our own cause, and that of Europe, at a moment so critical as the present, and to send fifty ships and fifty thousand men to waste their strength in that obscure and subordinate contention?

But it is not merely with a view to the greater and nearer occasions of exertion which it threatens to present to this country, that the present situation of Europe should operate as a sedative to our zeal for hostilities in America. If Europe is again embroiled, America will be sure to find allies in these very hostilities;—and we have already experienced what it is to contend against American energy, backed by the skill and resources of an European auxiliary. The original cause of war with America, we ought to recollect, is one in which all the continental powers have at one time or another protested against our pretensions,—and may be presumed indeed habitually to look upon them with no very favourable eye. To these pretensions America is now willing to submit, and thus to remove all occasion for their farther discussion;—but if we insist on going on with the war, her protest against them will of necessity be revived, and in all likelihood will soon find other abettors. How long does any one think we can reckon, in the present situation of Europe, on having to meet the Americans without any allies? And has our success, while they stood single-handed against us, been so very brilliant as to give us much hope of a favourable result when they are thus strengthened and supported?—Besides all this, the very existence of our quarrel with America is likely enough to embroil us in Europe, and to disturb, before its day, the nice and ticklish balance on which our tranquillity so visibly hangs.—We have declared the whole coast of the United States, with some trifling exceptions, in a state of blockade. Do we imagine that the maritime nations of Europe will quietly submit for any length of time to such an exclusion;—and if we capture a French or a Russian vessel trading towards the uninvested ports of that country, can we doubt for an instant that we shall have the question of neutral and belligerent rights, which it is now in our power to settle on terms of infinite advantage, to try under circumstances incalculably more unfavourable than any that ever occurred with America?

But supposing the state of Europe to be as encouraging as it is disheartening to the career of transatlantic conquest upon which we seem to have entered, is there nothing in the state of *our Finances* which should make us pause, before we thus plunge

Digitized by Google

into wars of aggression and ambition?—We have just obtained a peace, or a breathing-time at least, in Europe,—and we find ourselves burdened with a debt of which it requires the enormous sum of *thirty millions* Sterling to pay the annual interest,—and with establishments of various kinds, which require, even upon the supposition of universal peace, an expenditure of at least twenty millions more.—Are we in any condition, then, to embark in a new war—confessedly unnecessary for our security or honour—and comparatively insignificant in its objects, when it is apparent, that from the distance and the nature of the country in which it is to be waged, it will be incomparably more expensive than any other scheme of hostility that could possibly be devised of the same magnitude? Will the country, with all the silly and vulgar animosity it has been taught to feel against its American opponents, be indeed disposed to pay the property-tax,—and to see it increased to fifteen or twenty per cent., in order to have thousands upon thousands of her brave sons obscurely slain in an attempt, successful or unsuccessful, to get a better frontier for Canada, than we solemnly agreed to take in 1783? If it be willing, is it able, to bear this enormous burden?—And at the moment when our manufacturers are in danger of being undersold by those of France and Germany, and our farmers by those of Poland,—can it be thought a fit time to enter into such ambitious speculations, with the certainty of such tremendous expense, and so faint a prospect of ultimate success—success almost worthless when attained?

In such a situation of things, and where there is such an overwhelming preponderance of argument in favour of peace, it may be scarcely necessary to suggest, that we wilfully expose Canada itself to an immediate and most serious hazard, by this unjustifiable attempt to provide for its future security. If we make peace upon the advantageous terms that are offered, Canada is safe for the present; and as safe for the future, as it has ever been since 1783,—as safe, that is, as it was thought possible to make it, when that treaty was deliberately adjusted with a view to that object. If we go on with the war, however, and any one of the numerous casualties befal us, to which we are continually liable—and some of which, if the war is long protracted, must almost necessarily occur—Canada is gone from us—and gone irretrievably, and for ever. One half of it is disaffected, and the other nearly indifferent.—Upper Canada is peopled almost entirely by settlers from the United States, who in their hearts must wish well to their countrymen and friends.—Lower Canada—thanks to our preposterous policy—is still almost entirely French,—and dislikes us only less than the Americans. If France should join with America, there could be but

Digitized by Google

little dependence on their fidelity;—as it is, there is notoriously none to be placed in their zeal. They will make no sacrifices, and no desperate efforts for a government, towards which they have never felt any cordiality; and if the country be once lost, they will risk no insurrections to recover it for English masters.

We shall conclude this part of the subject with the mention of one other most painful and most potent dissuasive from the farther prosecution of this disastrous war. Our armies will be thinned by unprecedented Desertions in every campaign on the soil of America—and will melt away by inglorious dissolution, adding to the force of the enemy, and detracting at once from our strength and our national character. Do not let it be said that this is an imputation on the loyalty and honour of our army which it cannot possibly have merited. We appeal to facts that are notorious, and to principles of human nature that need no corroboration from particular instances. We think as highly of the valour and the worth of our soldiery as it is possible to think of any soldiery: But alas, it is not in the private ranks of a regular army—and, least of all, perhaps, in the ranks of war-worn veterans, who have campaigned in foreign lands till all domestic recollections are nearly worn out of them—that we are to look for refined notions of propriety, or the habit of resisting extraordinary temptations. It is to the extraordinary force of the temptation, and not to the previous corruption of its victims, that we ascribe this disaster. There are desertions from all armies—and large desertions from all armies that begin to be unsuccessful;—but, in a country where the deserter can hide and domesticate himself with those who resemble his countrymen, who speak his own language and display his own manners—in a country, above all, where wages are high, and subsistence cheap, and where a common labourer may, in a short time, raise himself to the rank of a landed proprietor—the temptations to desert are such as the ordinary rate of virtue in that rank of life will rarely be able to resist. We know already, from documents that have been laid before the public, that the Americans boast of prodigious desertions having taken place from the British forces;—and the fact, when averred in Parliament, met with nothing but an evasive answer from his Majesty's Ministers. We know also, that a proposition to encourage desertion, by holding out a large bribe at the public expense, was entertained in Congress; and, although it was rejected as inconsistent with the principles of honourable hostility, we have little doubt that it will be renewed, if we should really proceed to enforce our demands of territory by an actual invasion of their soil;—nor do we see very well upon what grounds we should then be entitled to complain of it.

Digitized by Google

Against a lawless invader—an invader for the avowed purposes of conquest—all arms are held to be lawful, and all devices by which he can be resisted, praiseworthy. But, whether this additional seduction be resorted to or not, we greatly fear that many will be found to yield to the existing temptations—and that, after incurring prodigious and intolerable expense in transporting men to fight our melancholy battles in America, we shall find their ranks reduced by other agents than the sword or the pestilence, and their officers drooping with resentment and agony over their daily returns of those who are missing where there has been no battle;—and who are not only lost to their country, but gained by her exulting adversary.

We must now draw to the close of these observations; and indeed there is but one other point which we are anxious to bring before our readers. America is destined, at all events, to be a great and a powerful nation. In less than a century she must have a population of at least seventy or eighty millions. War cannot prevent, and, it appears by experience, can scarcely retard this natural multiplication. All these people will speak English; and, according to the most probable conjecture, will live under free governments, whether republican or monarchical, and will be industrious, well educated, and civilized. Within no very great distance of time, therefore,—within a period to which those who are now entering life may easily survive, America will be one of the most powerful and important nations of the earth; and her friendship and commerce will be more valued, and of greater consequence, in all probability, than that of any one European state. England had—we even think that she still has—great and peculiar advantages for securing to herself this friendship and this commerce. A common origin,—a common language,—a common law,—a common enjoyment of freedom,—all seem to point them out to each other as natural friends and allies. What then shall we say of that shortsighted and fatal policy, that, for such an object as we have been endeavouring to expose, should sow the seeds of incurable hostility between two such countries—put rancour in the vessel of their peace, and fix in the deep foundations and venerable archives of their history, to which for centuries their eyes will be reverted, the monuments of English enmity and American valour, on the same conspicuous tablet—binding up together the sentiments of hate to England and love to America as counterparts of the same patriotic feeling—and mingling in indissoluble association the memory of all that is odious in our history, with all that is glorious in theirs? Even for the insignificant present, we lose more by the enmity of America than can be made up to us by the friendship of all the rest of the world. We lose the largest

Digitized by Google

and most profitable market for our manufactures—and we train up a nation, destined to so vast an increase, to do without those commodities with which we alone can furnish them, and from the use of which nothing but a course of absolute hostility could have weaned them. But these present disadvantages, we confess, are trifling, compared with those which we forego for futurity: And when we consider that, by a tone of genuine magnanimity, moderation, and cordiality, we might, at this very crisis, have laid the foundation of unspeakable wealth, comfort, and greatness to both countries, we own that it requires the recollection of all our prudent resolutions about coolness and conciliation, to restrain us from speaking of the contrast afforded by our actual conduct, in such terms as it might be spoken of;—as, if the occasion calls for it, we shall not fear to speak of it hereafter.

The Americans are not liked in this country; and we are not now going to recommend them as objects of our love. We must say, however, that they are not fairly judged of by their newspapers; which are written for the most part by expatriated Irishmen or Scotchmen, and other adventurers of a similar description, who take advantage of the unbounded license of the press to indulge their own fiery passions, and aim at exciting that attention by the violence of their abuse, which they are conscious they could never command by the force of their reasonings. The greater part of the polished and intelligent Americans appear little on the front of public life, and make no figure in her external history. But there are thousands of true republicans in that country, who, till lately, have never felt any thing towards England but the most cordial esteem and admiration; and to whom it has been the bitterest of all mortifications that she has at last disappointed their reliance on the generosity and magnanimity of her councils, belied their predictions of her liberality, and justified the execrations which the factious and malignant formerly levelled at her in vain. This is the party too, that is destined ultimately to take the lead in that country, when the increase of the population shall have lessened the demand for labour, and, by restoring the natural influence of wealth and intelligence, converted a nominal democracy into a virtual aristocracy of property, talents and reputation;—and this party, whom we might have so honourably conciliated, we first disgusted, by the humiliating spectacle of a potent British fleet battering down magnificent edifices unconnected with purposes of war, and then packing up some miserable hogsheads of tobacco as the ransom or the plunder, we disdain to remember which, of a defenceless village, and afterwards roused to more serious in-

Digitized by Google

dignation by an unprincipled demand for an integral part of their territory.

We have said enough, however—and more perhaps than enough—on this unpopular subject; for there is, or at least has been, till very lately, a disposition in the country to abet the Government in its highest tone of defiance and hostility to America. While it was supposed that our maritime rights were at issue, this was natural—and it was laudable; nor shall the time ever come when we shall cease to applaud that spirit which is for hazarding all, rather than yielding one atom of the honour and dignity of England to foreign menace or violence. Since this question of our maritime rights, however, has been understood to be waved by America, we think we can perceive a gradual wakening of the public to a sense of the injustice and the danger of our pretensions. There are persons, no doubt—and unfortunately neither few nor inconsiderable—to whom war is always desirable, and who may be expected to do what they can to make it perpetual. The tax-gatherers and contractors, and those who, in still higher stations, depend for power and influence on the appointment and multiplication of such offices, are naturally downcast at the prospect of a durable pacification;—and hail with joy, as they foment with industry, every symptom of national infatuation by which new contests, however hopeless and however sanguinary, may be brought upon the country. But the sound and disinterested part of the community—those who have to pay the taxes, and the contractor and the minister—ought, one would think, to have a very opposite feeling;—and it is to them that these observations are addressed—not to influence their passions, but to rouse their understandings, and to make one calm appeal to their judgment and candour from paltry prejudices and vulgar antipathies.

Why the Americans are disliked in this country, we have never been able to understand; for most certainly they resemble us far more than any other nation in the world. They are brave and boastful, and national, and factious like ourselves;—about as polished as 99 in 100 of our own countrymen in the upper ranks—and at least as moral and well educated in the lower. Their virtues are such as we ought to admire,—for they are those on which we value ourselves most highly; and their very faults seem to have some claim to our indulgence, since they are those with which we also are reproached by third parties. We see nothing then from which we can suppose this prevailing dislike of them to originate, but a secret grudge at them for having asserted, and manfully vindicated, their independence. This, however, is too unworthy a feeling to be avowed; and the very imputation of it should stimulate us to

Digitized by Google

overcome the prejudices by which it is suggested. The example of the Sovereign on this occasion, is fit for the imitation of his subjects. Though notoriously reluctant to part with this proud ornament of his crown, it is known that his Majesty, when convinced of the necessity of the measure, made up his mind to it with that promptitude and decision which belong to his character,—and which indicated themselves, long after, in the observation which we believe he was in the practice of addressing to every ambassador from the United States, at their first audience —'I was the last man in my kingdom, Sir, to acknowledge your 'independence; and I shall be the last to call it in question!'

It would be extremely gratifying to know, that the Prince Regent has inherited this manly sentiment; and that he infuses the spirit of it into the instructions under which the present negociations are conducted. Never any negotiations were of such moment to the interests and the honour of this country—and never any, at the same time, in which her interests and her honour might be so easily secured.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

from August to November 1814.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Magazine; a Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. (Published Quarterly.) No. LX., which completes Vol. XV. Price 3s.

ANTIQUITIES.

A New Edition of Toland's History of the Druids; with his Life, Notes, &c. By R. Huddleston. 9s.

The History and Illustration of Salisbury Cathedral; constituting a portion of the Cathedral Antiquities of England. Each Cathedral will make a Complete Work. By J. Britton, F. S. A. Nos. I. & II. 4to. 12s. each. Imp. Paper, 1*l*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Fifth Edition; with a greatly improved Set of Engravings. Vol. XI. Part I.—and Vol. XII. Parts I. & II. Price 18s. each Part.

Outlines of Natural Philosophy; being Heads of Lectures delivered in the University of Edinburgh. By John Playfair. Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.——Also a Second Edition of Vol. I. 9s.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria; written by herself. Translated from the Italian. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

The History of Toussaint Louverture; a New Edition. With a Dedication to the Emperor of Russia.

A Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters. By Michael Bryan. Part IV. Demy 4to, 15s. Royal 4to, 1*l.* 6s.

Memoirs of Francis, commonly called St Francis de Sales, Titular Prince and Bishop of Geneva. Translated from the French. 12mo. 5s.

BOTANY.

Botanical Magazine. Vol. XL. By J. Sims, M.D. F.R. & L.S. 1*l.* 1s.

An Epitome of the Second Edition of Hortus Kewensis, for the Use of Practical Gardeners; to which is added, a Selection of Esculent Vegetables and Fruits, cultivated in the Royal Gardens at Kew. By W. T. Aiton, Gardener to His Majesty. Post 8vo. 12s.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bibliographical Memoranda, in Illustration of Early English Literature. Nos. I. & II. Foolscap 4to. 15s.

CLASSICS.

Poetæ Minores Græci, præcip. Lection. Varietate et Indic. Locupletissimis. Intruxit Thomas Gaisford, A. M. Vol. I. 8vo. 15s.

Pindari Carmina juxta exemplar Heynianum; quibus accesserunt Notæ Heynianæ; Paraphrasis Benedictina, et Lexicon Pindaricum, ex integro Dammii Opere Etymologico excerptum, et justa Serie dispositum; digessit et edidit Henricus Huntingford, LL.B. 8vo. 1*l.* 10s.

Dammii Lexicon Pindaricum. 8vo. 12s.

DRAMA.

Harlequin Hoax; or a Pantomime proposed. By J. Dibdin. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Three Dramas, viz. The Ball Ticket; The Mysterious Packet; and The Heiress. 18mo. 3s.

EDUCATION.

A Practical View of Christian Education, in its early stages. 12mo. 5s.

Guide for Youth; recommending Piety, &c. By J. D. Burton. 12mo. 3s.

French Idiomatical Phrases and Dialogues for Schools. By M. Des Carrieres. 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England, Vol. XXII. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

Short Introduction to History; suggested by Coghlan's System of Mnemonics. By M. Garwood. 3s.

A Genealogical History of the English Sovereigns, from William I. to George III. inclusive; accompanied with Biographical Notices, and Genealogical Tables. By William Toplis.

The Annual Register; or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature for the Year 1805; being the Fifth Volume of a New Series. 8vo. 18s.

Digitized by Google

Historical View of the State of the Protestant Dissenters in England, and of the Progress of Free Inquiry and Religious Liberty; from the Revolution to the Accession of Queen Anne. By Joshua Toulmin, D. D. 8vo. 12s.

LAW.

An Historical Treatise of an Action or Suit at Law, and of the Proceedings used in the Court of King's Bench and Common Pleas; from the original Process to Judgment. By R. Boote. The fifth edition, with Additions, by W. Ballantine, Esq. Barrister. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Origin, Progress, and present Practice of the Bankrupt Law, both in England and Ireland. By Edward Christian, Esq. Vol. II. 8vo. 1l. 2s.

An Analysis, arranged to serve also as a Compendious Digested Index of Mr Fearne's Essay on Contingent Remainders, and Executory Devises, and of Mr Butler's Notes. By R. H. Coote, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn. Royal 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Treatise on Criminal Pleading, with precedents of Indictments, Special Pleas, &c. adapted to Practice. By T. Starkie. 2 vol. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

State Trials, from the earliest Period to the present Time. Compiled by T. B. Howell, F. R. S. F. S. A. Vol. XXI. Royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Supplemental Notes to Mr Hume's Commentaries on the Law of Scotland respecting Crimes. By the Author of the Commentaries 4to. 18s.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND ANATOMY.

Observations on Pulmonary Consumption. By H. H. Southey, M. D. 8vo. 7s.

A Philosophical Dissertation on the Hereditary Peculiarities of the Human Constitution. By Joseph Adams, M. D. F. L. S. &c. 2s.

MISCELLANIES.

A Critical Analysis of several striking and incongruous Passages in Madame de Stael's Work on Germany; with Strictures on that Country. By a German.

French Letters. 18mo. 4s.

How to be Happy, or the Agreeable Hours of Human Life. By George Brewers. 12mo. 10s.

Essays, Moral and Religious. By Wm. Potter. Cr. 8vo. 6s.

Pour Deviner; new Enigmatical Propositions, &c. Poetry and Prose, selected by a Lady. 2 vol. 12mo. 12s.

The Confessions of Sir Henry Longueville. By R. P. Gillies esq. 2 vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

MATHEMATICS.

The Teacher's Assistant, or Arithmetician's Guide. By R. S. M. Thomson. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Principles of Practical Perspective. By —— Brown. Part II. with twelve curious Engravings.

Digitized by Google

Exercises in Simple Equations. By the Same. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

The Doctrine of Chances, or the Theory of Gaming made easy to every person acquainted with common Arithmetic. By W. Rouse. 8vo. 15s.

The Elements of Landsurveying, practically adapted to the Use of Schools and Students; illustrated by highly-finished Engravings, plain and coloured. By Abraham Croker, Landsurveyor, of Frome. A New Edition. 9s.

New Mathematical Tables, containing the Factors, Squares, Cubes, Square Roots, Cube Roots, Reciprocals, and Hyperbolic Logarithms, of all numbers from 1 to 10,000; Tables of Powers and Prime Numbers; an extensive Table of Formulæ, or General Synopsis of the most important Particulars relating to the Doctrines of Equations, Series, Fluxions, Fluents, &c. &c. By Peter Barlow, of the Royal Military Academy. 8vo. 18s.

MECHANICS.

The Miscellaneous Papers of John Smeaton, Civil Engineer, and F. R. S. communicated to the Royal Society; printed in the Philosophical Transactions, and comprising his Treatise on Mills, forming a fourth volume to his Reports. With twelve Engravings. 4to. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Essay on Dew, and several appearances connected with it. By W. Charles Well, M.D. F.R.S. 7s.

The Cocker, containing every Information to the Breeders and Amateurs of the Game Cock. By W. Sketchly. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

The Picture of Nature; or, a General Survey of the Principal Objects of the Creation, which present themselves to the Observation of Man; calculated to convey Miscellaneous Instruction to Young Persons, and to direct their Attention to the great First Cause. By William Jillard Hort. 12mo. 5s.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Waverly, or 'tis Sixty Years Since. Third Edition. 3 vol. 12mo. With a Preface by the Author. 1*l.* 1s.

Duty; by the late Mrs Roberts, with Poetry, and a Character of the Author. By Mrs Opie. 3 vol. 12mo. 12s.

Don Quixote, in Spanish. Por el Rdo Don Felipe Fernandez, en 4 tomos. 18mo. 1*l.* 1s.

Milford House, or Folly as it Flies. By a late Officer of the Third Guards. 3 vol. 12mo. 18s.

A Month in Town. By Humphry Hedgehog, Esq. 3 vol. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

The Family Robinson Crusoe. Translated from the German of M. Wiss, 12mo. 6s.

Alkalomeric, the Son of Maugraby: an Arabian Tale. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Bachelor's Miseries. By an Old Maid of Distinction. 4 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 4s.

Digitized by Google

The Recluse of Norway. By Miss Anna Maria Porter. 4 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 4s.

The Hypocrite, or the Modern Janus. By Selina Davenport. 5 vol. 1*l.* 5s.

Montreithe, or the Peer of Scotland. 4 vol. 1*l.* 2s.

POETRY.

The Exile, a Poem, from the Russian MS. of the Author, who fell before Dresden. 5s. 6d.

Ossian's Fingal, a Poem in Six Books; rendered into Verse. By George Harvey. 8vo. 10s.

Pieces of Ancient Poetry, from unpublished MSS. and scarce books. Foolsc. 4to. 18s.;—Blue Paper 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

Whetstone's Metrical Life of Geo. Gascoigne. Foolsc. 4to. 5s.

Carmen Britannicum; or the Song of Britain: written in honour of the Prince Regent. By Lord Thurlow. 4to. 5s.

The Poetical Register for 1810 and 1811, being the Eighth Volume of the Work. This Volume includes more than three hundred Original and Fugitive Poems, nearly one-half of which are original; and above two hundred Criticisms upon Poetical and Dramatic Productions, published during 1810 and 1811. Cr. 8vo. 12s.

The Condemned Vestal; in Three Books. 8vo. 4s.

Parnassian Wild Shrubs; consisting of Ode, Elegy, Moral Essay, and Sonnet. By William Taylor. 12mo. 5s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Considerations sur Genève, dans ses Rapports avec l'Angleterre et les Etats Protestants; suivies d'un Discours prononcé à Genève sur la Philosophie d'Histoire. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi. 8vo. 4s.

Debates at the East India House on the Subject of Pensions. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

A Letter to Lord Liverpool on the very eminent importance of Sicily to Great Britain. 1s. 6d.

Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Corn Laws. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

First and Second Reports from the Committees of the House of Lords, relating to the Corn Laws. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Rights of War and Peace, including the Law of Nature and of Nations; translated from the original Latin of Grotius, with Notes and Illustrations from the best Political and Legal Writers, Antient and Modern. By the Rev. A. C. Campbell, A. M. 3 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

PHILOLOGY.

New Orthographical Exercises, with the correct Orthoëpy of every Word, according to the most approved modern usage, for the Use of Foreigners, and Schools in general. By Alex. Power. 12mo. 2s.

Clef, ou Themes traduits de la Grammaire de Nicolas Hamel, d'apres l'Edition Stéréotype. 12mo. 3s.

Digitized by Google

Introductory Latin Exercises to those of Clarke, Ellis, and Turner; designed for the Younger Classes of Learners. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

The Dictionary of the English Language; in which the Words are deduced from their Originals, and illustrated in their different Significations, by Examples from the best Writers; to which are prefixed, a History of the Language, and an English Grammar. By Samuel Johnson, LL. D. With numerous Corrections, and with the addition of many thousand Words. By the Rev. H. J. Todd, M. A. F. S. A. Part I. 4to. 1*l.* 1s.

A Compendious System of Practical English Grammar. By John Huthersal. 18mo. 2s.

THEOLOGY.

Short Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, chiefly designed for the use of Country Villages. By Isaac Man. 2s. 6d.

An Essay on Immortality, by the Author of a Review of the First Principles of Bishop Berkley, Dr Reid, and Professor Stewart. 8vo. 9s.

Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation. By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. 7s. 6d.

Rural Discourses. By the Rev. W. Clayton. 2 vol. 12mo. 4s.

A Comparative View of the Churches of Rome and England. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Tracts on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and on the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, with a Disquisition on Rational Christianity; by Soame Jenyns Esq. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to the Doctrine of the Trinity and Athanasian Creed. By the Right Rev. T. Burgess, Bishop of St David. 8vo. 4s.

Evangelical Christianity Considered, and shown to be synonymous with Unitarianism; in a Course of Lectures on some of the most Controverted Points of Christian Doctrine: addressed to Trinitarians. By John Grundy, one of the Ministers of the Chapel in Cross Street, Manchester. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s.

The Complete Works of the late Rev. T. Robinson, M. A. late Vicar of St Mary, Leicester, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; containing Scripture Characters, the Christian System, Prophecies of the Messiah, any of which may be had separate. 8 vol. 8vo. 4*l.* 4s.

A Candid and Impartial Inquiry into the Present State of the Methodist Societies in this Kingdom; wherein their Doctrines are fairly examined, their Discipline and Economy investigated, real Excellencies in each displayed and vindicated. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Magna Britannia; Vol. III. containing Cornwall. By the Rev. Daniel Lysons, A. M. &c. and Samuel Lysons, esq. F. R. S. &c. 4to. 3*l.* 15s.—with Views, 6*l.* 18s.—royal 4to. 6*l.* 6s.—with Views, 11*l.* 11s.

Britannia Depicta, Part IV. 3*l.* 15s.—Proofs 6*l.* 6s.—on India paper, 8*l.* 8s.

Digitized by Google

The History of Essex, from the earliest period to the present time, with Biographical Notices of the most distinguished and remarkable Natives. By Eliz. Ozborne. Part I. 4to. 15s.—royal 4to. 1*l.* 1s.

A Topographical Account of Bawtry and Thorne (Yorkshire), with the Villages adjacent. By W. Peck. 4to. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

The Post Roads in France for 1814, published by Authority. 18mo. 8s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

An Account of a Voyage to Abyssinia, and Travels in the Interior of that Country, under the orders of the British Government, in 1809 and 1810; in which is included an Account of the Portuguese Settlements on the Eastern Coast of Africa; a Summary of late Occurrences in Arabia Felix; and some particulars respecting the Aboriginal African Tribes, from Mozambique to the Borders of Egypt, with Vocabularies of their Languages. By H. Salt, esq. F. R. S. &c. Royal 4to. 5*l.* 5s.

A Journal of a Voyage in 1811 and 1812 to Madras and China, returning by the Cape of Good Hope and St Helena, in the H. C. S. the Hope, Capt. Jas. Pendergrass. By Jas. Wathen. Illustrated by 24 coloured Prints. 4to. 3*l.* 3s.

Letters from Albion to a Friend on the Continent; written in the Years 1810, 11, 12, and 13. 2 vol. small 8vo. 12s.

Relation Historique de leur Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent pendant les Années 1799—1804. Par MM. Humboldt & Bonpland. Tom. I. Partie I. avec l'Atlas des Cartes Geographiques et Physiques. 4to. pap. fin. 3*l.*—pap. vel. 3*l.* 12s.

A Translation of the first two volumes of the Relation Historique, under the title of Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoxial Regions of the New Continent, during the Years 1799-1804; accompanied by the whole of the text of the Atlas Pittoresque, and a selection of plates by M. de Humboldt; forming two volumes, under the Title of Researches on the Institutions and Monuments of the Ancient Inhabitants of America, &c. &c. By Helen Maria Williams. Illustrated by plates, some of which are coloured. 4 vol. 8vo. 2*l.* 12s. 6d.

A Voyage round Great Britain, undertaken in the summer of the year 1813, and commencing from the Land's End, Cornwall. By Richard Ayton. With a Series of Views, illustrative of the character and prominent features of the coast; drawn and engraved by Mr Wm. Daniell, F. R. A. Nos. I. to VII. 10s. 6d. each.

Letter from Paris. By the Rev. J. Chetwode Eustace. 8vo. 4s.

Paris in 1802 and 1814. By the Rev. Wm. Shepherd. 8vo. 8s.

New

Digitized by Google

New German Books imported by T. Boosey, *Broad-Street, Exchange.*

Amdt's Political Pamphlets. 1814.
Brande's Astronomie. 3 vol. 1813.
Buch Reise durch Norwegen und Lappland 2 vol. 8vo. Berlin 1810.
Deutsland Wudergeburh ein Politische Versuche von Schmidt. 8vo. 1814.
Engel's Schriften. 12 vol. 1806.
Goethe's Leben. 3 vol. 1808 to 1814.
Jacobe's Sämmtliche Werke. 7 vol. 1813.
Klaproth's Reise en Den Kaukasus. 3 vol. 1812 to 1814.
Kotzebue's last novels.
Lafontaine's do.
La Motte Fougue's last Romances.
Richter (J. Paul) Lavana oder Erzulehre. 3 vol. 1814.
——————— Man & Phœbus. 1814.
Muzzen zu einer Geschichte des Russisch Franzo-sischen Kriegs im jahr 1812. 8vo. Leipzig, 1814.
Taschenbucher. 1814.
Tieck's Phantusus. 2 vol. 8vo. 1812.

The above form part of a catalogue of German books just published, including all the well known authors.

No. XLVIII. will be published in February 1815.

D. Willison, printer, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

FEBRUARY 1815.

No. XLVIII.

ARTICLE I. *The Lord of the Isles.* A Poem. By WALTER SCOTT Esq. 4to. pp. 440. Edinburgh, Constable & Co. London, Longman & Co. 1815.

HERE is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel—with all his characteristic faults, beauties, and irregularities. The same glow of colouring—the same energy of narration—the same amplitude of description—are conspicuous here, which distinguish all his other productions:—with the same still more characteristic disdain of puny graces and small originalities—the true poetical hardihood, in the strength of which he urges on his Pegasus fearlessly 'through dense and rare,' and, aiming gallantly at the great ends of truth and effect, stoops but rarely to study the means by which they are to be attained—avails himself, without scruple, of common sentiments and common images wherever they seem fitted for his purposes—and is original by the very boldness of his borrowing, and impressive by his disregard of epigram and emphasis.

Though bearing all these marks of the master's hand, the work before us does not come up, in interest, to the Lady of the Lake, or even to Marmion. There is less connected story—and, what there is, is less skilfully complicated and disentangled, and less diversified with change of scene, or variety of character. In the scantiness of the narrative, and the broken and discontinuous order of the events, as well as the inartificial insertion of detached descriptions and morsels of ethical reflection, it bears more resemblance to the earliest of the author's greater productions; and suggests a comparison, perhaps not altogether to his advantage, with the structure and execution of the Lay of the Last Minstrel:—for though there is probably more force and substance in the latter parts of the present work, it is certainly inferior to that enchanting performance in delicacy and sweet-

Digitized by Google

ness, and even—is it to be wondered at after four such publications?—in originality.

The title of 'The Lord of the Isles' has been adopted, we presume, to match that of 'The Lady of the Lake:' But there is no analogy in the stories,—nor does the title, on this occasion, correspond very exactly with the contents. It is no unusual misfortune, indeed, for the author of a modern Epic to have his hero turn out but a secondary personage, in the gradual unfolding of the story, while some unruly underling runs off with the whole glory and interest of the poem. But here the author, we conceive, must have been aware of the misnomer from the beginning; the true, and indeed the ostensible hero being, from the very first, no less a person than King Robert Bruce; and the Lord of the Isles nothing more than one of his less considerable adherents—whose fickle loves and prudential marriage choices but feebly divide the interest which is exclusively due to that heroic sovereign.

The story of the poem, indeed, consists substantially of a selection from the well known incidents in the life of that adventurous prince, or rather in that eventful period of it which elapsed from his return from the shores of Ireland to those of Carrick in 1307, to his famous victory at Bannockburn in 1314. As this, however, is known to comprise but a small part of his actual history, the interest is unavoidably weakened by its being thus detached from the general tissue of the story; and, even in the period that is given, so much is left out as to produce a sensible deficiency both of incidents and of connexion in the main branch of the narrative; which we do not think very happily supplied by the imaginary adventures of Lord Ronald and the lovely Edith, which belong indeed to a totally different sort of interest, and assort but ill with the tale of patriotic exploits, and anxieties, and sufferings, upon which they are engrafted. The consequence of thus blending the historical and fictitious parts of the fable into one, is not only to produce a feeling of incongruity, but of disappointment; for as the poem begins with the imaginary persons, and takes its title from them, we continue to look for the resumption of that wilder legend, long after the Bruce has filled the scene with his own real presence; and, of course, lend but a careless ear to the first exploits of him whom we do not immediately recognize as its proper hero.

Mr Scott's poetical character is now so well understood and established with the public, that it would be absurd to describe it at large in reviewing every new production of his pen;—and by far the most precise and intelligible judgment we can pass upon the present poem, is to compare it with some of

Digitized by Google

those which he has already given to the world, and which have now taken a fixed and permanent place in public estimation. Looking, in a general way, to this appropriate standard, we should be tempted to say of the work before us, that we think the author has somewhat weakened the peculiar interest and charm of his poetry, by seeking to sustain a more serious and heroic strain of feeling than we are accustomed to find in his other pieces,—and that we miss, on the present occasion, those gay and lively pictures of courtly splendour and knightly gallantry, and those graphic traits, half ludicrous and half pathetic, of ruder life and simpler manners, which give such irresistible richness and spirit and variety to the tissue of his other romances. The interest in the present work is almost entirely of a tragic or heroic character,—and partakes, no doubt, of the monotony which is inseparable from such elevations; and as the work is still sufficiently irregular in its design, diction, and versification, we are rather disappointed at not finding something of the same diversity in the character of its interest, and cannot at once reconcile ourselves to the uniform decorum and dignity of the grave personages who have now succeeded on his scene to the fantastic and shifting and promiscuous groupes by which it was formerly filled. Something, certainly, is lost in this way, of that brightness and variety of colouring which formed one of the greatest charms of his poetry; and the action is not only less busy and spirited, but we are cheated out of a multitude of little pictures and traits of character by which the main design, at least as it is managed by this author, is not so much broken as enlivened, and the whole brought nearer to the standard and effect of reality.

It is in this, we think, that the character of the present poem differs chiefly from that of the author's former productions;—and it results probably from the same general cause, that the language appears to us to be in many places less flowing and easy than usual; and not only to deserve the old reproaches of being too careless and familiar, but actually to sink now and then into absolute poorness—abounding in frequent repetitions of the same phrases and forms of expression, and ringing eternal changes upon a very limited number of chivalrous and antiquarian allusions.

The fictitious part of the story is, on the whole, the least interesting—though we think that the author has hazarded rather too little embellishment in recording the adventures of the Bruce. There are many places, at least, in which he has evidently given an air of heaviness and flatness to his narration, by adhering too closely to the authentic history; and has lowered down the tone

Digitized by Google

of his poetry to the tame level of the rude chroniclers by whom the incidents were originally recorded. There is a more serious and general fault, however, in the conduct of all this part of the story—and that is, that it is not sufficiently national—and breathes nothing either of that animosity towards England, or that exultation over her defeat which must have animated all Scotland at the period to which he refers, and ought consequently to have been the ruling passion of his poem. Mr Scott, however, not only dwells fondly on the valour and generosity of the invaders, but actually makes an elaborate apology to the English for having ventured to select for his theme a story which records their disasters. We hope this extreme courtesy is not intended merely to appease critics, and attract readers in the southern part of the island—and yet it is difficult to see for what other purposes it could be assumed. Mr Scott certainly need not have been afraid either of exciting rebellion among his countrymen, or of bringing his own liberality and loyalty into question, although in speaking of the events of that remote period, where an overbearing conqueror was overthrown in a lawless attempt to subdue an independent kingdom, he had given full expression to the hatred and exultation which must have prevailed among the victors, and are indeed the only passions which can be supposed to be excited by the story of their exploits. It is not natural, and we are sure it is not poetical, to represent the agents in such tremendous scenes, as calm and indulgent judges of the motives or merits of their opponents;—and by lending such a character to the leaders of his host, the author has actually lessened the interest of the mighty fight of Bannockburn, to that which might be supposed to belong to a well regulated tournament among friendly rivals. We must now proceed, however, to let the reader a little more into the details of a work, of which we have already spoken too much at large in these general terms.

The poem opens with the matin song of the Island bards, assembled at the castle of Artornish, on the Sound of Mull, for the purpose of celebrating the union of its warlike chief, Lord Ronald of the Isles, with the fair Edith of Lorn, who has had the condescension to come and wait his arrival at this fortress of his clan. The bride, however, exhibits no symptoms of bridal delight;—and we speedily learn from certain confidential communications with her nurse, that though dressed in the most becoming manner, and desperately in love with the bridegroom, she is mortally offended, and deeply hurt, by certain suspicious appearances of neglect and indifference on his part; among which she very reasonably reckons his tardiness in appearing to claim her hand on that eventful morning. This distressing

Digitized by Google

conversation, however, is fortunately broken off by the appearance of Lord Ronald's fleet of gallies bearing down the sound, with streamers flying and pipes playing, and sweeping proudly past a small and weather-worn bark, which is painfully beating up against the favouring gales on which they are prosperously steering. The poet now suddenly leaves the bridal train to their fortune; and turns to the lonely vessel which is buffeting the billows in their wake, in which the valiant King Robert Bruce, with his dauntless brother Edward, and his fair sister Isabel, are stealing privately towards their native shores; till the freshening blast, and the falling night, compel them, after much consultation, to seek the shelter of Artornish Bay; and claim, as unknown knights, the hospitality of its potent lord.—A very picturesque account is given accordingly of their bearing down through the stormy waves, on that lighted and high-perched fortress,—and of the sudden bursts of music and revelry, which come mingling in the pauses of the blast, with the roar of the darksome sea. On their arrival, they are mistaken for the abbot come to celebrate the marriage; but are at last ushered by torch-light up the steep and slippery stair, that descends from the postern to the water, and are left in an anti-room at the end of the first Canto, while the warder goes to announce their arrival to the splendid party within.

The Second Canto introduces the illustrious strangers to the presence of the assembled chieftains; among whom the haughty Ronald is exquisitely represented as loud and moody by turns; and seeking to disguise or atone for the fits of gloomy absence, into which he perpetually relapses, by frequent bursts of clamorous and obstreperous gaiety. The Seneschal, on being ordered to assign a place to the new guests, is guided by their lofty mien to marshal them above all the chiefs then present—to the great indignation of the Lord of Lorn, who begins, however, to suspect the actual quality of the strangers; and orders his bard to sing a boastful lay, recording certain pretended advantages gained by him in battle over the hard-fated monarch. The impatience of Edward, and the dignified rebuke of the king himself, render all further concealment vain; and a frightful tumult instantly succeeds to the bridal festivities—Lorn, loudly insisting upon taking instant vengeance for the murder of his kinsman Comyn, sacrilegiously slain by Bruce at the altar,—and Ronald, as vehemently contending, that no advantage should be taken of a knight who had thrown himself on their hospitality,—a cause in which he is not the less eager and resolute, from recognizing in the lovely Isobel, who now throws down her veil, and claims his protection for her brother, the royal beau-

Digitized by Google

ty, for whose sake his heart has already been faithless to his betrothed Edith. The retainers take part on each side with their chiefs, and blood is about to be shed,—when a solemn bugle from the water announces the approach of the abbot of Iona, who has at last arrived to solemnize the nuptials, and to whose decision the contending parties agree to refer their fierce contention, and the fate of the illustrious strangers. The holy man turns at first to the excommunicated king, with a stern and severe countenance; but, after listening to his pious penitence and lofty defence, breaks out suddenly into a prophetic and very poetical rapture;—takes a rapid survey of the high career upon which he is about to enter,—and pronounces him blessed, and deserving of blessing, in the sight of heaven and his country. He then falls back in the arms of his attendants, and is borne instantly to his galley, leaving the overawed assembly in astonishment and silence.

The Third Canto recounts the dispersion of the chieftains, and the king's adventures in the island of Skye. Lorn withdraws with all his train in high resentment—which is still farther increased by the disappearance of Edith, who is conjectured to have sought the protection of the Abbot and the cloysters of Iona; and the king retires to rest under the guarantee of the high-minded Ronald,—who comes alone to his chamber at midnight, kneels down before him, and devotes himself and all his people to the prosecution of his righteous cause. In the morning, they resolve to rouse all the warlike islanders to their aid; for which purpose Ronald and the King embark in one galley, while another, under the command of Edward, takes Isobel back to her retreat in Ireland. The monarch is driven by baffling gales to the romantic shore on the south of Skye, where they come to anchor under shelter of the rocky and mountainous land; and the King, with Ronald and his page, are tempted by the apparent loneliness of the scene, to go ashore and look for game. We have then a very striking description of the desolate grandeur and magnificence of the landscape which surrounds them, in the midst of which they are not a little startled to discover five stern and sullen-looking men assembled round a stag which they had just killed.—A jealous and suspicious greeting ensues; but, upon being informed by the strangers that their vessel had been seen to make sail, and stand out to sea on the approach of a ship with English colours, they consent to go with them to their hut,—where they take care however to insist for a separate establishment, with a fire and table of their own, and agree that one of them by turns shall keep watch while the others sleep. The first watch is undertaken by Ronald, who contrives to keep him-

Digitized by Google

self awake tolerably well with meditations on Edith and Isobel, and his divided vows and inclinations. He then resigns his task to the king, who occupies himself till his appointed hour with patriotic reflections and plans of campaigns.—At dawn, the poor page is set to watch for his masters; and after doing his best to keep his eyes open, by thinking of his mother and his sisters, and all the sports and wondrous legends that amused his childhood, sinks at last into irresistible slumber; and, at that instant, receives the dagger of the first watchful ruffian in his heart, and rouses his master by his dying groan. The King springs up in fury, and fells the murderer to the earth; and he and Ronald speedily despatch the other four miscreants, who confess, in dying, that they were retainers of Lorn, and acted in revenge of his quarrel. They bewail the unhappy page, and leave the hut of blood, rather out of spirits, at the end of the third Canto,—taking with them a pretty dumb boy whom the murderers alleged they had saved from shipwreck the day before; and who, it may be as well to apprise the reader, turns out to be the fair Edith, who had assumed this disguise, to facilitate her escape with the abbot.

In the beginning of the Fourth Canto, Edward Bruce returns to the shores of Skye, and his brother—with the joyful tidings that the standard of their family had been again raised in Scotland, and that his little army was safely landed in the Isle of Arran. They set sail again, therefore, in high spirits; and rouse all the Island clans as they pass through the Hebridean archipelago, the aspect and bearings of which, from Staffa to Tiree, are sung in sonorous strains. At length they reach Brodick Bay in Arran, on a lovely evening, and are received with tears and shouts by the faithful bands from whom they had been so long divided. The dumb boy is sent to wait on the lady Isobel, who has established herself in the nunnery of St Bride, and seems alike insensible to the love of the fickle Ronald, and the reviving splendours of royalty.

In discussing the suit of Lord Ronald with her royal brother, Isobel had vowed in presence of the dumb page, that she would never allow his name to be mentioned as her lover, till the fair Edith of Lorn should freely renounce the betrothment by which he was bound to her; and, in the beginning of the Fifth Canto, she finds on the floor of her cell the spousal ring, and a written disclamation of the betrothment, under the hand of the generous but unhappy Edith; while the dumb boy is no longer to be found! She immediately divines the whole secret of that mysterious stripling; and sends to inquire after him at the maritime camp, from which the embarkation was at that instant going forward. Here, however, it is discovered, that the boy has been sent forward

Digitized by Google

by Edward to concert signals with their friends on the Carrick shore: and the gallant armada pushes from the beach at midnight, as soon as they see the expected beacon-flame on the Scottish shore. As they near the land, that flame spreads and broadens in an awful and extraordinary degree, lighting up all the woody headlands, and the dark surface of the sea, and the faces of the anxious army, with its portentous blaze. Just as they gain the beach, it sinks with as portentous a suddenness; and they land on the glittering sand by the pale and cold light of the moon. Here they are suddenly appalled with information, that the English force is still in strength in the country, and that the mysterious flame which had decoyed them over, had not been traced on that shore to any mortal hand, but had seemed to rise spontaneously on the land as well as the water. Advanced as they now are, however, they think it would be base to retreat; and push hastily, under cover of the night, through the paternal possessions of the Bruce, to make their arrangements for surprising the English garrison, which was then stationed in his halls. During this night march, the dumb page, who rejoins them on the Scottish shore, is committed to the charge of Ronald, who, in utter unconsciousness of her true character, alternately cheers her with his generous kindness, and wrings her heart with allusions to his love for Isobel. After an ambuscade, and an assault, and a romantic adventure of the false page, the castle is won; and the standard of the Bruce floats once more on the towers of his fathers.

The last Canto takes a great stride forward; and, after briefly informing us that the Lady Isobel took the vows in the convent of St Bride,—and the fair Edith, restored to her own name and attire, devoted herself to her society, the story leaps at once over the next seven years, and springs forward to the eve of the great battle of Bannockburn. Lord Ronald, whose aspiring love for the Princess has at length been cured by the news of her profession, turns with reviving tenderness to the recollection of Edith's gentleness and fidelity, and inquires eagerly in all quarters for that lost maiden. Isobel, who has intelligence of the state of his affections, then persuades her faithful friend once more to resume the dumb page's disguise, and to repair, under the King's protection, to the presence of her repentant lover, and there satisfy herself of the renovation of his earliest affection. She arrives, rather unluckily, on the very eve of the battle; and has just time to make herself known to the King, who stations her, with the attendants, on a hill in the rear of the army. The battle then ensues, with all its circumstances and details. At the close of the day, when the Scottish line begins

Digitized by Google

to waver, Edith, frantic with alarm for the safety of her lover, whose banner she sees fluttering in the tumult—bursts from her counterfeited dumbness, with passionate invocations to the crowd around her to fly to his relief. The portent is hailed by the whole body of camp-followers. They array themselves in the semblance of a host; and descending the hill with shouts of defiance, strike a panic into the English, who fall immediately into utter route and discomfiture. Ronald, at his return, kneels down before the delivering angel; and the good King Robert gives order, that the Abbot of Cambuskenneth, while he decks the altar for a solemn mass of thanksgiving for the national deliverance, shall also have things in order for the immediate marriage of the Lord of the Isles with the fair Edith of Lorn.

Such is the outline of this story—which, in so far as it is fictitious, is palpably deficient both in interest and probability;—and, in so far as it is founded in historical truth, seems to us to be objectionable, both for want of incident, and want of variety and connexion in the incidents that occur. There is a romantic grandeur, however, in the scenery, and a sort of savage greatness and rude antiquity in many of the characters and events, which relieves the insipidity of the narrative, and atones for many defects in the execution. There are fewer detached ballads or lyrical pieces in this than in any of Mr Scott's greater poems; and we miss the animation which they used to impart to a long and unbroken narrative. There are, however, a few introductory stanzas of a reflecting and moral cast, to each of the Cantos;—and we may begin our extracts with those which stand prefixed to the whole work; which appear to us to have a character of very considerable tenderness and solemnity.

'Autumn departs—but still his mantle's fold
Rests on the groves of noble Somerville:
Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold
Tweed and his tributaries mingle still;
Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill,
Yet lingering notes of sylvan music swell,
The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill;
And yet some tints of summer splendour tell
When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

'Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wafts it o'er,
No more the distant reapers' mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,

Digitized by Google

Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans few ears of scatter'd grain.

'Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still,
Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray,
To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill,
To listen to the woods' expiring lay,
To note the red leaf shivering on the spray,
To mark the last bright tints the mountain stain,
On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way,
And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—
O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain!'

p. 3, 4.

The only other detached piece we shall quote, is in a very different style of excellence. It is the triumphant and insulting song of the bard of Lorn, commemorating the pretended victory of his chief over Robert Bruce in one of their rencounters. Bruce, in truth, had been set on by some of that clan, and had extricated himself from a fearful overmatch by stupendous exertions. In the struggle, however, the broach which fastened his royal mantle had been torn off by the assailants; and it is on the subject of this trophy that the Celtic poet pours forth this wild, rapid, and spirited strain.

'THE BROACH OF LORN.

'"Whence the broach of burning gold,
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rain-bow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

'"Gem! ne'er wrought on highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did in Iceland's darksome mine
Dwarf's swarth hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal-moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear?

'"No!—thy splendours nothing tell
Foreign art or faëry spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the over-weening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;

Digitized by Google

Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

" While the gem was won and lost
Widely was the war-cry toss'd!
Rung aloud Bendourish Fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide, o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

" Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this broach, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

" Farthest fled its former Lord,
Left his men to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel.
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn,
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"'—p. 53–56.

Mr Scott, we observed in the newspapers, was engaged during last summer in a maritime expedition; and accordingly, the most striking novelty in the present poem is the extent and variety of the sea pieces with which it abounds. One of the first we meet with is the picture of the distress of the King's little bark, and her darkling run to the shelter of Artornish castle.

' All day with fruitless strife they toil'd,
With eve the ebbing currents boil'd
More fierce from straight and lake;
And mid-way through the channel met
Conflicting tides that foam and fret,
And high their mingled billows jet,
As spears, that, in the battle set,
Spring upward as they break.
Then too, the lights of eve were past,
And louder sung the western blast
On rocks of Inninmore;
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.' p. 25.

Digitized by Google

'The helm, to his strong arm consign'd,
Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,
And on her alter'd way,
Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,
Like greyhound starting from the slip
To seize his flying prey.
Awaked before the rushing prow,
The mimic fires of ocean glow,
Those lightnings of the wave.' &c. p. 28.

'Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep
Their course upon the darken'd deep;—
Artornish, on her frowning steep
'Twixt cloud and ocean hung,
Glanced with a thousand lights of glee,
And landward far, and far to sea,
Her festal radiance flung.
By that blithe beacon-light they steer'd,
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appear'd,
As the cold moon her head uprear'd
Above the eastern Fell.

Thus guided, on their course they bore
Until they near'd the mainland shore,
When frequent on the hollow blast
Wild shouts of merriment were cast,
And wind and wave and sea-birds' cry
With wassail sounds in concert vie,
Like funeral shrieks with revelry,
Or like the battle-shout
By peasants heard from cliffs on high,
When Triumph, Rage, and Agony,
Madden the fight and rout.
Now nearer yet, through mist and storm,
Dimly arose the Castle's form,
And deepen'd shadow made,
Far lengthen'd on the main below,
Where, dancing in reflected glow,
An hundred torches play'd,
Spangling the wave with lights as vain
As pleasures in this vale of pain,
That dazzle as they fade. p. 29—31.

Their eager and hopeful course among the Western Islands, when they go to rouse their clans to arms, after their adventures in Skye, is delineated with different colours, though with the same spirit and fidelity.

'Merrily, merrily, bounds the bark,
She bounds before the gale,

Digitized by Google

The mountain breeze from Ben-na-darch
Is joyous in her sail!
With fluttering sound like laughter hoarse,
The cords and canvas strain,
The waves, divided by her force,
In rippling eddies chased her course,
As if they laugh'd again.
Not down the breeze more blithely flew,
Skimming the wave, the light sea-mew,
Than that gay galley bore
Her course upon that favouring wind,
And Coolin's crest has sunk behind,
And Slapin's cavern'd shore.' &c. p. 135, 136.

'Merrily, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free,
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark and Colonsay,
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round.
Then all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturb'd repose
The cormorant had found,
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And welter'd in that wond'rous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples deck'd
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise
A Minster to her Maker's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In varied tone prolong'd and high,
That mocks the organ's melody.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.
They left Loch-Tua on their lee,
And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,
And the Chief of the sandy Coll;
They paused not at Columba's isle,
Though peal'd the bells from the holy pile

Digitized by Google

With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons pass
Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant Ilay call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,
And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreken's roar,
And lonely Colonsay.' p. 140—143.

The termination of this auspicious voyage sinks into a strain of greater softness and beauty.

'Now launch'd once more, the inland sea
They furrow with fair augury,
And steer for Arran's isle;
The sun, ere yet he sunk behind
Ben-ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind,"
Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,
And bade Loch Ranza smile.
Thither their destined course they drew;
It seem'd the isle her monarch knew,
So brilliant was the landward view,
The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold
With azure strove and green.
The hill, the vale, the tree, the tower,
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,
The beach was silver sheen,
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between.
O who, with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks?
The blush that dyes his manly cheeks,
The timid look, and down-cast eye,
And faultering voice, the theme deny.
And good King Robert's brow express'd,
He ponder'd o'er some high request,
As doubtful to approve;
Yet in his eye and lip the while
Dwelt the half-pitying glance and smile,
Which manhood's graver mood beguile,
When lovers talk of love.' p. 145—147.

Digitized by Google

The first entry of the illustrious strangers into the castle of the Celtic chief is more in the accustomed and peculiar style of this poet of chivalry.

'To land these two bold brethren leapt,
(The weary crew their vessel kept)
And, lighted by the torches' flare,
That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder leaned her head,
And down her long dark tresses shed,
As the wild vine, in tendrils spread,
Droops from the mountain oak.
Him follow'd close that elder Lord,
And in his hand a sheathed sword,
Such as few arms could wield.' &c.

'With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;
For, though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soil'd their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais,
And royal canopy;
And there he marshall'd them their place,
First of that company.

'Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide,
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne;
But Owen Erraught said,
"For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall
Has been my honour'd trade.
Worship and birth to me are known,
By look, by bearing, and by tone,
Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone;
And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate
In higher place than now."'—p. 48, 49.

One of the sweetest, and at the same time the most animated passages of the whole poem, is the close of the tragic adventure of the hut in Skye, and the death and avenging of the poor

Digitized by Google

slumberous page. We have already mentioned how his masters contrived to keep awake during the allotted period of their heavy watch. The poor boy, however, found it harder work. 'He had no figures nor no fantasies to toil his brain with;' and the honey heavy dew of slumber fell fatally on his eyelids.

'He trimm'd the fire, and gave to shine
With bickering light the splinter'd pine;
Then gazed awhile, where silent laid
Their hosts were shrouded by the plaid.
But little fear waked in his mind,
For he was bred of martial kind,
And, if to manhood he arrive,
May match the boldest knight alive.
Then thought he of his mother's tower,
His little sisters' green-wood bower,
How there the Easter gambols pass,
And of Dan Joseph's lengthen'd mass.
But still before his weary eye
In rays prolong'd the blazes die!
Again he roused him—on the lake
Look'd forth, where now the twilight-flake
Of pale cold dawn began to wake.
On Coolin's cliffs the mist lay furl'd,
The morning breeze the lake had curl'd,
The short dark waves, heaved to the land,
With ceaseless plash kiss'd cliff or sand;—
It was a slumb'rous sound!—he turn'd
To tales at which his youth had burn'd,
Of pilgrim's path by demon cross'd,
Of sprightly elf or yelling ghost,
Of the wild witch's baneful cot,
And mermaid's alabaster grot,
Who bathes her limbs in sunless well
Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.
Thither in fancy rapt he flies,
And on his sight the vaults arise;
That hut's dark walls he sees no more,
His foot is on the marble floor,
And o'er his head the dazzling spars
Gleam like a firmament of stars!
—Hark! hears he not the sea-nymph speak
Her anger in that thrilling shriek?—
No! all too late, with Allan's dream
Mingled the captive's warning scream!
As from the ground he strives to start,
A ruffian's dagger finds his heart!
Upward he casts his dizzy eyes, . . .
Murmurs his master's name, . . . and dies!

Digitized by Google

Not so awoke the King! his hand
Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand,
The nearest weapon of his wrath;
With this he cross'd the murderer's path,
And venged young Allan well!
The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood
Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,
The miscreant gasp'd and fell!
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple over thrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand!
—O for a moment's aid,
Till Bruce, who deals no double blow,
Dash to the earth another foe,
Above his comrade laid!—
And it is gained—the captive sprung
On the raised arm, and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,
The master'd felon press'd the ground,
And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce. p. 116-119.

The embarkation from Brodick-Bay, and the approach to the Carrick shore under the guidance of the mysterious beacon flame, are likewise given with great spirit and effect.

'The Monk's slow steps now press the sands,
And now amid a scene he stands,
Full strange to churchman's eye;
Warriors, who, arming for the fight,
Rivet and clasp their harness light,
And twinkling spears, and axes bright,
And helmets flashing high;
Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears,
A language much unmeet he hears,
While, hastening all on board,
As stormy as the swelling surge
That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge
Their followers to the ocean verge,
With many a haughty word.

'Through that wild throng the Father pass'd,
And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last.

Digitized by Google

He leant against a stranded boat,
That the approaching tide must float,
And counted every rippling wave,
As higher yet her sides they lave,
And oft the distant fire he eyed,
And closer yet his hauberk tied,
And loosen'd in its sheath his brand.' p. 182, 183.

'In night the fairy prospects sink,
Where Cumray's isles with verdant link
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde;
The woods of Bute no more descried
Are gone—and on the placid sea
The rowers plied their task with glee,
While hands that knightly lances bore
Impatient aid the labouring oar.
The half-faced moon shone dim and pale,
And glanced against the whiten'd sail;
But on that ruddy beacon-light
Each steersman kept the helm aright,
And oft, for such the King's command,
That all at once might reach the strand,
From boat to boat loud shout and hail
Warn'd them to crowd or slacken sail.
South and by west the armada bore,
And nears at length the Carrick shore.
As less and less the distance grows,
High and more high the beacon rose;
The light, that seem'd a twinkling star,
Now blazed portentous, fierce, and far.
Dark-red the heaven above it glow'd,
Dark-red the sea beneath it flow'd,
Red rose the rocks on ocean's brim,
In blood-red light her islets swim;
Wild scream the dazzled sea-fowl gave,
Dropp'd from their crags on plashing wave;
The deer to distant covert drew,
The black-cock deem'd it day, and crew.
Like some tall castle given to flame,
O'er half the land the lustre came.' p. 189–191.

Their moonlight muster on the beach, after the sudden extinction of this portentous flame, and their midnight march through the paternal fields of their royal leader, also display much beautiful painting.

'Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye,
The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.

Digitized by Google

Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scattered files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.' p. 193.

'They gain'd the Chase, a wide domain
Left for the Castle's sylvan reign,
(Seek not the scene—the axe, the plough,
The boor's dull fence, have marr'd it now)
But then, soft swept in velvet green
The plain with many a glade between,
Whose tangled alleys far invade
The depth of the brown forest shade.
Here the tall fern obscured the lawn,
Fair shelter for the sportive faun;
There, tufted close with copse-wood green,
Was many a swelling hillock seen;
And all around was verdure meet
For pressure of the fairies' feet.
The glossy holly loved the Park,
The yew-tree lent its shadow dark,
And many an old oak, worn and bare,
With all its shivered boughs, was there.
Lovely between, the moon-beams fell
On lawn and hillock, glade and dell.
The gallant Monarch sigh'd to see
These glades so loved in childhood free,
Bethinking that, as outlaw now,
He ranged beneath the forest bough.' p. 199, 200.

After the castle is won the same strain is pursued.

'The Bruce hath won his father's hall!
—"Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,
Welcome to mirth and joy!
The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.
Great God! once more my sire's abode
Is mine—behold the floor I trode
In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch, whose sound
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around
To youth's unthinking glee!

Digitized by Google

O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks be given!" ' p. 216.

The battle, we think, is not comparable to the battle in Marmion; though nothing can be finer than the scene of contrasted repose and thoughtful anxiety by which it is introduced.

' It was a night of lovely June,
High rode in cloudless blue the moon,
Demayet smiled beneath her ray;
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah, gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night,
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,
And many a wounded wretch to plain
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the cry
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—
Here, numbers had presumption given;
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from Heaven.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height commands
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,
With serf and page unfit for war,
To eye the conflict from afar.
O! with what doubtful agony
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,
And glistens now Demayet dun;
Is it the lark that carols shrill,
Is it the bittern's early hum?
No!—distant, but increasing still,
The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,
With the deep murmur of the drum.
Responsive from the Scottish host,
Pipe-clang and bugle-sound were toss'd,
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,
And started from the ground;
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight,
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,
And in the pomp of battle bright
The dread battalia frown'd.

Now onward, and in open view,
The countless ranks of England drew,

Digitized by Google

Dark-rolling like the ocean-tide,
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,
And his deep roar sends challenge wide
To all that bars his way!
In front the gallant archers trode,
The men-at-arms behind them rode,
And midmost of the phalanx broad
The Monarch held his sway.
Beside him many a war-horse fumes,
Around him waves a sea of plumes,
Where many a knight in battle known,
And some who spurs had first braced on,
And deem'd that fight should see them won,
King Edward's hests obey.' p. 247—250.

The adventures of the day are versified rather too literally from the contemporary chroniclers. The following pause, however, is emphatic; and exemplifies, what this author has so often exemplified, the power of well chosen and well arranged names to excite lofty emotions, with little aid either from sentiment or description.

'High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,
And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.
Douglas leans on his war-sword now,
And Randolph wipes his bloody brow,
Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,
From morn till mid-day in the fight.
Strong Egremont for air must gasp,
Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,
And Montague must quit his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!
The blows of Berkley fall less fast,
And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast
Hath lost its lively tone;
Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,
And Percy's shout was fainter heard,
"My merry-men, fight on!"'— p. 260, 261.

These citations are enough, we believe, to gratify the curiosity of the reader, and more than enough to afford a fair specimen of the poem. They are specimens, on the whole, of its better parts; and, to give a complete and impartial idea of it, we ought to subjoin some from its more faulty passages. But this is but an irksome task at all times; and, with such an author as Mr Scott, is both invidious and unnecessary. His faults are nearly as notorious as his beauties; and we have announced in the outset, that they are equally conspicuous in this as in his other productions. There are innumerable harsh lines and uncouth expressions;—passages of a coarse and heavy diction—

Digitized by Google

and details of uninteresting minuteness and oppressive explanation. It is needless, after this, to quote such couplets as

> ' A damsel tired of midnight bark,
> Or wanderers of a moulding stark. '

or,

> ' 'Tis a kind youth, but fanciful;
> Unfit against the tide to pull. '

or to recite the many weary pages which contain the colloquies of Isobel and Edith, and set forth the unintelligible reasons of their unreasonable conduct. The concerns of these two young ladies, indeed, form the heaviest part of the poem. The mawkish generosity of the one, and the piteous fidelity of the other, are equally oppressive to the reader; and do not tend at all to put him in good humour with Lord Ronald,—who, though the beloved of both, and the nominal hero of the work, is certainly as far as possible from an interesting person. The lovers of poetry have a particular aversion to the inconstancy of other lovers;—and especially to that sort of inconstancy which is liable to the suspicion of being partly inspired by worldly ambition, and partly abjured from considerations of a still meaner selfishness. We suspect, therefore, that they will have but little indulgence for the fickleness of the Lord of the Isles; who breaks the troth he had pledged to the heiress of Lorn, as soon as he sees a chance of succeeding with the king's sister; and comes back to the slighted bride, when his royal mistress takes the vows in a convent, and the heiress gets into possession of her lands, by the forfeiture of her brother. These characters, and this story, form the great blemish of the poem;—but it has rather less fire and flow and facility, we think, on the whole, than some of the author's other performances. The notes are too long—and the volume a great deal too expensive.

ART. II. *An Inquiry concerning the Rise and Progress, the Redemption and Present State, and the Management of the National Debt of Great Britain.* The Second Edition, enlarged. By ROBERT HAMILTON, LL. D. F. R. S. E, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen. Edinburgh, 1814.

WHEN the first edition of this valuable work was published, we really had no leisure to study our account-books;—being then in the very heart of a struggle about things of still greater moment than finance, or even bankruptcy. Happily that long and dreadful storm has now blown over; and we have

Digitized by Google

at last a breathing time to look about as to our real situation, and to make arrangements for repairing our damages, and providing for our future comfort. Here, the enormous and still increasing mass of our debt, is the first object of alarm and anxiety; and we must all be eager to devise means for lightening so grievous a burden. From this very eagerness, however, the nation has been long disposed to cherish delusive expectations, and to adopt inefficient or pernicious measures; and Dr Hamilton has performed a most important service to his country, by directing the public attention to just views of this interesting subject.

The English, though unquestionably a 'most thinking people,' have not always had the good fortune to think right upon matters of importance; and, upon this particular subject, we suspect they have been led into a pretty general error by the abstract propositions with which they were long stunned about the marvellous augmentation of money by compound interest. 'It 'is well known,' says Dr Price,* 'to what prodigious sums 'money improved for some time at *compound interest* will in-'crease.' And then he states, in a note, that 'a *penny* so im-'proved from our Saviour's birth, as to double itself every 'fourteen years, or, which is nearly the same, put out to five 'per cent. compound interest at our Saviour's birth, would, by 'this time, (that is, in 1773 years), have increased to more mo-'ney than would be contained in 150 millions of globes, each 'equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold.' In a note upon this note, his accurate friend Mr Morgan nicely observes, that a penny improved so as to double itself every fourteen years, would have accumulated only to 107 millions of such globes, just 43 millions fewer than the Doctor had calculated;—'but this,' Mr Morgan wisely observes, 'is abundant-'ly sufficient to prove the strength of his argument.' And here follows the Doctor's practical inference. 'A state, if there is 'no misapplication of money, must necessarily make this im-'provement of any savings which can be applied to the payment 'of its debts. It need never, therefore, be under any difficul-'ties; for, with *the smallest savings*, it may, in as little time as 'its interest can require, pay off *the largest debts.*'

Now, extravagant as this sounds, it is well entitled to a deliberate consideration. It is the assertion of a distinguished calculator; it influenced the measures of that great statesman and first of financiers, Mr Pitt; and there can be no doubt of the

* Preface to the first edition of his Observations on Reversionary Payments.

Digitized by Google

arithmetical proposition, that a penny, improved by annual compound interest at 5 per cent., would, in 1778 years, amount to an inconceivable sum. Still we are startled with the assertion, that the *smallest* saving may pay off the *largest* debt—even though we should allow a much longer time than the interest of the state would require For our own part, we do not conceive how a debt can be paid, unless the creditor receive *both principal and interest*; and we do not know from whence the money is to come, unless from the purse of the debtor or his successors. But here is a small saving which pays a large debt! This looks very like a puzzle proposed by the master of a commercial academy to exercise the ingenuity of his scholars; and we much suspect, that the small saving which is to effect this great good, must be backed by something which Dr Price has not thought proper to bring forward. Let us examine the matter more closely.

The benefit of compound interest which accrues to a nation in its transactions with the public creditor, does not arise from any operations of Government as a money-lender, but in the following manner. Suppose a state, whose revenue, as in this country, arises from taxation, to borrow 20 millions, under an engagement of paying interest yearly at 5 per cent. It is obvious, in the first place, that so long as the debt remains unpaid, the country must submit to a taxation of one million yearly, for the payment of interest. But if 200,000*l.* of the principal is paid, the interest of that 200,000*l.* is no longer due to the creditor; and thus a yearly revenue of 10,000*l.* falls into the hands of Government. If, at the end of the first year after the payment of the 200,000*l.*, Government pays to the creditor the 10,000*l.* of disengaged interest, then 210,000*l.* of the debt will be extinguished; and 210,000*l.* is precisely the capital which would have been produced, if 200,000*l.* had been lent to accumulate for a year by compound interest at 5 per cent. But it must not be forgotten, that in this case the country has not only raised the 200,000*l.* by taxation, but has also continued burdened, as at first, with the annual taxation of one million; the 10,000*l.* being only that part of the million which is no longer paid to the creditor as interest. Thus the 200,000*l.*, and the 10,000*l.*, which have gone towards the extinction of the principal debt, as well as the interest of what remains unextinguished, are all raised by taxation. As the creditor has now received 210,000*l.* of principal, the interest of that sum is no longer due to him; and thus a yearly revenue of 10,500*l.* falls into the hands of Government. If, at the end of the first year after the payment of the 210,000*l.*, that is to say, at the end of the se-

Digitized by Google

cond year after the first payment of 200,000*l.*, Government pays to the creditor the 10,500*l.* of disengaged interest, then 220,500*l.* of the original debt will be extinguished; and 220,500*l.* are precisely the capital which would have been produced, if 200,000*l.* had been lent to accumulate for two years, by compound interest at 5 per cent. But it must never be forgotten, that, in this case, the country has been still burdened, as at first, with the annual taxation of one million; the 10,500*l.* being only that part of the million which is no longer paid to the cre litor as interest. Thus the 200,000*l.*, the 10,000*l.*, and the 10,500*l.*, which have gone towards the extinction of the principal debt, are all raised by taxation; and so also is the interest of what remains unextinguished. There has been no creation of a fund by compound interest,—and no debt extinguished, except by the proceeds of taxation. In general, at the end of any number of years, the debt extinguished in this manner will be equal to the capital which would have been produced in the same time, if the 200,000*l.* had been lent to accumulate by compound interest: But, on the other hand, every shilling which has gone towards the extinction of the principal debt, as well as every shilling which is paid for the interest of what remains unextinguished, is raised by taxation;—not one farthing is produced out of nothing, by any magical power of compound interest. The 200,000*l.*, by means of which 220,500*l.* of debt have been extinguished in two years, were backed by the million raised every year by taxation, for the interest of the original debt; so that, after the creditor had received the 200,000*l.*, the first year's million supplied the 10,000*l.*, and the second year's million supplied the 10,500*l.*, which made up the 220,500*l.* of debt extinguished during the two first years: and, however long the process may be continued, the successive millions supply the successive sums, which, together with the 200,000*l.*, make up the whole amount of the extinguished debt.

In the very same manner, Dr Price's magical penny, with which, in the course of 1773 years, he performs such astonishing feats, incomparably greater, we allow, than our 200,000*l.* have been able to accomplish in two years, is also backed with something incomparably greater than our two millions of pounds. A penny improved so as to double itself every fourteen years, will, in 1773 years, produce a capital equal to 150 millions of globes, according to Dr Price, or to 107 millions, according to Mr Morgan; 'each globe as large as the earth, and all solid gold.' But this gentleman observes, with more precision than his friend, that if the penny had been improved only at 5 per cent. compound interest, instead of that rate, (a very little high-

Digitized by Google

er), which doubles the capital every fourteen years, and which the Doctor rashly conceived would produce very nearly the same result, the capital will amount to no more than 60 millions of globes; 90 millions fewer than the Doctor had actually calculated, but only 47 millions fewer than he should have calculated;—a difference which Mr Morgan thinks 'far from being inconsiderable.' Suppose then a nation to owe 60 millions of globes, and to pay yearly interest at 5 per cent.; the whole of this debt may, no doubt, be discharged in 1773 years by means of a single penny. But it must not be forgotten, that in each of these years the nation provides from its funds the annual interest of the whole original debt, which annual interest amounts to not less than 3 millions of globes; so that the penny is backed with 1773 parcels of globes, each parcel containing 3 millions of globes, each globe as large as the earth, all solid gold; and these successive parcels supply successive sums, *which, together with the penny,* amount at last to the whole original debt.

In general, whether the interest is payable at the end of every year, or half year, or any other period; and whether the rate of interest is always the same, or different in different periods; the amount of debt extinguished at the end of any number of periods, will be equal to the capital which would have been accumulated, if the 200,000*l.*, or the penny, or whatever sum is paid to the creditor at the beginning, had, during these periods, been improved at the same rate or rates of compound interest. But, for this purpose, it is indispensably requisite, that the interest of the whole original debt shall also be paid regularly every term-day; the disengaged parts of the interest which are larger and larger every successive period, being applied to the extinction of the principal. It is these disengaged interests, together with the sum paid in the beginning, which make up the amount of the extinguished debt. And every shilling thus paid to the creditor, if it is not borrowed, is raised by taxation.

But great resources have been expected from borrowing; though it is not obvious to a man of common understanding that any thing can be gained by discharging a debt with borrowed money, if as high interest is to be paid for the latter as for the former. It has been said, however, that, when a loan is applied to the redemption of the public debt, the nation pays only *simple interest* for what produces the benefit of *compound interest*; and consequently is a gainer by the difference, which in time will rise to a prodigious amount. Here, again, is a promise of great gain to be produced from nothing. It has a very suspicious appearance; but we shall not reject it without examination.

Digitized by Google

Suppose that Government borrows a million, to be applied to the redemption of the public debt, and imposes taxes for the interest, which is payable every half year. The payment of the million to the public creditor produces two effects, and nothing more. The first effect is, to extinguish a certain quantity of the national debt. But since a certain quantity of debt is incurred by borrowing the million, the result, upon the whole, will be, that the national debt remains what it was, if the debt incurred is equal to the debt extinguished; but, otherwise, there will be either a diminution or increase of the national debt, according as the debt extinguished is greater or less than the debt incurred.—The second effect is, that the interest of the extinguished debt comes every half year into the hands of Government, and may be applied to the redemption of the national debt; since provision has been made for the interest of the borrowed million. Suppose the half-yearly interest of the extinguished debt to be 25,000*l.*; then every half year the sum of 25,000*l.* may be applied to the redemption, so that every one of these sums shall operate with the power of compound interest. But if the half-yearly interest of the borrowed million is also 25,000*l.*, the same benefit might be obtained at the same expense without the loan, by applying to the redemption the taxes which now defray the interest of the million. On the other hand, suppose that the lender of the million will not accept less than 26,000*l.* of half-yearly interest: then, if the loan is made, taxes must be imposed to defray this interest, and there will be applicable to the redemption a half-yearly revenue of 25,000*l.* only—instead of 26,000*l.*, which would have been applicable, if the same taxes had been imposed without the loan. But the revenue which the loan procures for the redemption will never be greater than what might have been procured at the same expense without it, unless only when the interest accepted by the lender is less than the interest of the debt which the loan has extinguished. To discover, therefore, if it is advantageous to borrow money for the redemption of the public debt, we must consider upon what terms the public loans are transacted.

When Government borrows money, records are kept, which are equivalent to acknowledgements that the nation owes to the lenders certain capitals bearing interest at certain rates. These acknowledgements, which are transferable at pleasure, either in whole or in parts, leave Government at full liberty with regard to the time of paying the capitals, but constitute an obligation that the stipulated interest shall be paid every half year; and accordingly certain portions of the public revenue are appropriated to the half-yearly payment of the interest, and also to de-

Digitized by Google

fray the expense of management. The capitals are called Stock; the portions of the revenue which are appropriated to pay the interest and expense of management, are called the Funds; and, by this appropriation of revenue, the debt is said to be funded. The different funds were established on different occasions, and are not all committed to the same managers; nor is the interest, or (in the technical language) the Dividends, payable in all of them at the same time. But the only material circumstance in which they differ from each other, is the rate of interest on their capitals or stock; and in this view we have three different funds, denominated the 3 per cents. the 4 per cents. and the 5 per cents. from the respective rates of their yearly interests. The creditor is also, in some cases, recompensed by a temporary annuity, in addition to the interest of his stock; and his title to the annuity, like his title to the stock, is authenticated by a record, and is transferable at pleasure. The amount of these annuities, still current, or unredeemed, is but a small portion of the public debt; and each annuity, whether it is for life, or for a certain number of years, may be considered as equivalent to a certain quantity of stock.

It has been supposed, though it is not ascertained, that in the earliest period of the funding system, which was not introduced till the Revolution in 1688, the stock created on account of the loans, did not exceed the money actually received by Government. This is known to have been the case in the loans for every year of the Seven-years' war, with the exception only of the year 1759, when 7,590,000*l.* of stock, bearing interest at 3 per cent., were granted for a loan of 6,600,000*l.*; which is in the proportion of 115*l.* of stock for every 100*l.* of money advanced by the creditor (p. 67.) But in the latter years of the former American war, and ever since the year 1792, there has been a much greater disproportion between the stock granted and the money received. Thus, in 1797, for a loan of 18,000,000*l.*, the lender received 22,750,000*l.* of 3 per cent. and 2,600,000*l.* of 4 per cent. stock, besides an annuity of 39,000 for 624 years; that is to say, for every 100*l.* of money advanced by the creditor, he received 175*l.* of 3 per cent. and 20*l.* of 4 per cent. stock, together with a long annuity of 6s. (p. 74.)

When stock is obtained on such terms, we may easily conceive that the stockholder will often be willing to part with it for less than its nominal value, either when he has occasion for money, or when he can sell it for more than he paid, or when he grows distrustful of Government security. On the other hand, to those who are not distrustful of that security, the funds hold out great allurements. Purchases of stock are made

Digitized by Google

with the greatest facility and expedition, and at a very trifling expense of fees to agents; opulent men have frequently in their hands considerable sums, which they have no immediate opportunity of employing more profitably; the small earnings or accidental acquisitions of persons in the lower ranks of life, may in this manner be always disposed of to advantage; the interest is paid regularly every half year, and indeed as there are two 3 per cent. and two 4 per cent. funds, which pay their dividends at different times, it is easy to manage matters so that the purchaser shall draw his income quarterly; and, to men of a gambling disposition, who love to dash at great gain, through great hazards, the fluctuation of prices in the stock market is irresistibly attractive. Hence, and perhaps from other causes, the price of stock has sometimes risen considerably above par; that is to say, above its nominal value. Thus, in June 1739, 3 per cents. were sold at the rate of 107*l.* of money, for 100*l.* of stock; and, in August 1791, 4 per cents. and 5 per cents. were sold at 107½*l.* and 122½*l.* per cent. respectively (p. 251.)

The stockholder is the public creditor: The nation owes him a sum equal to the nominal value of his stock, but it owes him no more; and, consequently, can at any time demand a discharge upon payment of the nominal value, however high the market price may be. The way in which Government pays the public debt, is by employing commissioners to buy stock at the market price if it is below par, or at par if the market price should be higher. When it is below par, Government, by this means, makes a compromise with the creditor for less than his full claim: but, at any rate, the purchase by the commissioners extinguishes the stock which is purchased; that is to say, it extinguishes that peculiar portion of the public debt. The dividends upon that stock, together with the half-yearly expense of management, compose the interest which Government paid for that portion of the debt. That interest, which was formerly paid to the stockholder and the managers, now falls into the hands of Government, and consequently may be applied by the commissioners to farther purchases of stock; that is to say, to the farther extinction of the public debt, and so produce the effect of compound interest in the manner already mentioned. It is obvious, that the amount of interest disengaged by any given sum will vary with the price of stock, and likewise according to the kind of stock which is purchased. Still, however, as long as the original amount of interest continues to be raised by taxation, and the disengaged interest to be employed in the purchase of stock, the effect of compound interest will be obtained, though with a rate of interest varying from half year to half year. But

Digitized by Google

the rate can never fall lower than 3 *per cent. per annum*; nor can it fall so low, except only when the purchase is made entirely in the 3 *per cents.* at par, and neglecting the expense of management.

Suppose, now, the State to borrow a million, for which it grants a certain amount of stock. The dividend upon this stock, together with the expense of management, is the revenue which Government has to provide every half year on account of the loan;—a revenue which, if the loan had not been made, might have been applied every half year to the redemption of the public debt. There may indeed be some advantage to the nation, if this half-yearly interest shall be less than the dividends and expense of management which the million will disengage when employed by the commissioners to purchase stock in the market. But no money-dealer will advance money to Government, unless the stock assigned to him is of greater value, and produces a greater dividend than the money advanced could purchase in the market at the time. Thus, the debt incurred by borrowing the million, is greater than the debt which it extinguishes when it is employed by the commissioners in the purchase of stock; and the interest which Government has to provide on account of the loan, and which, if there had been no loan, might have been applied to the redemption, is greater than the interest disengaged by the commissioners' purchase. It is possible indeed, that, by a sudden fall, this loss may in some particular loan be diminished, and even that the fall may be so great and so sudden, that the borrowed million shall purchase as much as has been assigned to the lender; but, on the other hand, a rise in the stock market will produce an actual loss. Now, when a loan is transacted, the withdrawing of so much money from the market will naturally sink the price of stock, so that at the time when the lender is making his bargain with Government, a greater quantity of stock, than before, may be purchased for a million, and the lender will increase his demand accordingly: But when the bargain has been made, and the commissioners come to the market with the borrowed million, the price of stock will naturally rise, and thus increase the loss which must at any rate be incurred, if the price either continue steady, or if it do not fall both suddenly and greatly.

Thus a greater quantity of debt will be extinguished in a given time, and at the same expense, without the loan, if the half-yearly revenue, which must be raised by taxation for the interest of the loan, is employed every half year in the purchase of stock; so that the system of paying debt with borrowed money, (which in private affairs is merely inefficient and harmless,

Digitized by Google

abstracting from the fees to agents), is positively pernicious when applied to the national debt. The loan does, indeed, contribute indirectly to the redemption of the debt, because it forces Government to raise money by taxation for the interest. The dividend upon the stock purchased by the loan comes into the hands of Government; and since interest is provided for the lender, Government may dispose at its pleasure of this dividend (which is unborrowed money raised by taxation), and accordingly applies it to the redemption of the public debt. But if no interest had been provided for the lender, the dividend upon the purchased stock must have supplied the deficiency; and thus nothing would have been done towards the redemption of the public debt; on the contrary, some loss would have been incurred, from the excess (as loans are actually transacted) of the interest stipulated to the lender above the dividend upon the purchased stock, as well as from the excess of the debt incurred by the loan above the debt which it redeems.

We must, therefore, look to taxation alone, for every shilling which is to be employed in the redemption of the debt. And it should never be forgotten, that the effect of compound interest upon any particular sum which is thus employed, will be obtained only so long as the revenue that defrayed the interest of the extinguished debt continues to be raised, and applied regularly every half year to the purchase of stock. At the same time, it is perfectly true, that the smallest sum, *if it is not borrowed, and if it is backed with the constantly-increasing revenue of disengaged interest,* will in a certain period completely relieve a nation, however overwhelmed in debt, *provided the nation is not continually increasing its debt.* A single penny, *unborrowed, and so backed,* will in a course of years extinguish the whole *present* debt of Great Britain. Animated by the marvellous magnificence of this idea, so vehemently urged, and so pompously displayed by Dr Price, Mr Pitt resolved to deserve well of his country, by providing every year a sum which, together with the disengaged interest, and the temporary annuities as they expired, should constitute what is called a Sinking Fund, to be applied inviolably to the redemption of the debt, both in peace and in war. Indeed, the effect of compound interest is not produced but by an uninterrupted continuance of the process, nor is the effect considerable till after a long series of payments. And it was profoundly remarked by Dr Price, that in war the sinking fund would operate with the greatest efficacy;—for the prices of stock being then lowest, a given sum would extinguish the greatest amount of stock, and disengage the greatest revenue of interest; and accordingly, in the tone of ana-

Digitized by Google

thema, with which that great teacher was pleased to deliver his doctrines, he declares that any suspension of the sinking fund in war is the *madness of giving it a mortal blow*, at the very time when it is making the quickest progress. (p. 135.)

Here the important fact, already mentioned, seems to have been overlooked; namely, that it is not only unprofitable but pernicious to pay the public debt with borrowed money. Let us attend to the consequences.—It happened at a particular time, that the public services required a certain sum, beyond what it was thought practicable or convenient to raise by taxation. The sinking fund was preserved inviolate; and, consequently, Government borrowed the whole of the sum required for the services. There was at the same time in the sinking fund a certain amount of money, ready to be paid to the public creditor. This money, we shall suppose, to have been raised entirely by taxation; for we have just seen, that borrowed money can be of no avail in the payment of debt. But it certainly could make no difference, whether the creditor received the identical money which was lying in the sinking fund, or whether he received an equal amount of the borrowed money. Now, the transaction of borrowing the amount equal to the contents of the sinking fund, and paying it to the creditor, neither increased nor diminished the national debt, if we can suppose that the debt incurred by borrowing that amount, was just equal to the debt extinguished by paying it. The national debt, therefore, upon this supposition, was increased only by the excess of the whole loan above the contents of the sinking fund; that is to say, it was not increased more than if the contents of the sinking fund had been applied to the public services, and if only the deficiency had been borrowed. But, in fact, some loss must have been incurred by the plan adopted, inasmuch as the debt incurred by borrowing a sum equal to the contents of the sinking fund would be greater than the debt extinguished by paying it. A great good, however, resulted incidentally from this artificial management; because, though the sum might have been less by a sum equal to the contents of the sinking fund; yet, Government was forced to impose taxes for the interest of that superfluous part of the loan, as well as of the rest; and thus, at the end of the half year, the dividend upon the extinguished stock, not being required for the payment of interest to the lender, came into the hands of Government, and was added to the sinking fund. But this great good might have been more easily accomplished by imposing the same taxes, without borrowing the superfluous sum; and, in this way, more good would have been done, inasmuch as the interest paid to the

Digitized by Google

lender of that superfluous sum, is greater than the interest of the extinguished stock. In the course of the year, the sinking fund again contained a certain amount ready to be paid to the public creditor; there was again required, for the public services, a sum beyond what was raised by taxes; but, instead of diminishing the loan, by applying the sinking fund to the public services, the whole sum required for the public services was borrowed; the fund was preserved inviolate: But still, year after year, the same blank result succeeded; year after year, the addition made to the public debt was not less, but greater, and not inconsiderably greater than it would have been if the sinking fund had been applied to the public services,—provided always, that, in both cases, the same taxes had been levied.

We have here a curious instance, among many others, of our proneness to believe what we wish to be true. Dr Price, though his impetuosity sometimes betrayed him into blunders, was an expert calculator. His disciple Mr Pitt, was a man of uncommon talents. The debt, which, under his administration, and ever since, has increased with a rapidity so tremendous, was too interesting a subject not to have attracted the notice both of statesmen and philosophers. But the mysterious doctrine of compound interest, so long and so loudly preached by Dr Price, seems to have tranquillized the nation into an implicit faith. During our great struggle with the conqueror of Europe, when our expenditure so far exceeded our taxation, a taxation increased, and wisely increased so far beyond all former example,—during the whole of that awful period, the wonder-working ark of the sinking fund was never profaned. We looked up to it for our deliverance; it was proclaimed to be omnipotent, and to display its omnipotence in the most engaging of all forms, by creating wealth out of nothing. Year after year, it was filled, not with small savings, but with rich tributes collected from a believing people, and religiously appropriated by believing ministers to the destined service; and our hopes in it were revived from time to time by the tidings of the vast masses of debt, which, even beyond expectation, had fallen before it. Some freethinkers, indeed, were heard to murmur at the inefficiency of this mysterious agent, under whose operations, mighty as they appeared, the evil which they were supposed to counteract, had enlarged itself beyond measure, and was still enlarging. But our author was the first who rendered the delusion distinctly visible, by directing us to calculate what our situation would have been, if the payment of our debt had been

Digitized by Google

totally suspended till the return of peace. He has also distinctly pointed out the cause of the real inefficiency of an agent which appeared so unremittingly and powerfully active:—as long as the public expenditure exceeds the taxation, the sinking fund is paying debt with borrowed money.

It is proper here to mention, that he all along supposes that the expenditure exceeds the taxation by a sum not less than the contents of the sinking fund at the time; so that if the sinking fund is appropriated to the redemption of the national debt, the loan will not be less than the contents of the sinking fund. This, in fact, is the only case with which we are at present concerned: the amount of the loan or loans, for every year since 1792 inclusive, having been much greater than the amount of the sums employed by the Commissioners during the same year, in the purchase of stock. But it may no doubt happen, that the loan required for the public services shall be less than the sinking fund; that the loan shall be only one million, for instance, while the sinking fund is ten millions. Here it must be precisely the same thing, whether the borrowed million is applied to the services, while the identical money lying in the sinking fund, and amounting to ten millions, is paid to the public creditor; or whether one million of this money is applied to the services, while the remaining nine millions, together with the borrowed million, are paid to the public creditor. But in this latter case, nine millions only will accomplish a *real* redemption; the borrowed million will do nothing. Thus, by keeping the sinking fund inviolate, and borrowing what is required for the services, the redemption will not be farther advanced, than if no loan had been made, and the sum required for the services had been taken from the sinking fund. It is true, that if taxes are imposed for the interest of the loan, the disengaged interest of the debt, extinguished by the loan, may be applied to the redemption: but an equal, and indeed greater benefit may be obtained, if the same taxes be imposed without actually borrowing.—That the discussion, however, may not be incumbered with fictitious cases in which we are not interested at present, when we speak of war, or of a season in which the expenditure exceeds the taxation, we shall suppose, with our author, that the excess of the expenditure is not less than the sinking fund at the time: and in this case, which is the real one, the sinking fund is wholely inefficient.

But the subject may be considered in another view. It has been alleged that the price of stock must be raised, in consequence of the constant demand for it by the Commissioners for the redemption of the debt, and thus loans may be obtained on

Digitized by Google

more favourable terms: for since, in transacting a loan, Government in fact sells stock to the lender, hence the more valuable that commodity becomes, the greater sum will be procured by the sale of a given quantity. It has also been imagined that the support to public credit, and the supply of ready money which are produced by the regular purchases of the Commissioners, would induce the money-dealers to accept a lower rate of interest. Dr Price was not afraid to say, 4 instead of 5 per cent.—a prophecy which, like some others of that enlightened Divine, has not yet been fulfilled. But to all these remarks, our author, in the following passage, has furnished a plain and satisfactory answer.

'Much has been said by Dr Price and others of the advantage which a sinking fund produces in supporting the price of stock. We apprehend it is incapable of producing any such effect. The price of stock, like that of any commodity, depends on the proportion of supply and demand. Whatever sums are brought into the money-market, and applied by the Commissioners for the purchase of stock; equal sums are withdrawn from the money market by the additional loans required to replace what is invested in the hands of the Commissioners. Dr Price justly observes, * that whatever effect borrowing every year has in sinking the funds, paying every year would have an equally contrary effect. He has not attended to the obvious consequence, that if the payment be made by means of borrowing, it can produce no alteration in the price of the funds at all. He supposes ten millions borrowed every year to defray the expenses of the war, nine millions only of which would have been wanted, had not the surplus million been locked up; and further, that this scheme, by keeping up public credit, and throwing money every year into the hands of the lenders, enables Government to borrow at four instead of five per cent., and thereby save 50,000*l.* of interest. He overlooks that the effect of throwing a million into the hands of the lenders is compensated by demanding from them an additional million in the loan.

'The purchases made by the Commissioners, no doubt, support the funds at a higher rate than they would stand, if there were no such purchasers in the field, and the loan for the year the same; and this advance takes place at a time when a high price is disadvantageous to the public: But the additional loan which the sinking fund requires, must have as great an effect in depressing the funds, and that depression takes place at a time when a low price is disadvantageous to the public.'

In the time of war, therefore, when the sinking fund was sup-

* Preface to third Edition of Observations on Reversionary Annuities.

Digitized by Google

posed by its great advocate to operate most powerfully and beneficially, there appears no reason for retaining it, if we consider it merely as a financial measure. But important effects have been produced by the vast, though unfounded hopes, with which it animated the people.

'Convinced,' says our author, 'that the sinking fund has contributed nothing to the discharge of the public debt, and that it has occasioned a large addition to our public burthens, we next inquire whether any, and what advantages, have been derived from it.

'The means, and the only means, of restraining the progress of national debt, are, saving of expenditure, and increase of revenue. Neither of these have a necessary connexion with a sinking fund. But if they have an eventual connexion, and if the nation, impressed with a conviction of the importance of a system established by a popular minister, has, in order to adhere to it, adopted measures either of frugality in expenditure, or exertion in raising taxes which it would not otherwise have done, the sinking fund ought not to be considered as inefficient; and its effects may be of great importance.

'We are not of opinion that the sinking fund has contributed in any degree to frugality in expenditure. The time during which it has operated, has not been a time of national frugality. Ministers have had the full power of raising what loans they pleased, to supply the means of any expenditure, however lavish; and it will not be said they have used this power with a saving hand.'

'In regard to increase of taxes, we are of opinion that the sinking fund has had a real effect in calling forth exertions, which, although they might have been made as well and as effectually, would not have been made, unless to follow out the line which that system required. A loan is made, and the revenue is considered as charged, not only with the interest, but a certain proportion of the principal annually. Taxes are imposed to meet the one as well as the other. If the sinking fund had not been in view, it is likely taxes would have been imposed for the interest only.' (p. 158.)

Our author has calculated, (p. 150), that during a period of twenty years from the first establishment of the present sinking fund, the loss which it has occasioned can scarcely be less than twenty millions. Indeed, it is evident, that the loss cannot be inconsiderable. Every loan is increased by a sum equal to the whole contents of the sinking fund at the time; and the *bonus* which the lender receives from Government on account of that addition to the loan, is so much lost, without necessity, to the nation. It is not improbable, that when those who are now in their cradles shall be occupying the places of their fathers, the sinking fund in war will be universally regarded both as an expensive and useless incumbrance. In such a state of the public mind, it would be easy to obtain, without expense, all the advan-

Digitized by Google

tage with which the sinking fund has been eventually attended. The same amount of unborrowed revenue which is appropriated to that establishment during peace, might continue, as at present, to be levied during war; an annuity equal to the hundredth part, or any other part, of every loan, might still be levied as regularly as the interest; but instead of amusing ourselves with the children's play of applying these revenues during war to the redemption of the debt, they should be directly applied to the public services, and thus diminish the loans required by the exigencies of the times.

But although it should still be thought expedient or necessary to continue the ceremonial of the sinking fund; even though it should be true that the people, by their confidence in its operations, are induced to submit to heavier burdens than they would otherwise bear; that it is the means of raising a much greater revenue than would otherwise be thought of; and that by supporting public credit, and the price of stock, it enables Government to borrow money upon more favourable terms;—granting all these suppositions to be true, still it is of the utmost importance that the following fact should be distinctly understood:—*If any debt is extinguished during a period in which the taxation does not exceed the expenditure, an equal or greater debt is incurred, for no other purpose but to accomplish that extinction.*

We may now see how much more disadvantageous than is generally imagined are the terms on which Government borrows. Government borrows in the season of war and necessity, when the price of stock is always low; and the stock which it creates on account of the loan, that is to say, the stock which it sells to the lender, it is obliged to sell for less than the market price at the time. The market price of 100*l.* of 3 per cent. stock is perhaps 55*l.*; while no money-dealer will give to Government more than 52*l.* Here is a loss in the first stage; but it is little, compared to what happens at the redemption of the debt. During a war expenditure, it is impossible for Government to repay any part of its debt: the show of repayment is attended with loss, and accomplishes nothing. It is only during a peace establishment that any debt can be repaid; and then the price of stock is always high. Government can repay in no other way but by the purchase of stock, which the holder is never obliged to part with for less than its nominal value. It is seldom, indeed, that even in peace the 3 per cents rise to par; but it is not uncommon that the average price of the 3 per cents., during a steady peace, should be 80, and the 4 per cents. and 5 per cents. at par. We shall see afterwards, that when

Digitized by Google

loans are made in the 3 per cents, Government receives at an average very little more than 60*l.* of money for 100*l.* of stock; whereas, in the real redemption which takes place during peace, 100*l.* of 3 per cent. stock cannot, at an average, be purchased for less than 80*l.* A wise financier, therefore, will borrow as little as the real exigencies of the nation will allow.

From the inefficiency of the sinking fund in war, it is also evident, that the amount of the debt discharged in war, however great it may be, or whatever proportion it may bear to the whole mass of existing debt, is in itself of no importance whatever.—It is debt paid with borrowed money. 'A private gentleman,' says our author, 'whose estate is incumbered, may, if he have any credit, pay off all his debt every year by borrowing money from other hands; but if he spends more than his free income, his embarrassments will continually increase; and his affairs are so much the worse by being conducted in this manner, from the fees he pays to his agents.' The absurdity of deriving any satisfaction from this annual discharge of his debts, will appear still stronger, if we suppose him, instead of borrowing from other hands, only to renew the securities to the same creditors annually, paying a fee to the agents, and a *douceur* to the creditors themselves on the renewal. All these observations are equally applicable to the debt of a nation conducted as ours is. It would not be impracticable or very difficult to redeem our whole debt in any year, if the measures we follow be redemption. It would only require a large loan every month; and the large sums we were thus enabled to pay would supply the funds for these loans. Our capitalists would be well pleased to promote these loans, as they would derive a *bonus* from each. Such a system would be ruinous in the extreme; and the system we follow is the same on a smaller scale, and is therefore only pernicious in a less degree.' p. 191.

As the amount of the debt discharged by the sinking fund in war, is no reason for exultation or confidence, neither is it the proper criterion by which the Minister ought to be directed in his plans for relieving the nation from any part of the existing taxes. Our financiers, however, have been of a different opinion. When the sinking fund was established in 1786, a season of profound peace, in which the yearly taxation exceeded the yearly expenditure by a million, the debt amounted to a nominal capital of 238,231,248*l.*, for which the nation paid in dividends, annuities, and expense of management, a yearly interest of 9 241,834*l.* (p. 69.) When the expenses of war fell upon us in 1792, and the sinking fund of course became an empty show, it was enacted, that as soon as the debt of 1786 was extinguished, that is to say, as soon as the Commissioners, by their purchases of stock, had disengaged a yearly revenue of interest equal to 9,241,834*l.*, the taxes which furnished this revenue were

Digitized by Google

not indeed to be repealed, but, what amounted to the same thing, they were to be appropriated to bear the charges of new loans, or to any other service which the exigency of the time might require, and for which new taxes must have otherwise been imposed. This plan of relief, however, was wisely abandoned, or at least postponed, in 1802, but has been lately revived by the present Chancellor of the Exchequer; by which means he was enabled to defray the loans of 1813 and 1814, without any new taxes; and though the expiration of the property tax has made its operation less conspicuous in the budget of the present year, it is quite certain that the principle is not to be abandoned, but, on the contrary, pushed forward to still greater extremes. The popularity of the measure, indeed, cannot be doubted; but its wisdom must be judged of by other considerations: And to us, we will confess, it appears to run counter not only to every principle of sound reasoning, but even to every thing that lends weight or plausibility to the scheme of the sinking fund, on which it is engrafted A loan is contracted; but instead of following invariably the wise plan adopted by Mr Pitt in 1792, of providing a revenue equal to the hundredth part of the loan, and thus increasing, in proportion to the increase of our debt, the means of restricting its accumulation at present, and of redeeming it hereafter; the successor of that celebrated financier, looking only to the credit side of his ledger, will not condescend to provide a revenue even for the interest of what he borrows. The amount of the debt redeemed in war, if it can be called redemption, is always perfectly insignificant; but the total cessation of *real* redemption, the absolute inefficiency of the sinking fund in war, indicates very distinctly the natural and simple principles which should regulate our measures both for the redemption of our debt, and the alleviation of our taxes.

Since the debt extinguished in war must of necessity create a counterpoise which not only reduces it to nothing, but even aggravates our load, it is in peace alone that we are to look for any progress in the redemption of the national debt. For this purpose, therefore, we should endeavour, at the end of every war, to provide such a sinking fund as may, during the probable continuance of peace, redeem the debt produced by the war, or at least reduce it within such bounds as, without oppressing the people or paralysing our national strength, shall still leave us a large enough debt to quiet the alarms of those far-sighted men, who are terrified lest, by the amazing progress of the redemption, we may lose the inestimable advantages of our precious load, and be overwhelmed with the miseries of having more wealth than we should know what to do with.

Digitized by Google

Now, what shall we state for the probable length of a peace establishment? Nobody but an Indian missionary, or a sound believer in the indefinite perfectibility of the human species, will expect nations to be more peaceable for a hundred years to come than for the last hundred years. But from 1697 to 1802 inclusive, there have been six periods of peace, amounting in all to 61 years, which gives an average of $10\frac{1}{6}$ years. In this interval are comprehended both the uncommonly long peace of Utrecht, which lasted 26 years from 1714 to 1740, and also the uncommonly short peace of Amiens in 1802, which lasted only one year. And if it be considered, that by peace we are to understand at present a period in which the taxation exceeds the expenditure, a state of affairs which does not take place immediately after the cessation of hostilities, or even the signature of the definitive treaty, it would be rash to take more than 10 years for the average period of a peace establishment. Ours, we know to a certainty, will not begin for several years to come.

We may now see how little we are interested in the mighty power of compound interest, which Dr Price and Mr Morgan have taken so much pains to press on the public attention. It is not till after a long series of years that prodigious capitals can be accumulated in this manner; during the first years the accumulation bears no great proportion to the original sum. By annual compound interest at 5 per cent. during 10 years, 100*l.* are augmented to very little more than 155*l.*: and an annuity of 100*l.*, which, if the payments were locked up in a chest as soon as they are received, would, without even simple interest, amount to 1000*l.*, will, when improved by compound interest for the 10 years, amount to not quite so much as 1,258*l.* But it is only during periods of 10 years at an average, that we can expect to carry on the redemption of the national debt, with the power of compound interest. It is true that it will be half-yearly compound interest, which, at the same rate per annum, will produce a somewhat greater result than the yearly compound interest; but we shall see immediately, that the redemption of the far greater part of our debt must proceed at a much lower rate than 5 per cent. per annum.

We are next to consider, if we can form a probable conjecture concerning the average value of the different stocks in peace. Dr Price expected that the 3 per cents would rise to par. 'But we do not consider,' says our author, 'the rising of the 3 per cents to par as a probable event; and, had Dr Price lived to see the magnitude which our debt has now attained, it is likely he would have been of the same opinion. From the establishment of the sinking fund to the 1st of February 1791,

Digitized by Google

there was 6,772,350*l.* of the three per cents. redeemed for 5,424,592*l.*, being at the rate of 80*l.* nearly. It is therefore a probable supposition, that, on the return of a steady peace, the 3 per cents. may rise to 80.' (p. 200.) Now, if the 3 per cents. are at 80, we cannot expect that the holders of the 4 per cents. and 5 per cents. will be disposed to sell even at par; but they are always obliged to sell at par to Government. We may therefore expect, that, at an average, the Commissioners, during the 10 years of peace, must buy the 4 and 5 per cents. at par, and the 3 per cents. at 80. Thus, the money which is employed in redeeming the 4 and 5 per cents. will operate, with the effects of half-yearly compound interest, at the rates of 4 and 5 per cent. per annum, every 100*l.* of money extinguishing 100*l.* of stock. With regard to the 3 per cents., 80*l.* of money will buy 100*l.* of stock; and consequently, 100*l.* of money will buy 125*l.* of stock, and draw 3¾*l.* every year for interest. Thus, the money employed by the Commissioners in the purchase of the 3 per cents. will operate, by half-yearly compound interest, at 3¾ per cent. per annum. Upon these principles, it will be easy to compute the revenue which is to be set apart for a sinking fund, in order to redeem a given quantity of stock during the ten years, or whatever else may be considered as the average length of the peace establishment. And it is only after such a sinking fund has been provided as will, during this period, redeem the debt contracted during the war, or reduce the national debt within moderate limits, that the repeal of taxes can be justified—unless the nation is unable to bear them.

With regard to the immense debt which the nation has incurred since the beginning of the late war, and is still incurring, notwithstanding the pacification of Europe, the time is not yet arrived for calculating the proper amount of the sinking fund to be provided at the settlement of our peace establishment. At present, we shall only observe, that the amount of the sums annually allotted for the sinking fund is now about 14 millions; and which nothing but necessity should induce Government to withdraw from its proper destination. Even as it is, unless the period of the peace establishment, which is so requisite for the restoration of our finances, is protracted far beyond its average length, this sinking fund is much less than our exigencies require.

In this situation of our finances, when we are reduced to the distressing expedient of continuing, we know not how long, a *direct* taxation to an enormous amount, it is impossible to approve the popular measure adopted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in defraying the necessary expenses of the State ra-

Digitized by Google

ther by loans than by taxes. Whatever is saved in taxes during such an expenditure, must be added to the loan; and we have already seen how extremely disadvantageous are the terms on which the nation must always borrow.

But perhaps the great loss incurred by substituting loans for taxes, may not be too high a price for a certain wonderful advantage which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has discovered will result from his system. The following is the account of this discovery, in the outlines which were published of Mr Vansittart's plan of finance.

'The principal advantage of the proposed plan in time of peace, 'would be the facility of keeping in reserve a large sum, (suppose '100,000,000*l.*), as a resource in the case of a renewal of hostilities. 'This fund, which would be formed in a few years by the redeemed 'stock standing in the name of the Commissioners, would be continually increasing, unless checked in the manner above mentioned; 'and in no case should be reduced below such a sum as may be 'thought amply sufficient to support the confidence of the country at 'home, and maintain its dignity abroad. It would indeed be *such a 'treasure as no other country has ever possessed*, and the first example 'of an immense accumulation of public property, formed without the 'impoverishment of any individual, or any embarrassment of the general circulation.'

Dr Hamilton has investigated this interesting subject with great attention; and the reader will be amused with the result of his study.

'We are altogether at a loss,' says our author, 'to form a distinct conception of the nature of the *valuable treasure* here held forth. So soon as any stock is purchased by the Commissioners, and stands invested in their name, a like amount of the public debt is in fact discharged. Whether a parliamentary declaration to that effect be made or not, is only a matter of form. If the stock remain vested in the name of the Commissioners, no doubt it may be transferred again to purchasers in the stock exchange when war breaks out anew, and money may be raised for the public in this manner. But this is, in every respect, a new loan. It is an application to the public to invest their capital in the purchase of this dormant stock. The capitalists must be possessed of the sum wanted; and they will not part with it, except upon terms from which they derive a profit. They would do this with equal readiness, if a loan were proposed to them in the ordinary form. We can discover no facility or advantage which the public could derive from a loan conducted in this manner, rather than any other. Indeed the inefficacy of this *reserved treasure* appears so clear, that we almost doubt whether we have rightly apprehended the nature of the resource held forth: But we are not able to affix any other meaning to it.' p. 186.

Digitized by Google

We are extremely happy that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can amuse himself with contemplating the immense treasure of 100 millions of dormant stock, or whatever else may be the true nature of this magical wealth, which has had no parallel since the days of Aladdin, who, indeed, had the good fortune to find in an old lamp *such a treasure as no country ever possessed*. But the Genii of the lamp, we understand, furnished their supplies freely and gratuitously—while we fear that the purchasers of the hundred millions of dormant stock will be unreasonable enough to insist on the regular payment of four or five millions of interest. When the learned gentleman, however, can descend from this visionary region, perhaps he may some day or other peruse the last section of Dr Hamilton's Inquiry; and, if he find the reasoning satisfactory, it may be hoped, that in his future loans he will desist from a practice, which was begun by Lord North in 1781, and has been very uniformly adopted by every succeeding minister. We allude to the custom of funding by increase of capital; that is to say, of granting to the lender a quantity of stock, whose nominal value is greater than the money advanced. It has arisen from the very general, but erroneous opinion, that the interest or dividend is the only real burden on the country, and consequently that the minister ought to study only how the sum required may be obtained at the lowest interest. Now the money-dealers are willing to accept the lowest interest, when they receive 3 *per cent.* stock in exchange for their cash; and hence this stock constitutes by far the greatest part of the national debt. The lender, perhaps, will accept of interest at 5 *per cent.* if he receive 3 *per cent.* stock; and so the business is settled, by giving him 166*l.* 13s. 4d. of stock for 100*l.* of money: whereas, if he were forced to take 5 *per cent.* stock, he would, perhaps, insist upon interest at 5¼ *per cent.*; and then the business would be settled by giving him 105*l.* of stock for 100*l.* of money. In this last case, indeed, the nation stands pledged for a much smaller capital than in the former: but in the former, it is burdened with a smaller annuity, which we are told is the real debt.

When expert money-dealers and profound statesmen set their wits in opposition to each other, we will not presume to say which of the two parties is likely to be outwitted, and far less, whether the statesmen would not be as acute as the money-dealers, if they had been bred in a counting-house, and were acting for their own behoof. But of this we have no doubt, that in consequence of this system, the nation, as we have already observed, must repay much more than was actually borrowed. From 1793 to 1812 inclusive, there have been eleven loans,

Digitized by Google

which were transacted entirely in the 3 *per cents.* (p. 203.); and 259,215,875*l.* of stock were granted for 158,650,000*l.* of money, which is at the rate of 100*l.* of stock for 60*l.* 2s. of money. But we have seen that the average price of the 3 *per cents.* in peace is 80. Thus, in the redemption of the public debt in peace, it is probable, that for every 60*l.* 2s. which the nation actually received in exchange for 3 *per cent.* stock, it will have to pay 80*l.*; and, consequently, that for every 100*l.* which it received in this way, it will have to pay more than 133*l.* Indeed, if the holders of the 3 *per cent.* stock should insist for payment at par, then, for every 60*l.* 2s. which the nation borrowed in the 3 *per cents.*, it would have to pay 100*l.*; and, consequently, for every 100*l.* borrowed, it would have to pay 166*l.* at the redemption.

Dr Hamilton will inform us, in the following passage, for what reason our financiers have subjected the nation to so heavy a loss.

'The natural proportion of the price of capital in the 3 *per cent.*, 4 *per cent.*, and 5 *per cent.* funds, is the same as that of the respective rates of interest. Thus, if the 5 *per cents.* be at par, the 4 *per cents.* should be at 80, and the 3 *per cents.* at 60; and this proportion, except some slight deviations from transient causes, would continue to hold when the prices rose, providing the debt was irredeemable. The only object, in that case, in which the national creditors are interested, is to draw an annuity from the money they advance; and it would be to them a matter of indifference what denomination be given to the funds from which the dividends were drawn. If the 3 *per cents.* rose to 75, the 4 *per cents.* should rise to 100, and the 5 *per cents.* to 125. But as all the funds are redeemable at par, the actual price can never much exceed it. So soon as the 5 *per cents.* rise above par, the financier will offer payment, and by doing so, induce the creditors to submit to a reduction of interest. The holders of stock in a 3 *per cent.* or 4 *per cent.* fund, have thus a prospect of gain by the rise of value, in which the 5 *per cent.* stockholders do not participate; and in like manner, when the 3 *per cents.* rise above 75, the holders have a further gain in which the 4 *per cent.* stockholders do not participate. In consequence of these expectations, the price of 4 *per cents.* is higher, compared with that of 5 *per cents.*; and the price of the 3 *per cents.* higher than that of either of the others, than the proportion of the rates of interest; and loans are transacted in the 3 *per cents.* on easier terms. The lender expects to gain by the rise of stock; and what he gains, the public loses, at repayment on redemption.' p. 202.

Here, then, is the inducement for borrowing in the 3 *per cents.*: The money-dealers are willing to lend, in this way, upon lower interest than in either of the two other funds. Let us next consider what the nation saves.

Digitized by Google

It has been already stated, that in the eleven loans which were made entirely in the 3 per cents.. 158,650,000*l.* of money were advanced to Government in exchange for 259,915,875*l.* of 3 per cent. stock, the interest of which is 7,776,476*l.*, and consequently at the rate of 4*l.* 18s. per cent. on the sum advanced.—Let us now attend to the interest which the money dealers have demanded, when money was raised in the 5 per cents. The greatest part of the 5 per cent. stock has been created by funding bills; that is to say, the holders of the bills, which, from time to time, are issued by the Exchequer, Navy Board, and other departments of Government, in security for the debts which have been contracted in these departments, are frequently induced to receive payment in 5 per cent. stock, in consequence of the favourable terms which Government is willing to grant, for the sake of being relieved from the obligation to pay the principal. From 1794 to 1812, there were six operations of funding bills, and three loans, entirely in the 5 per cents. One of the loans, called the Loyalty Loan, in 1796, was transacted upon terms so uncommonly disadvantageous to the public, that it ought to be excluded in estimating the average terms of funding in the 5 per cents. Confining ourselves, therefore, to the six operations of funding bills, and the loans in 1811 and 1812, it appears that 40,157,150*l.* were received by Government in exchange for 42,175,338*l.* of 5 per cent. stock, the interest of which is 2,108,767*l.*, being at the rate of 5*l.* 5s. per cent. upon the money received, and 7s. per cent. more than on the money funded in the 3 per cents. Dr Hamilton observes, that 'another consideration considerably reduces this difference of interest. In the loans, the public pays the whole interest for the year that the loan is transacted, although the money be advanced by instalments, or discount allowed if the whole be paid up at once. If the lender did not obtain this advantage, he would demand an additional capital, at least equivalent to 2*l.* 10s. in the 5 per cents., and yielding an interest of 2s. 6d. Nothing similar to this occurs in the transactions of funding bills, from which the greater part of the 5 per cent. stock arises.

'Thus, for a difference not exceeding five or six shillings per cent. on the interest, the public incurs almost a certainty of paying 133*l.* for every 100*l.* borrowed, and a risk of paying 166*l.* when the debt comes to be discharged.' (p. 205.)

We wish to make the statement in the following manner.—When a loan is transacted in the 3 per cents., the advancer of the loan, on account of what he expects to gain by speculating in that fund, accepts from the nation a lower interest, say if you please 7s. per cent. less than it ought to pay. Here is the saving. Now, a perpetual annuity of 7s. is worth 7*l.* at 5 per

Digitized by Google

cent. interest, and is worth 8*l.* 15*s.* at 4 per cent. interest. Thus, to save the nation from an annuity which it ought to pay, and which is not worth 9*l.*, nor even 8*l.*, Government subjects the nation to an almost certain loss of 33*l.*, which it ought not to have incurred. It is just what might have been expected:—the expert money-dealer has been too many for the profound Statesman.

The nation, like every other debtor, ought to pay a reasonable interest; and, in discharging its debt, ought to pay neither more nor less than the sum borrowed. In the technical language, the stock ought both to be granted and redeemed at par. The perplexity of managing many funds bearing various rates of interest, might easily be avoided by the simple expedient of transacting the loan in the highest fund, which bore a rate lower than the stipulated interest, and making up the deficiency by a long annuity.

We have now stated the principal doctrines of this interesting publication. They are widely different from the opinions which have been hitherto prevalent, and which are sanctioned by the authority of great names: But they are supported by arguments which appear so convincing, and they lead to practical conclusions of such importance, that we trust they will be patiently and thoroughly canvassed; and we have no apprehension that the result will be unfavourable either to the author or his reviewer. It is pleasing to observe, in how simple, yet satisfactory a manner, he explains a subject, which has been so long rendered almost unintelligible by the barbarous jargon of the Stock Exchange, and the necessary and unnecessary perplexities of official arrangements. While he condescends to instruct the young student in the first principles of this important subject, he opens views which deserve the attention of the most experienced statesman: And if we had not lived so long in this best of all possible worlds, and observed how the great ones of the earth, like the gods of the heathens, have eyes but see not, and ears but do not hear,—we should have been astonished that his name has never yet been mentioned in the Senate, nor his principles either refuted or adopted by those who direct our financial operations. His ability, his candour, his public spirit and humanity,—entitle him to a respectful attention; and we wish to persuade ourselves, that his warning voice may save us from the gulf to which we are fast approaching. We wish also to persuade ourselves, that the injustice and cruelty of a national bankruptcy may still be prevented: But we do not see how it can be prevented, unless we submit, for many years to come, even dur-

Digitized by Google

ing peace, to an extremely heavy, and, we must say it, an oppressive taxation.

The funding system has, no doubt, been productive of signal advantages. As it requires no immediate provision, except for the interest, it enables the country, on every emergency, to call forth its resources, both with ease and expedition, to a vast extent: Nor is it conceivable, that without its powerful operation, we could have persevered so long in those unparalleled exertions;—exertions, which the absurdity of our councils too often rendered far more costly than they might have been, both in blood and treasure, but which have ended at last in so glorious a result. And if the funding system had been conducted with moderation and wisdom; if we had not been misled by a well-intentioned, but visionary and impetuous arithmetician, to expect, what in the nature of the thing is impossible, the uninterrupted continuance of compound interest, even when our expenditure exceeded our revenue; if we had not been prevented by this delusion from providing a sufficient sinking fund in peace, the only season in which a sinking fund is efficient,—we might have enjoyed all the good, without the bitter fruits which are now our portion.

Perhaps we may learn wisdom from experience. But the funding system, whatever may be its benefits, will always be dangerous. The great facility with which our supplies are raised, betray us into rashness and unbounded extravagance. We have only to provide the interest, and in every new loan the interest is but a small matter to a wealthy nation;—and while we forget that we have much more than twenty millions to pay before we can be relieved from a single million of interest, the interest itself increases gradually to a grievous burden, and at present absorbs almost the half of an immense revenue, without any reasonable prospect of speedy relief. The funding system, which appears at first with irresistible allurements, and enables us to perform such wonderful exploits, gradually changes its nature. It comes at last to distress our manufactures, agriculture, and commerce,—to consume the comforts of the people,—to waste the national strength.—From first to last, it is the mother—not of invention, but of prodigality in the Minister.

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque, mater.

Digitized by Google

ART. III. *The Wanderer: or, Female Difficulties.* A Novel, by MADAME D'ARBLAY. Longman & Co. 1814.

THERE is an exclamation in one of Gray's letters—'Be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon!' If we did not utter a similar aspiration at the conclusion of the Wanderer, it was not from any want of affection for the class of writing to which it belongs; for, without going quite so far as the celebrated French philosopher, who thought that more was to be learnt from good novels and romances, than from the gravest treatises on history and morality, we must confess, that there are few works to which we oftener turn for profit or delight, than to the standard productions in this species of composition. With the exception of the violently satirical, and the violently sentimental specimens of the art, we find there the closest imitation of men and manners; and are admitted to examine the very web and texture of society, as it really exists, and as we meet with it when we come into the world. If the style of poetry has 'something more divine in it,' this savours more of humanity. We are brought acquainted with an infinite variety of characters—all a little more amusing, and, for the greater part, more true to general nature than those which we meet with in actual life—and have our moral impressions far more frequently called out, and our moral judgments exercised, than in the busiest career of existence. As a record of past manners and opinions, too, such writings afford both more minute and more abundant information than any other. To give one example only:—We should really be at a loss where to find, in any authentic documents of the same period, so satisfactory an account of the general state of society, and of moral, political and religious feeling, in the reign of George II, as we meet with in the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr Abraham Adams. This work, indeed, we take to be a perfect piece of statistics in its kind; and do not know from what other quarter we could have acquired the solid information it contains, even as to this comparatively recent period. What a thing it would be to have such a work of the age of Pericles or Alexander! and how much more would it teach us as to the true character and condition of the people among whom it was produced, than all the tragedies and histories, and odes and orations, that have been preserved of their manufacture! In looking into such grave and ostentatious performances, we see little but the rigid skeleton of public transactions—exaggerations of party zeal, and vestiges of literary ambition; and if we wish really to know what was the state of manners and of morals, and

Digitized by Google

in what way, and into what forms, principles and institutions were actually moulded in practice, we cannot do better than refer to the works of those writers, who, having no other object than to imitate nature, could only hope for success from the fidelity of their pictures; and were bound (in their own defence) to reduce the boasts of vague theorists, and the exaggerations of angry disputants, to the mortifying standard of reality.

We will here confess however, that we are a little prejudiced on the point in question; and that the effect of many fine speculations has been lost upon us, from an early familiarity with the most striking passages in the little work to which we have just alluded. Thus, nothing can be more captivating than the description somewhere given by Mr Burke, of the indissoluble connexion between learning and nobility; and of the respect universally paid by wealth to piety and morals. But the effect of this splendid representation has always been spoiled to us, by our recollection of Parson Adams sitting over his cup of ale in Sir Thomas Booby's kitchen. Echard 'on the Contempt of the Clergy,' in like manner, is certainly a very good book, and its general doctrine most just and reasonable; but an unlucky impression of the reality of Parson Trulliber always checks, in us, the respectful emotions to which it should give rise: while the lecture which Lady Booby reads to Lawyer Scout on the expulsion of Joseph and Fanny from the parish, casts an unhappy shade over the splendid pictures of practical jurisprudence that are to be found in the works of Blackstone or De Lolme. The most moral writers, after all, are those who do not pretend to inculcate any moral: The professed moralist almost unavoidably degenerates into the partisan of a system; and the philosopher warps the evidence to his own purpose. But the painter of manners gives the facts of human nature, and leaves us to draw the inference: If we are not able to do this, or do it ill, at least it is our own fault.

The first-rate writers in this class are of course few; but those few we may reckon, without scruple, among the greatest ornaments and the best benefactors of our kind. There is a certain set of them, who, as it were, take their rank by the side of reality, and are appealed to as evidence on all questions concerning human nature. The principal of these are Cervantes and Le Sage; and, among ourselves, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and Sterne.* As this is a department of

* We have not forgotten De Foe as one of our own writers. The author of Robinson Crusoe was an Englishman; and one of those Englishmen who make us proud of the name.

Digitized by Google

criticism which deserves more attention than we have ever yet bestowed on it, we shall venture to treat it a little in detail; and endeavour to contribute something towards settling the standard of excellence, both as to degree and kind, in these several writers.

We shall begin with the renowned history of Don Quixote; who always presents something more stately, more romantic, and at the same time more real to our imagination, than any other hero upon record. His lineaments, his accoutrements, his pasteboard visor, are familiar to us, as the recollections of our early home. The spare and upright figure of the hero paces distinctly before our eyes; and Mambrino's helmet still glitters in the sun! We not only feel the greatest love and veneration for the knight himself, but a certain respect for all those connected with him—the Curate, and Master Nicolas the barber—Sancho and Dapple—and even for Rosinante's leanness and his errors! Perhaps there is no work which combines so much originality with such an air of truth. Its popularity is almost unexampled; and yet its real merits have not been sufficiently understood. The story is the least part of them; though the blunders of Sancho, and the unlucky adventures of his master, are what naturally catch the attention of ordinary readers. The pathos and dignity of the sentiments are often disguised under the ludicrousness of the subject; and provoke laughter when they might well draw tears. The character of Don Quixote itself is one of the most perfect disinterestedness. He is an enthusiast of the most amiable kind—of a nature equally open, gentle and generous; a lover of truth and justice, and one who had brooded over the fine dreams of chivalry and romance, till the dazzling visions cheated his brain into a belief of their reality. There cannot, in our opinion, be a greater mistake than to consider Don Quixote as a merely satirical work, or an attempt to explode, by coarse raillery, 'the long forgotten order of chivalry.' There could be no need to explode what no longer existed. Besides, Cervantes himself was a man of the most sanguine and enthusiastic temperament; and even through the crazed and battered figure of the knight, the spirit of chivalry shines out with undiminished lustre; and one might almost imagine that the author had half-designed to revive the example of past ages, and once more 'witch the world with noble horsemanship;' and had veiled the design, in scorn of the degenerate age to which it was addressed, under this fantastic and imperfect disguise of romantic and ludicrous exaggeration. However that may be, the spirit which the book breathes, to those who relish and understand it best, is unquestionably the spirit of chivalry: nor perhaps is it too much to say, that, if ever the flame of

Digitized by Google

Spanish liberty is destined to break forth, wrapping the tyrant and the tyranny in one consuming blaze, it is owing to Cervantes and his knight of La Mancha, that the spark of generous sentiment and romantic enterprise from which it must be kindled, has not been quite extinguished.

The character of Sancho is not more admirable in the execution, than in the conception, as a relief to that of the knight. The contrast is as picturesque and striking as that between the figures of Rosinante and Dapple. Never was there so complete a *partie quarrée;*—they answer to one another at all points. Nothing can surpass the truth of physiognomy in the description of the master and man, both as to body and mind;—the one lean and tall, the other round and short;—the one heroical and courteous, the other selfish and servile;—the one full of high-flown fancies, the other a bag of proverbs;—the one always starting some romantic scheme, the other always keeping to the safe side of tradition and custom. The gradual ascendancy, too, obtained by Don Quixote over Sancho, is as finely managed as it is characteristic. Credulity, and a love of the marvellous, are as natural to ignorance as selfishness and cunning. Sancho by degrees becomes a kind of lay-brother of the order; acquires a taste for adventures in his own way, and is made all but an entire convert, by the discovery of the hundred crowns in one of his most comfortless journeys. Towards the end, his regret at being forced to give up the pursuit of knight-errantry, almost equals his master's; and he seizes the proposal of Don Quixote to turn shepherds, with the greatest avidity,—still applying it, however, in his own fashion; for while the Don is ingeniously torturing the names of his humble acquaintance into classical terminations, and contriving scenes of gallantry and song, Sancho exclaims, 'Oh, what delicate wooden spoons shall I carve! what crumbs and cream shall I devour!'—forgetting, in his milk and fruits, the pullets and geese at Camacho's wedding.

This intuitive perception of the hidden analogies of things, or, as it may be called, this *instinct of imagination*, is what stamps the character of genius on the productions of art, more than any other circumstance: for it works unconsciously, like nature, and receives its impressions from a kind of inspiration. There is more of this unconscious power in Cervantes, than in any other author, except Shakespeare. Something of the same kind extends itself to all the subordinate parts and characters of the work. Thus we find the curate confidentially informing Don Quixote, that if he could get the ear of the government, he has something of considerable importance to pro-

Digitized by Google

pose for the good of the state; and the knight afterwards meets with a young gentleman, who is a candidate for poetical honours, with a mad lover, a forsaken damsel, &c.—all delineated with the same inimitable force, freedom, and fancy. The whole work breathes that air of romance,—that aspiration after imaginary good,—that longing after something more than we possess, that in all places, and in all conditions of life,

——— 'still prompts the eternal sigh,
'For which we wish to live, or dare to die!'

The characters in Don Quixote are strictly individuals; that is, they do not belong to, but form a class of themselves. In other words, the actions and manners of the chief *dramatis personæ* do not arise out of the actions and manners of those around them, or the condition of life in which they are placed, but out of the peculiar dispositions of the persons themselves, operated upon by certain impulses of imagination and accident: Yet these impulses are so true to nature, and their operation so truly described, that we not only recognize the fidelity of the representation, but recognize it with all the advantages of novelty superadded. They are unlike any thing we have actually seen—may be said to be purely ideal—and yet familiarize themselves more readily with our imagination, and are retained more strongly in memory, than perhaps any others:—they are never lost in the crowd. One test of the truth of this ideal painting, is the number of allusions which Don Quixote has furnished to the whole of civilized Europe—that is to say of appropriate cases, and striking illustrations of the universal principles of our nature. The common incidents and descriptions of human life are, however, quite familiar and natural; and we have nearly the same insight given us here, into the characters of innkeepers, bar-maids, ostlers, and puppet-show men, as in Fielding himself. There is a much greater mixture, however, of sentiment with *naïveté*, of the pathetic with the quaint and humorous, than there ever is in Fielding. We might instance the story of the country man, whom Don Quixote and Sancho met in their search after Dulcinea, driving his mules to plough at break of day, and 'singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles!' The episodes which are introduced, are excellent; but have, upon the whole, been overrated. Compared with the serious tales in Boccacio, they are trifling. That of Marcella, the fair shepherdess, is the best. We will only add, that Don Quixote is an entirely original work in its kind, and that the author has the highest honour which can belong to one, that of being the founder of a new style of writing.

There is another Spanish novel, Gusman d'Alfarache, nearly of the same age as Don Quixote, and of great genius, though it can hardly be ranked as a novel, or a work of imagination.

Digitized by Google

It is a series of strange adventures, rather drily told, but accompanied by the most severe and sarcastic commentary. The satire, the wit, the eloquence, and reasoning, are of the most powerful kind; but they are didactic, rather than dramatic. They would suit a sermon or a pasquinade better than a romance. Still there are in this extraordinary book, occasional sketches of character, and humorous descriptions, to which it would be difficult to produce any thing superior. This work, which is hardly known in this country except by name, has the credit, without any reason, of being the original of Gil Blas. There is only one incident the same, that of the supper at the inn. In all other respects, these two works are the very reverse of each other, both in their excellencies and defects.

Gil Blas is, next to Don Quixote, more generally read and admired than any other novel—and, in one sense, deservedly so: for it is at the head of its class, though that class is very different from, and inferior to the other. There is very little individual character in Gil Blas. The author is a describer of manners, and not of character. He does not take the elements of human nature, and work them up into new combinations, (which is the excellence of Don Quixote); nor trace the peculiar and striking combinations of folly and knavery as they are to be found in real life, (like Fielding); but he takes off, as it were, the general, habitual impression, which circumstances make on certain conditions of life, and moulds all his characters accordingly. All the persons whom he introduces, carry about with them the badge of their profession; and you see little more of them than their costume. He describes men as belonging to certain classes in society—the highest, generally, and the lowest, and such as are found in great cities—not as they are in themselves, or with the individual differences which are always to be found in nature. His hero, in particular, has no character but that of the accidental circumstances in which he is placed. His priests are only described as priests: his valets, his players, his women, his courtiers and his sharpers, are all the same. Nothing can well exceed the monotony of the work in this respect;—at the same time that nothing can exceed the truth and precision with which the general manners of these different characters are preserved, nor the felicity of the particular traits by which their leading foibles are brought out to notice. Thus, the Archbishop of Grenada will remain an everlasting memento of the weakness of human vanity; and the account of Gil Blas's legacy, of the uncertainty of human expectations. This novel is as deficient in the fable as in the characters. It is not a regularly constructed story; but a series of adventures told with equal gaiety and good sense, and in the most graceful style possible.

Digitized by Google

It has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of one or other of these two writers. Fielding, no doubt, is more like Don Quixote than Gil Blas; Smollet is more like Gil Blas than Don Quixote: but there is not much resemblance in either case. Sterne's Tristram Shandy is a more direct instance of imitation. Richardson can scarcely be called an imitator of any one; or, if he is, it is of the sentimental refinement of Marivaux, or the verbose gallantry of the writers of the seventeenth century.

There is very little to warrant the common idea, that Fielding was an imitator of Cervantes,—except his own declaration of such an intention, in the title-page of Joseph Andrews,—the romantic turn of the character of Parson Adams (the only romantic character in his works),—and the proverbial humour of Partridge, which is kept up only for a few pages. Fielding's novels are, in general, thoroughly his own; and they are thoroughly English. What they are most remarkable for, is neither sentiment, nor imagination, nor wit, nor humour, though there is a great deal of this last quality; but profound knowledge of human nature—at least of English nature—and masterly pictures of the characters of men as he saw them existing. This quality distinguishes all his works, and is shown almost equally in all of them. As a painter of real life, he was equal to Hogarth: As a mere observer of human nature, he was little inferior to Shakespeare, though without any of the genius and poetical qualities of his mind.—His humour is less rich and laughable than Smollett's;—his wit as often misses as hits;—he has none of the fine pathos of Richardson or Sterne:—But he has brought together a greater variety of characters in common life,—marked with more distinct peculiarities, and without an atom of caricature, than any other novel writer whatever. The extreme subtilty of observation on the springs of human conduct in ordinary characters, is only equalled by the ingenuity of contrivance in bringing those springs into play in such a manner as to lay open their smallest irregularity. The detection is always complete—and made with the certainty and skill of a philosophical experiment, and the ease and simplicity of a casual observation. The truth of the imitation is indeed so great, that it has been argued that Fielding must have had his materials ready-made to his hands, and was merely a transcriber of local manners and individual habits. For this conjecture, however, there seems to be no foundation. His representations, it is true, are local and individual; but they are not the less profound and natural. The feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances, is always intense, and uppermost in

Digitized by Google

his mind: and he makes use of incident and situation, only to bring out character.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to give any illustration of these remarks. Tom Jones is full of them. The moral of this book has been objected to, and not altogether without reason—but a more serious objection has been made to the want of refinement and elegance in the two principal characters. We never feel this objection, indeed, while we are reading the book: but at other times, we have something like a lurking suspicion that Jones was but an awkward fellow, and Sophia a pretty simpleton. We do not know how to account for this effect, unless it is that Fielding's constantly assuring us of the beauty of his hero, and the good sense of his heroine, at last produces a distrust of both. The story of Tom Jones is allowed to be unrivalled: and it is this circumstance, together with the vast variety of characters, that has given the history of a Foundling so decided a preference over Fielding's other novels. The characters themselves, both in Amelia and Joseph Andrews, are quite equal to any of those in Tom Jones. The account of Miss Mathews and Ensign Hibbert—the way in which that lady reconciles herself to the death of her father—the inflexible Colonel Bath, the insipid Mrs James, the complaisant Colonel Trent—the demure, sly, intriguing, equivocal Mrs Bennet—the lord who is her seducer, and who attempts afterwards to seduce Amelia by the same mechanical process of a concert-ticket, a book, and the disguise of a great coat—his little fat short-nosed, red-faced, good-humoured accomplice the keeper of the lodging-house, who having no pretensions to gallantry herself, has a disinterested delight in forwarding the intrigues and pleasures of others, (to say nothing of honest Atkinson, the story of the miniature-picture of Amelia, and the hashed mutton, which are in a different style), are master-pieces of description. The whole scene at the lodging-house, the masquerade, &c. in Amelia, is equal in interest to the parallel scenes in Tom Jones, and even more refined in the knowledge of character. For instance, Mrs Bennet is superior to Mrs Fitzpatrick in her own way. The uncertainty in which the event of her interview with her former seducer is left, is admirable. Fielding was a master of what may be called the *double entendre* of character, and surprises you no less by what he leaves in the dark, (hardly known to the persons themselves), than by the unexpected discoveries he makes of the real traits and circumstances in a character with which, till then, you find you were unacquainted. There is nothing at all heroic, however, in the style of any of his delineations. He never draws lofty characters or strong passions;—all his persons are of the ordinary stature as to intellect; and none

Digitized by Google

of them trespass on the angelic nature, by elevation of fancy, or energy of purpose. Perhaps, after all, Parson Adams is his finest character. It is equally true to nature, and more ideal than any of the others. Its unsuspecting simplicity makes it not only more amiable, but doubly amusing, by gratifying the sense of superior sagacity in the reader. Our laughing at him does not once lessen our respect for him. His declaring that he would willingly walk ten miles to fetch his sermon on vanity, merely to convince Wilson of his thorough contempt of this vice, and his consoling himself for the loss of his Æschylus, by suddenly recollecting that he could not read it if he had it, because it is dark, are among the finest touches of *naïveté*. The night-adventures at Lady Booby's with Beau Didapper, and the amiable Slipslop, are the most ludicrous; and that with the huntsman, who draws off the hounds from the poor Parson, because they would be spoiled by following *vermin*, the most profound. Fielding did not often repeat himself: but Dr Harrison, in Amelia, may be considered as a variation of the character of Adams: so also is Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; and the latter part of that work, which sets out so delightfully, an almost entire plagiarism from Wilson's account of himself, and Adams's domestic history.

Smollett's first novel, Roderick Random, which is also his best, appeared about the same time as Fielding's Tom Jones; and yet it has a much more modern air with it: But this may be accounted for, from the circumstance that Smollett was quite a young man at the time, whereas Fielding's manner must have been formed long before. The style of Roderick Random, though more scholastic and elaborate, is stronger and more pointed than that of Tom Jones; the incidents follow one another more rapidly, (though it must be confessed they never come in such a throng, or are brought out with the same dramatic facility); the humour is broader, and as effectual; and there is very nearly, if not quite, an equal interest excited by the story. What then is it that gives the superiority to Fielding? It is the superior insight into the springs of human character, and the constant development of that character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often arises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as, from Roderick Random's carrotty locks, which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London, and the blunders that follow from it. There is a tone of vulgarity about all his productions. The incidents frequently resemble detached anecdotes taken from a newspaper or magazine; and, like those in Gil Blas, might happen to a hundred other characters. He exhibits only the

Digitized by Google

external accidents and reverses to which human life is liable—not 'the stuff' of which it is composed. He seldom probes to the quick, or penetrates beyond the surface of his characters: and therefore he leaves no stings in the minds of his readers, and in this respect is far less interesting than Fielding. His novels always enliven, and never tire us: we take them up with pleasure, and lay them down without any strong feeling of regret. We look on and laugh, as spectators of an amusing though inelegant scene, without closing in with the combatants, or being made parties in the event. We read Roderick Random as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes, have ceased to exist: But we regard Tom Jones as a real history; because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest;—*intus et in cute.*—Smollett excels most as the lively caricaturist: Fielding as the exact painter and profound metaphysician. We are far from maintaining, that this account applies uniformly to the productions of these two writers; but we think that, as far as they essentially differ, what we have stated is the general distinction between them. Roderick Random is the purest of Smollett's novels; we mean in point of style and description. Most of the incidents and characters are supposed to have been taken from the events of his own life; and are therefore truer to nature. There is a rude conception of generosity in some of his characters, of which Fielding seems to have been incapable; his amiable persons being merely good-natured. It is owing to this, we think, that Strap is superior to Partridge; and there is a heartiness and warmth of feeling in some of the scenes between Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew, which is beyond Fielding's power of impassioned writing. The whole of the scene on ship-board is a most admirable and striking picture, and, we imagine, very little, if at all exaggerated, though the interest it excites is of a very unpleasant kind. The picture of the little profligate French friar, who was Roderick's travelling companion, and of whom he always kept to the windward, is one of Smollett's most masterly sketches. Peregrine Pickle is no great favourite of ours, and Launcelot Greaves was not worthy of the genius of the author.

Humphry Clinker and Count Fathom are both equally admirable in their way. Perhaps the former is the most pleasant gossipping novel that ever was written—that which gives the most pleasure with the least effort to the reader. It is quite as amusing as going the journey could have been, and we have just as good an idea of what happened on the road, as if we had

Digitized by Google

been of the party. Humphry Clinker himself is exquisite; and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins, nearly as good. Matthew Bramble, though not altogether original, is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in the Rivals. But Lismahago is the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity, when he finds his fortune mellowing with the wintry smiles of Mrs Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved, and most original of all Smollett's characters. The resemblance of Don Quixote is only just enough to make it interesting to the critical reader, without giving offence to any body else. The indecency and filth in this novel, are what must be allowed to all Smollett's writings. The subject and characters in Count Fathom are, in general, exceedingly disgusting: the story is also spun out to a degree of tediousness in the serious and sentimental parts; but there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. We need only refer to the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England; to the robber-scene in the forest, which has never been surpassed; to the Parisian swindler, who personates a raw English country squire, (Western is tame in the comparison); and to the story of the seduction in the west of England. We should have some difficulty to point out, in any author, passages written with more force and nature than these.

It is not, in our opinion, a very difficult attempt to class Fielding or Smollett;—the one as an observer of the characters of human life, the other as a describer of its various eccentricities: But it is by no means so easy to dispose of Richardson, who was neither an observer of the one, nor a describer of the other; but who seemed to spin his materials entirely out of his own brain, as if there had been nothing existing in the world beyond the little shop in which he sat writing. There is an artificial reality about his works, which is nowhere to be met with. They have the romantic air of a pure fiction, with the literal minuteness of a common diary. The author had the strangest matter-of-fact imagination that ever existed, and wrote the oddest mixture of poetry and prose. He does not appear to have taken advantage of any thing in actual nature, from one end of his works to the other: and yet, throughout all his works, (voluminous as they are—and this, to be sure, is one reason why they are so), he sets about describing every object and transaction, as if the whole had been given in on evidence by an eyewitness. This kind of high finishing from imagination is an anomaly in the history of human genius; and certainly nothing so fine was ever produced

Digitized by Google

by the same accumulation of minute parts. There is not the least distraction, the least forgetfulness of the end: every circumstance is made to tell. We cannot agree that this exactness of detail produces heaviness; on the contrary, it gives an appearance of truth, and a positive interest to the story; and we listen with the same attention as we should to the particulars of a confidential communication. We at one time used to think some parts of Sir Charles Grandison rather trifling and tedious, especially the long description of Miss Harriet Byron's wedding clothes, till we met with two young ladies who had severally copied out the whole of that very description for their own private gratification. After this, we could not blame the author.

The effect of reading this work, is like an increase of kindred: you find yourself all of a sudden introduced into the midst of a large family, with aunts and cousins to the third and fourth generation, and grandmothers both by the father's and mother's side, —and a very odd set of people too, but people whose real existence and personal identity you can no more dispute than your own senses,—for you see and hear all that they do or say. What is still more extraordinary, all this extreme elaborateness in working out the story, seems to have cost the author nothing: for it is said, that the published works are mere abridgments. We have heard (though this, we suppose, must be a pleasant exaggeration), that Sir Charles Grandison was originally written in eight and twenty volumes.

Pamela is the first of his productions, and the very child of his brain. Taking the general idea of the character of a modest and beautiful country girl, and of the situation in which she is placed, he makes out all the rest, even to the smallest circumstance, by the mere force of a reasoning imagination. It would seem as if a step lost would be as fatal here as in a mathematical demonstration. The development of the character is the most simple, and comes the nearest to nature that it can do, without being the same thing. The interest of the story increases with the dawn of understanding and reflection in the heroine. Her sentiments gradually expand themselves, like opening flowers. She writes better every time, and acquires a confidence in herself, just as a girl would do, writing such letters in such circumstances; and yet it is certain *that no girl would write such letters in such circumstances.* What we mean is this. Richardson's nature is always the nature of sentiment and reflection, not of impulse or situation. He furnishes his characters, on every occasion, with the presence of mind of the author. He makes them act, not as they would from the impulse of the moment, but as they might upon reflection, and upon a careful review of every motive and

Digitized by Google

circumstance in their situation. They regularly sit down to write letters: and if the business of life consisted in letter-writing, and was carried on by the post, (like a Spanish game at chess), human nature would be what Richardson represents it. All actual objects and feelings are blunted and deadened by being presented through a medium which may be true to reason, but is false in nature. He confounds his own point of view with that of the immediate actors in the scene; and hence presents you with a conventional and factitious nature, instead of that which is real. Dr Johnson seems to have preferred this truth of reflection to the truth of nature, when he said that there was more knowledge of the human heart in a page of Richardson than in all Fielding. Fielding, however, saw more of the practical results, and understood the principles as well; but he had not the same power of speculating upon their possible results, and combining them in certain ideal forms of passion and imagination, which was Richardson's real excellence.

It must be observed, however, that it is this mutual good understanding, and comparing of notes between the author and the persons he describes; his infinite circumspection, his exact process of ratiocination and calculation, which gives such an appearance of coldness and formality to most of his characters,—which makes prudes of his women, and coxcombs of his men. Every thing is too conscious in his works. Every thing is distinctly brought home to the mind of the actors in the scene, which is a fault undoubtedly: but then, it must be confessed, every thing is brought home in its full force to the mind of the reader also; and we feel the same interest in the story as if it were our own. Can any thing be more beautiful or affecting than Pamela's reproaches to her 'lumpish heart' when she is sent away from her master's at her own request—its lightness, when she is sent for back—the joy which the conviction of the sincerity of his love diffuses in her heart, like the coming-on of spring—the artifice of the stuff gown—the meeting with lady Davers after her marriage—and the trial scene with her husband? Who ever remained insensible to the passion of Lady Clementina, except Sir Charles Grandison himself, who was the object of it? Clarissa is, however, his masterpiece, if we except Lovelace. If she is fine in herself, she is still finer in his account of her. With that foil, her purity is dazzling indeed: and she who could triumph by her virtue, and the force of her love, over the regality of Lovelace's mind, his wit, his person, his accomplishments and his spirit, conquers all hearts. We should suppose that never sympathy more deep or sincere was excited than by the heroine of Richardson's romance, except by the calamities of real life. The links in this wonderful chain of interest are not more finely

Digitized by Google

wrought, than their whole weight is overwhelming and irresistible. Who can forget the exquisite gradations of her long dying scene, or the closing of the coffin-lid, when Miss Howe comes to take her last leave of her friend; or the heart-breaking reflection that Clarissa makes on what was to have been her wedding-day? Well does a modern writer exclaim—

> 'Books are a real world, both pure and good,
> Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness may grow!'

Richardson's wit was unlike that of any other writer;—his humour was so too. Both were the effect of intense activity of mind;—laboured, and yet completely effectual. We might refer to Lovelace's reception and description of Hickman, when he calls out Death in his ear, as the name of the person with whom Clarissa had fallen in love; and to the scene at the glove shop. What can be more magnificent than his enumeration of his companions—'Belton so pert and so pimply—Tourville so fair and so foppish,' &c.? In casuistry, he is quite at home; and, with a boldness greater even than his puritanical severity, has exhausted every topic on virtue and vice. There is another peculiarity in Richardson, not perhaps so uncommon, which is, his systematically preferring his most insipid characters to his finest, though both were equally his own invention, and he must be supposed to have understood something of their qualities. Thus he preferred the little, selfish, affected, insignificant Miss Byron, to the divine Clementina; and again, Sir Charles Grandison, to the nobler Lovelace. We have nothing to say in favour of Lovelace's morality; but Sir Charles is the prince of coxcombs,—whose eye was never once taken from his own person, and his own virtues; and there is nothing which excites so little sympathy as this excessive egotism.

It remains to speak of Sterne;—and we shall do it in few words. There is more of *mannerism* and affectation in him, and a more immediate reference to preceding authors;—but his excellencies, where he is excellent, are of the first order. His characters are intellectual and inventive, like Richardson's—but totally opposite in the execution. The one are made out by continuity, and patient repetition of touches; the others, by rapid and masterly strokes, and graceful apposition. His style is equally different from Richardson's:—it is at times the most rapid,—the most happy,—the most idiomatic of any of our novel writers. It is the pure essence of English conversational style. His works consist only of *morceaux*,—of brilliant passages. His wit is poignant, though artificial;—and his characters (though the groundwork has been laid before), have yet invaluable original differences;—and the spirit of the execution, the master-strokes constantly thrown into them, are not to be sur-

Digitized by Google

passed. It is sufficient to name them—Yorick, Dr Slop, Mr Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Susanna, and the Widow Wadman: and in these he has contrived to oppose, with equal felicity and originality, two characters,—one of pure intellect, and the other of pure good nature, in my Father and my Uncle Toby. There appears to have been in Sterne a vein of dry, sarcastic humour, and of extreme tenderness of feeling;—the latter sometimes carried to affectation, as in the tale of Maria, and the apostrophe to the recording angel;—but at other times pure, and without blemish. The story of Le Febre is perhaps the finest in the English language. My Father's restlessness, both of body and mind, is inimitable. It is the model from which all those despicable performances against modern philosophy ought to have been copied, if their authors had known any thing of the subject they were writing about. My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures; or, as the French express it—*un tel petit bon homme!* Of his bowling-green,—his sieges,—and his amours, who would say or think any thing amiss?

It is remarkable that our four best novel-writers belong nearly to the same age. We also owe to the same period, (the reign of George II.), the inimitable Hogarth, and some of our best writers of the middle style of comedy. If we were called upon to account for this coincidence, we should wave the consideration of more general causes, (as, that imagination naturally descends with the progress of civilization), and ascribe it at once to the establishment of the Protestant ascendancy, and the succession of the House of Hanover. These great events appear to have given a more popular turn to our literature and genius, as well as to our Government. It was found high time that the people should be represented in books as well as in parliament. They wished to see some account of themselves in what they read, and not to be confined always to the vices, the miseries and frivolities of the great. Our domestic tragedy, and our earliest periodical works, appeared a little before the same period. In despotic countries, human nature is not of sufficient importance to be studied or described. The *canaille* are objects rather of disgust than curiosity; and there are no middle classes. The works of Racine and Moliere are little else than imitations of the verbiage of the court, before which they were represented; or fanciful caricatures of the manners of the lowest of the people. But in the period of our history in question, a security of person and property, and a freedom of opinion had been established, which made every man feel of some consequence to himself, and appear an object of some curiosity to his neighbours; our manners became more do-

Digitized by Google

mesticated; there was a general spirit of sturdiness and independence, which made the English character more truly English than perhaps at any other period—that is, more tenacious of its own opinions and purposes. The whole surface of society appeared cut out into square enclosures and sharp angles, which extended to the dresses of the time, their gravel walks, and clipped hedges. Each individual had a certain ground-plot of his own to cultivate his particular humours in, and let them shoot out at pleasure; and a most plentiful crop they have produced accordingly.

The reign of George II. was, in a word, in an eminent degree, *the age of hobby-horses.* But since that period, things have taken a different turn. His present Majesty, during almost the whole of his reign, has been constantly mounted on a great War-horse; and has fairly driven all competitors out of the field. Instead of minding our own affairs, or laughing at each other, the eyes of all his faithful subjects have been fixed on the career of the Sovereign, and all hearts anxious for the safety of his person and government. Our pens and our swords have been drawn alike in their defence; and the returns of killed and wounded, the manufacture of newspapers and parliamentary speeches, have exceeded all former example. If we have had little of the blessings of peace, we have had enough of the glories and calamities of war. His Majesty has indeed contrived to keep alive the greatest public interest ever known, by his determined manner of riding his hobby for half a century together, with the aristocracy—the democracy—the clergy—the landed and monied interest—and the rabble, in full cry after him! and at the end of his career, most happily and unexpectedly succeeded—amidst empires lost and won—kingdoms overturned and created—and the destruction of an incredible number of lives—in restoring *the divine right of Kings,*—and thus preventing any future abuse of the example which seated his family on the throne!

It is not to be wondered, if, amidst the tumult of events crowded into this period, our literature has partaken of the disorder of the time; if our prose has run mad, and our poetry grown childish. Among those few persons who 'have kept the even tenor of their way,' the author of Evelina, Cecilia, and Camilla, holds a distinguished place. Mrs Radcliffe's 'enchantments drear' and mouldering castles, derived a part of their interest, we suppose, from the supposed tottering state of all old structures at the time; and Mrs Inchbald's 'Nature and Art' would not have had the same popularity, but that it fell in (in its two main characters) with the prevailing prejudice of the moment, that judges and bishops were not pure abstractions of

Digitized by Google

justice and piety. Miss Edgeworth's tales, again, are a kind of essence of common sense, which seemed to be called for by the prevailing epidemics of audacious paradox and insane philosophy. The author of the present novel is, however, quite of the old school, a mere common observer of manners,—and also a very woman. It is this last circumstance which forms the peculiarity of her writings, and distinguishes them from those masterpieces which we have before mentioned. She is unquestionably a quick, lively, and accurate observer of persons and things; but she always looks at them with a consciousness of her sex, and in that point of view in which it is the particular business and interest of women to observe them. We thus get a kind of supplement and gloss to our original text, which we could not otherwise have obtained. There is little in her works of passion or character, or even manners, in the most extended sense of the word, as implying the sum-total of our habits and pursuits; her *forte* is in describing the absurdities and affectations of external behaviour, or *the manners of people in company*. Her characters, which are all caricatures, are no doubt distinctly marked, and perfectly kept up; but they are somewhat superficial, and exceedingly uniform. Her heroes and heroines, almost all of them, depend on the stock of a single phrase or sentiment; or at least have certain mottoes or devices by which they may always be known. They are such characters as people might be supposed to assume for a night at a masquerade. She presents not the whole length figure, nor even the face, but some prominent feature. In the present novel, for example, a lady appears regularly every ten pages, to get a lesson in music for nothing. She never appears for any other purpose; this is all you know of her; and in this the whole wit and humour of the character consists. Meadows is the same, who has always the same cue of being tired, without any other idea, &c. It has been said of Shakespeare, that you may always assign his speeches to the proper characters:—and you may infallibly do the same thing with Madame D'Arblay's; for they always say the same thing. The Branghtons are the best. Mr Smith is an exquisite city portrait.—Evelina is also her best novel, because it is shortest; that is, it has all the liveliness in the sketches of character, and exquisiteness of comic dialogue and repartee, without the tediousness of the story, and endless affectation of the sentiments.

Women, in general, have a quicker perception of any oddity or singularity of character than men, and are more alive to every absurdity which arises from a violation of the rules of society, or a deviation from established custom. This partly arises

Digitized by Google

rises from the restraints on their own behaviour, which turn their attention constantly on the subject, and partly from other causes. The surface of their minds, like that of their bodies, seems of a finer texture than ours; more soft, and susceptible of immediate impression. They have less muscular power,—less power of continued voluntary attention,—of reason—passion and imagination: But they are more easily impressed with whatever appeals to their senses or habitual prejudices. The intuitive perception of their minds is less disturbed by any general reasonings on causes or consequences. They learn the idiom of character and manner, as they acquire that of language, by rote merely, without troubling themselves about the principles. Their observation is not the less accurate on that account, as far as it goes; for it has been well said, that 'there is nothing so true as habit.'

There is little other power in Miss Burney's novels, than that of immediate observation: her characters, whether of refinement or vulgarity, are equally superficial and confined. The whole is a question of form, whether that form is adhered to, or violated. It is this circumstance which takes away dignity and interest from her story and sentiments, and makes the one so teazing and tedious, and the other so insipid. The difficulties in which she involves her heroines are indeed 'Female Difficulties;'—they are difficulties created out of nothing. The author appears to have no other idea of refinement than that it is the reverse of vulgarity; but the reverse of vulgarity is fastidiousness and affectation. There is a true, and a false delicacy. Because a vulgar country Miss would answer 'yes' to a proposal of marriage in the first page, Mad. d'Arblay makes it a proof of an excess of refinement, and an indispensable point of etiquette in her young ladies, to postpone the answer to the end of five volumes, without the smallest reason for their doing so, and with every reason to the contrary. The reader is led every moment to expect a denouement, and is as constantly disappointed on some trifling pretext. The whole artifice of her fable consists in coming to no conclusion. Her ladies stand so upon the order of their going, that they do not go at all. They will not abate an ace of their punctilio in any circumstances, or on any emergency. They would consider it as quite indecorous to run down stairs though the house were in flames, or to move off the pavement though a scaffolding was falling. She has formed to herself an abstract idea of perfection in common behaviour, which is quite as romantic and impracticable as any other idea of the sort: and the consequence has naturally been, that she makes her heroines commit the greatest improprieties and absurdities in order to avoid the

Digitized by Google

smallest. In contradiction to a maxim in philosophy, they constantly act from the weakest motive, or rather from pure affectation.

Thus L. S.—otherwise *Ellis*, in the present novel, actually gives herself up to the power of a man who has just offered violence to her person, rather than return to the asylum of a farm-house, at which she has left some friends, because, as she is turning her steps that way, 'she hears the sounds of rustic festivity and vulgar merriment proceed from it.' That is, in order that her exquisite sensibility may not be shocked by the behaviour of a number of honest country-people making merry at a dance, this model of female delicacy exposes herself to every species of insult and outrage from a man whom she hates. In like manner, she runs from her honourable lover into the power of a ruffian and an assassin, who claims a right over her person by a forced marriage. The whole tissue of the fable is, in short, more wild and chimerical than any thing in Don Quixote, without having any thing of poetical truth or elevation. Madame D'Arblay has woven a web of difficulties for her heroine, something like the green silken threads in which the shepherdesses entangled the steed of Cervantes's hero, who swore, in his fine enthusiastic way, that he would sooner cut his passage to another world than disturb the least of those beautiful meshes. The Wanderer raises obstacles, lighter than 'the gossamer that idles in the wanton summer air,' into insurmountable barriers; and trifles with those that arise out of common sense, reason, and necessity. Her conduct never arises directly out of the circumstances in which she is placed, but out of some factitious and misplaced refinement on them. It is a perpetual game at cross-purposes. There being a plain and strong motive why she should pursue any course of action, is a sufficient reason for her to avoid it; and the perversity of her conduct is in proportion to its levity—as the lightness of the feather baffles the force of the impulse that is given to it, and the slightest breath of air turns it back on the hand from which it is launched. We can hardly consider this as an accurate description of the perfection of the female character!

We are sorry to be compelled to speak so disadvantageously of the work of an excellent and favourite writer; and the more so, as we perceive no decay of talent, but a perversion of it. There is the same admirable spirit in the dialogues, and particularly in the characters of Mrs Ireton, Sir Jasper Herrington, and Mr Giles Arbe, as in her former novels. But these do not fill a hundred pages of the work; and there is nothing else good in it. In the story, which here occupies the attention of the reader almost exclusively, Madame D'Arblay never excelled.

Digitized by Google

ART. IV.—*A short Account of Experiments and Instruments, depending on the relations of Air to Heat and Moisture.* By JOHN LESLIE, F. R. S. E. Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. pp. 178. Edinburgh, 1814.

IT is a necessary consequence of the nature of physical science, that, in proportion to its progress, its inquiries become more minute and refined. The first results in all its departments are not very distinct from common observation; and the discovery of a general fact is an important acquisition, though it may not be followed through all its modifications, nor the conditions under which it exists strictly defined. But, after a certain time, more remote objects come into view, a perfect knowledge of which can be acquired only by very accurate examination; and the relations of those already known being multiplied, require to be traced with more minute discrimination. The researches of science would thus always be becoming more difficult, were they not aided by the acquisitions progressively made.

From this circumstance, however, they continually require more delicate instruments, and more accurate modes of experiment; and much of the labour of philosophers is occupied in revising the more rude results of preceding periods, in ascertaining the influence of the slighter circumstances by which the objects of their inquiries are affected, and in following out those applications, and those new trains of investigation which such inquiries always suggest.

Mr Leslie is well known to the scientific world, by the ingenuity he has displayed in the contrivance of his methods and instruments, in those experimental investigations to which he has directed his attention. The subjects which he has now announced, are some of the most difficult in the branch of science to which they belong; and, in the present state of knowledge, can be elucidated only by very minute and accurate observations. We might therefore anticipate an interesting work from the title of the present publication; and we are persuaded that an analysis of it cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

The work commences with a general view of the theory of heat,—of the laws which regulate its distribution, and its absorption and evolution, in those changes of constitution and form which bodies undergo. With regard to these, Mr Leslie adopts, in opposition to the popular doctrine of latent heat, the more just and profound view of the subject given by the late Dr Irvine; in which the distribution of heat in different forms of the same body, is considered as regulated by the same law as its distribu-

Digitized by Google

tion in different bodies. This theory, one of the most beautiful in chemistry, and which, as reducing what would otherwise be an insulated fact under one more comprehensive, is one of the most perfect examples of generalization of which that science can boast, though long imperfectly understood, has for some years past been gaining ground. On the Continent, indeed, it seems still not to be generally understood; and we may, we believe, with justice remark, that in this country the doctrines of heat have been always developed with more precision than they have been by the continental philosophers; a circumstance probably owing to the more abstruse parts of the subject having been so well investigated by Dr Black, and to his discoveries having been so ably prosecuted by Irvine and Crawford.

A part of the subject of heat, which it is well known Mr Leslie has very successfully investigated, is that relating to what is called its radiation. There are two modes in which heat is discharged from bodies. A portion is communicated to the contiguous matter, and is slowly diffused through it. Another portion, when the body is placed in an aerial medium, is discharged with rapidity, darts through the air to a distance, and, even at that distance, when intercepted, produces a heating effect. This forms what is called the Radiation of Heat. We are indebted to Mr Leslie for the discovery of the important fact, that different kinds of matter, at the same temperature, discharge very different quantities of heat by radiation. From a metallic surface, the quantity is comparatively small; from a vitreous surface, it is much greater; and it is still more so from a rough spongy surface.

'If two equal balls' (says Mr Leslie, p. 18.) 'of thin bright silver, one of them entirely uncovered, and the other sheathed in a case of cambric, be filled with water slightly warmed, and then suspended in a close room, the former will lose only 11 parts of its heat in the same time that the latter will dissipate 20 parts. Of this expenditure, 10 parts from each of the balls is communicated in the ordinary way, by the slow recession of the proximate particles of air as they come to be successively heated. The rest of the heat, consisting of 1 part from the naked metallic surface, and of 10 parts from the cased surface, is propagated through the same medium, but with a diffusive rapidity, which in a moment shoots its influence to a distance, after a mode entirely peculiar to the gaseous fluids.' Or the difference is even obvious to common observation. 'If a pot of porcelain be filled with boiling water, on bringing towards it the palm of the hand, an agreeable warmth will be felt at the distance of an inch or two from the heated surface; but if a silver pot be heated in the same way, scarcely any heat is at all perceptible on approaching the surface, till the fingers have almost touched the metal itself.'

The discharge of heat in this particular mode has usually

Digitized by Google

been considered as a real emanation of caloric in rays darted from the heated body. Mr Leslie, a number of years ago, advanced the opinion, that there is no proper radiation of caloric, but that the effect is produced entirely by the mediation of the air. He gives the following summary of this explanation.

'The portions of heat are not transported by the streaming of the heated air, for they suffer no derangement from the most violent agitation of their medium. The air must therefore, without changing its place, disseminate the impressions that it receives of heat, by a sort of undulatory commotion, or a series of alternating pulsations, like those by which it transmits the impulse of sound. The portion of air next the hot surface, suddenly acquiring heat from its vicinity, expands proportionally, and begins the chain of pulsations. In again contracting, this aerial shell surrenders its surplus heat to the one immediately before it, and which is now in the act of expansion; and thus the tide of heat rolls onwards, and spreads itself on all sides. These vibratory impressions are not strictly darted in radiating lines, but each successive pulse, as in the case of sound, presses to join an equal diffusion.' p. 21, 22.

The power of different surfaces in discharging different portions of heat, in this mode, at the same temperature, Mr Leslie ascribes to the more or less close contact which they admit with the external air; a vitreous surface, for example, admitting of a closer proximity of the air than a metallic surface does, and thereby communicating to it, in a given time, a larger portion of heat. And on the same principle he explains the fact, that those surfaces which are most powerful in thus discharging heat, are also most powerful in arresting and absorbing it; the closer contact into which the heated air comes with the surface on which it impinges, favouring the transfer of its heat; while a surface, to which the heated air does not approach so closely, will in a great measure reflect it with little loss of heat. Hence the discharging and absorbing power are proportional to each other; while the reflecting power is the reverse.

Mr Leslie's opinion as to the transmission of heat by pulsation, has, we believe, had few supporters, and perhaps it has not altogether received that consideration to which it is entitled. The actual radiation of caloric has usually been admitted with little examination; but it is far from being without its difficulties. The very existence of caloric as matter, is doubtful; and, if it were admitted, it is not clearly established, that it is capable of being discharged in the form of rays moving with velocity; nor is it easy to assign any cause why one portion of caloric should be discharged from a body in this mode, while another portion is discharged by direct communication with the contiguous matter. The existence of calorific rays in the solar

Digitized by Google

beam, affords the argument of greatest apparent weight; but it is still not clearly shown how far these rays differ from light; and the opinion may perhaps be maintained, (especially since the recent experiments of Berard, which prove that the maximum of heating power is within the verge of the visible rays of the prismatic spectrum), that the calorific effect depends on rays of light, not having that momentum which is capable of exciting vision. Mr Leslie has, in the present work, stated some facts in support of his opinion, which the advocates of the opposite doctrine may not perhaps find it very easy to explain. The following is a curious experiment favourable to his view.

'If successive rings of pasteboard be fashioned into the twisted form of a cornucopia, and its wide mouth presented at some distance to the fire, a strong heat will, in spite of the gradual inflection of the tube, be accumulated at its narrow end.' p. 22.

Such a form, it is obvious, ought to impede the motion of caloric in right lines, so as to prevent any calorific effect at the extremity. The following seems not less conclusive.

'Having procured a cone of planished tin, with the top cut off, near 6 inches wide at the mouth, and about 14 inches long, it was divided in the direction of its axis into two equal portions, the inside of each of them being painted with lamp black. Turning one of these semi-cones towards the fire, and setting in its narrow neck the naked or sentient ball of the pyroscope, the impression was increased from 20°; its direct and unaided effect to 25°; but, on adapting likewise the other half of the cone, it rose to no less than 70°. Now if such augmentation of heat were occasioned by any internal reflexions, the effect would only be doubled in the complete cone, or carried from 25° to 30°. This great accumulation must therefore be referred to some other source; and what can appear more probable as the cause, than the gradual concentration of the aërial pulsations in their advance to the ball of the pyroscope?' p. 52.

Some striking illustrations are given of the comparative effects of different surfaces in thus discharging heat by radiation, or what Mr Leslie calls pulsation, and in absorbing it.

'Let a small pane of glass about four inches square have one of its sides half covered with smooth tinfoil; or, what is more elegant, let a small square of thin mica have one side gilt half over with silver leaf. On holding the partly covered surface of the glass or mica opposite and very near the fire for the space of a few seconds, and then passing the finger lightly over the posterior surface, scarcely any warmth is perceptible under the metallic sheath; but an intense degree of heat will be felt behind the naked portion of the plate. Again, reversing its position and exposing the uncovered side to the fire, an opposite, though less marked effect is observed: The coat of metal will become sensibly hotter than the adjacent naked space; because the heat absorbed along the interior surface, being after-

Digitized by Google

wards more feebly discharged from the tin or silver leaf, is allowed to accumulate in that part of the screen. In this latter case, the difference of temperature produced is very nearly the double, and in the former it is no less than tenfold. But effects of the same kind, and which are alike contrasted, though inferior in degree, will be perceived, if a thin pellicle be spread over the compound surface of the glass and tinfoil, or of the mica and silver leaf, the mere proximity of the metallic surface repelling the atmosphere, and consequently enfeebling the powers of absorption and emission.' p. 25–26.

Some practical applications too are pointed out from these differences, which are of considerable importance.

'A vessel with a bright metallic surface is the best fitted to preserve liquors either long warm, or as a conservatory to keep them cool. A silver pot will emit scarcely half as much heat as one of porcelain; and even the very slightest varnishing of gold, platina or silver, which communicates to the ware a certain metallic gloss, renders this new kind of manufacture about one-third part more retentive of heat. The addition of a covering of flannel, though indeed a slow conductor, far from checking the dissipation of heat, has directly the contrary tendency; for it presents to the atmosphere a surface of much greater propulsive energy, which it would require a thickness of not fewer than three folds of this loose substance fully to counterbalance. The cylinder of the steam engine has lately been most advantageously sheathed with polished copper.

'The progress of cooling is yet more retarded, by surrounding the heated vessel, on all sides, at the distance of near an inch, with a case of planished tin; and the addition of other cases, following at like intervals, augments continually the effect. With an obstruction of one case, the rate of refrigeration is 3 times slower, with two cases it is 5 times slower, with three cases it is 7 times slower, and so forth, as expressed by the succession of the odd numbers. By multiplying the metallic cases, therefore, and disposing them like a nest at regular intervals, the innermost could be made to retain the same temperature with little variation for many hours or even days. Such an apparatus would obviously be well calculated for various culinary and domestic purposes.

'In the conveyance of heat by means of steam, the surface of the conducting tubes should have a metallic lustre. On the contrary, if it be intended by that mode to warm an apartment, they should be coated on the outside with soft paint, to facilitate their discharge of heat. For the same reason, metallic pots are more easily heated on the fire, after their bottoms have become tarnished or smoked. If a bright surface of metal be slightly furrowed or divided by fine flutings, it will emit heat sensibly faster, because the prominent ridges, thus brought closer to the general atmospheric boundary, will excite the pulsations with augmented energy.' p. 26–29.

Mr Leslie was enabled to ascertain many of the facts on this subject with more precision than could otherwise have been at-

Digitized by Google

tained, by an instrument of great delicacy which he invented—the Differential Thermometer; well known, we presume, to most of our readers. The common air thermometer is useful, from its being capable of showing the most minute variations of temperature. But it is also liable to great disadvantages, in being instantly affected by any variation in the temperature of the surrounding medium during an experiment, and also by variations in atmospheric pressure. In the differential thermometer, these sources of error are excluded. Two air thermometers may be conceived of, as connected together; or a curved glass tube, somewhat of the figure of the letter U, may be imagined, with two balls at its extremities, containing air, a portion of coloured fluid being introduced, so as to fill the curvature, and part of each upright tube, to a certain height. It is obvious, that the two balls being at the same temperature, the interposed column of fluid being equally pressed on by the air in each, will remain stationary, and will do so, whatever change of temperature occurs in the surrounding medium; since, by any such change, both balls will be equally affected. It is only when heat is communicated to one ball, that any movement will take place, the expansion of the air contained in this ball causing the liquid to descend in the stem connected with it; and the extent of this descent will be proportional to the increase of temperature. To measure it, Mr Leslie attaches a scale to the instrument, the degrees of which are 1000, for the interval between freezing and boiling water.

The same instrument, under various modifications, has been applied by Mr Leslie with much ingenuity to other purposes. If one of its balls be completely coated with thick silver leaf, it forms what he calls the Pyroscope,—an instrument adapted to measure the intensity of the heat darting from a fire. The radiant heat is in a great measure reflected from the metallic surface, while it produces its effect upon the glass-ball; so that the liquid in the stem connected with it descends, and this proportional to the intensity of the radiant heat. The calorific effect, marked by this instrument, diminishes on receding from the fire, in the ratio of the square of its distance; yet such is its sensibility, that it is affected even at the remote part of a room. The same instrument is equally capable of measuring the cold communicated by pulsation or radiation.

If one of the balls of the differential thermometer be of clear glass, while the other is coated with china-ink, or rather is of deep black enamel, it forms the instrument which Mr Leslie names the Photometer, adapted to measure the comparative intensity of the light to which it is exposed. The rays which fall

Digitized by Google

on the clear ball, pass through it with little or no interruption, and produce therefore little or no heat; while those which impinge on the dark ball, are stopt and absorbed, producing heat. This heat will continue to accumulate, until its farther increase is counteracted by an opposite dispersion from the rise of temperature in the ball. At the point of equilibrium, the constant accessions of heat derived from the action of the incident light, are exactly equalled by the corresponding portions of it abstracted in the cooling. But in still air, the rate of cooling is, within moderate limits, proportional to the excess of temperature above that of the surrounding medium. Hence the space through which the coloured liquid sinks in the stem, will measure the intensity of light; on the assumption, that the intensity of light may be judged of from the heat it produces. Mr Leslie adds a number of curious observations made with this instrument on the intensity of light at different seasons, and at different times of the day, and on the effect of indirect or reflected light, as modified particularly by the state of the atmosphere. In employing it, the addition of a thin glass case over it is necessary, to prevent any irregularity from extraneous agitation of the air.

Passing from the consideration of the relations of heat to air, Mr Leslie proceeds to consider the relations of air to moisture. There is no instrument which it has been found more difficult to construct, than one which shall give accurate indications of the state of the air with regard to humidity or dryness. The greater number have been framed on the property which certain bodies have of attracting water from the air, and of thereby increasing in volume; so that if a substance very sensible in this respect be selected, and if contrivances are adapted to it, to show minute alterations of volume, these may indicate the degrees of moisture. Many hygrometers, or hygroscopes, as some name this form of the instrument, have been constructed on this principle; but they are all liable to inaccuracy from various causes, and particularly from the substances employed suffering, in time, some change of structure; so that their indications cease to correspond accurately with those from which the scale had been constructed. Mr Leslie has revived and improved an instrument of this kind. He employs a tube of ivory, containing quicksilver, with a glass tube adapted to it, to which a scale of equal parts is attached. When the ivory yields moisture to the air, which it does according to the dryness of the atmosphere it contracts, and presses the quicksilver higher in the tube;—when it imbibes moisture from damp air, it swells, and allows the quicksilver to subside. Mr Leslie finds, however, that these va-

Digitized by Google

riations do not correspond with the real measures of atmospheric dryness or humidity: Near the point of extreme dampness, they are much augmented; while they diminish rapidly towards the other extreme. The addition of another scale, therefore, corresponding to this inequality, is necessary; and even with this, it cannot be regarded as either an accurate or delicate instrument.

There are other circumstances connected with evaporation, on which a hygrometer may be constructed; particularly, as Mr Leslie remarks, the dilatation imparted to the air by the vapour, and the depression of temperature produced on the humid surface.

On the first of these he has invented an hygrometer consisting of a small tumbler, the mouth flat, having a hole ground through the bottom, in which is cemented a slender recurved tube, like a syphon, containing a portion of coloured oil. A few drops of water being put on a glass plate, and the tumbler being slipped upon this, the included air dissolves moisture proportional to its dryness; and the increased elasticity, thus communicated to the air, causes the column of oil in the tube to ascend. This instrument, however, requires address in its management, which renders it difficult to obtain with it results perfectly precise.

On the other principle, Mr Leslie has constructed what he regards as the most accurate hygrometer. It is a happy application of the differential thermometer. One of the balls is coated with fine cambric paper, and the paper is moistened with pure water. Evaporation takes place; and, from the cold which accompanies this, the liquid falls in the opposite stem. The extent of its descent is measured by the scale attached. This indicates the degree of cold; this, again, the extent of evaporation; and this, lastly, indicates the relative dryness of the air, the evaporation being proportionally greater as the air is more free from moisture. The full effect is very soon obtained—generally in about two minutes; and it continues permanent under the same circumstances, as long as moisture is supplied to the covered ball.

Mr Leslie conceives, that the theory of this instrument, or, rather, the theory of evaporation on which it is founded, has been imperfectly understood. He therefore gives a more full statement of it, which would still, however, require perhaps some farther elucidation.

'The process of evaporation has not been hitherto examined with attention, or its consequences rightly understood. The depression of temperature which always accompanies it, has been hastily supposed to be proportional to the rate with which the moisture is dis-

Digitized by Google

sipated, and to be therefore augmented by every circumstance that can accelerate this effect. If water contained in a porous vessel, expose on all sides its surface to a current of air, it will cool down to a certain point: and there its temperature will remain stationary. The rapidity of the current must no doubt hasten the equilibrium; but the degree of cold thus induced will be still the same. A little reflection may discover how this takes place. Though the humid surface has now ceased to grow colder, the dispersion of invisible vapour, and the corresponding abstraction of heat, still continue without intermission. The same medium, therefore, which transports the vapour, must also furnish the portion of heat required for its incessant formation. In fact, after the water has been once cooled down, each portion of the ambient air which comes to touch the evaporating surface must, from its contact with a substance so greatly denser than itself, be likewise cooled down to the same standard, and must hence communicate to the liquid its surplus heat, or the difference between the prior and the subsequent state of the solvent, and which is proportioned to the diminution of temperature it has suffered. Every shell of air that in succession encircles the humid mass, while it absorbs, along with the moisture which it dissolves, the measure of heat necessary to convert this into steam, does at the same instant thus deposit an equal measure of its own heat, on the chill exhaling surface. The abstraction of heat by vaporization on the one hand, and, on the other, its deposition at the surface of contact, are, therefore, opposite contemporaneous acts, which soon produce a mutual balance; and thereafter the temperature induced continues without the smallest alteration. A rapid circulation of the evaporating medium may quicken the operation of those causes; but, so long as it possesses the same drying quality, it cannot in any degree derange the resulting temperature. The heat deposited by the air on the humid surface becomes thus an accurate measure of the heat spent in vaporizing the portion of moisture required for the saturation of that solvent at its lowered temperature. The dryness of the air is therefore, under all circumstances, precisely indicated, by the depression of temperature produced on a humid surface which has been exposed freely to its action.

'In this investigation, we have only considered the effect arising from the recession or the quickened transfer of the contiguous portions of the ambient medium. But the conterminous air must besides communicate heat to the water by pulsation; and consequently the balance of temperature would be liable to incidental variations, if moisture, with its embodied heat, were not likewise abstracted by some corresponding process. And such is the harmonious adaptation of these elements. The discharge of vapour appears to be subject precisely to the same conditions as the emission of heat; and in both cases the proximity of a vitreous or a metallic surface produces effects which are entirely similar. Let two pieces of thin mirror-glass, or what is called Dutch plate, be selected, about four

Digitized by Google

inches and a half square; and having applied a smooth coat of tinfoil, four inches square, to one of these; cover them both with a layer of the thinnest goldbeater's skin, which will adhere closely on being wetted; and after it has again become dry, cut it on each into an exact square of four inches and a quarter. Now, place the two glass plates horizontally in the opposite scales of a fine balance, and adjust them to an exact counterpoise: then, with a hair pencil, spread two grains of water over the surface of each pellicle. In a few seconds, the plate which is coated with tinfoil will preponderate; and after the former has lost all its moisture, this will be found to retain still three-tenths of a grain. The proximity of the subjacent metal to the humid surface, therefore, impedes the process of evaporation, in the ratio of 17 to 20; the very same as, in like circumstances, had been the retardation of the efflux of heat. From this and other experiments, we learn, that some constant portion from a humid surface is always abstracted by the pulsation of the aerial medium. The steam exhaled in uniting with the air, communicates to this elastic fluid a sudden dilatation, which will continue to propagate itself in successive waves.' p. 39—44.

From observations with this instrument, it appears that the condition of the atmosphere, with regard to dryness, is extremely variable.

'In our climate, the hygrometer will, during winter, mark from 5 to 25 degrees; but, in the summer months, it will generally range between 15 and 55 degrees, and may even rise, on some particular days, as high as 80 or 90 degrees. In thick fogs, the instrument stands almost at the beginning of the scale: it commonly falls before rain, and remains low during wet weather; but it mounts powerfully in continued tracts of clear and warm weather. The greatest dryness yet noticed, was at Paris in the month of September, when it reached to 120 degrees. But for want of observations, we are totally unacquainted with the real state of the air in the remote and tropical climates.

'When the indication of the hygrometer does not exceed 15 degrees, we are directed by our feelings to call the air damp; from 30 to 40 degrees we begin to reckon it dry; from 50 to 60 degrees we should account it very dry, and from 70 degrees upwards we might consider it as intensely dry. A room is not comfortable, or perhaps wholesome, if it has less than 30 degrees of dryness; but the atmosphere of a warm occupied apartment will commonly produce an effect of upwards of 50 degrees.' p. 69, 70.

Mr Leslie has invented another instrument, which gives indications of the quantity of evaporation from a humid surface in a given time—what he has named the Atmometer. It consists of a thin ball of porous earthen ware, two or three inches in diameter, with a small neck, to which is cemented a long and rather wide tube, bearing divisions, each of them corresponding

Digitized by Google

to an internal annular section, equal to a film of liquid that would cover the outer surface of the ball, to the thickness of the thousandth part of an inch. To the top of the tube is fitted a brass cap, having a collar of leather, which, after the cavity has been filled with distilled or boiled water, is screwed tight, to prevent the transudation of the liquid from being so copious as to drop from the ball. Evaporation of the water takes place from the external surface, the instrument being suspended in the air; and the quantity evaporated in a given time, is discovered by the descent of the liquid in the tube. The use of this instrument will require some dexterity, particularly in adjusting the pressure of the collar; and its indications are slow,—but it may often be employed with advantage, where it is of importance to ascertain the actual rate of exhalation.

The law of evaporation in air, with regard to temperature, forms a very important subject of investigation, particularly as laying the foundation of the theory of rain. The late Dr Hutton inferred, that the solvent power of air, with regard to water producing evaporation, must increase in a higher ratio than the increase of temperature. From this it followed, that on two portions of air at different temperatures, each saturated, or nearly so with moisture, being mixed, part of the water would be precipitated; and this he regarded as the cause of rain. The inference, however, with regard to the law, seemed to rest in a great measure on reasoning, or rather on conjecture. It was therefore extremely desirable that it should be determined by experimental investigation; and we consider Mr Leslie's researches on this subject, (of which we have a notice in p. 121—more brief than we could have wished), as very important. He employed two methods; but the following is the one he preferred, especially for the higher temperatures.

'A thin hollow ball of tin, four inches in diameter, and having a very small neck, was neatly covered with linen; and, being filled with water nearly boiling, and a thermometer inserted, it was hung likewise in a spacious close room, and the rate of its cooling carefully marked. The experiment was next repeated, by suspending it to the end of a fine beam, and wetting with a hair pencil the surface of linen, till brought in exact equipoise to some given weight in the opposite scale: Ten grains being now taken out, the humid ball was allowed to rest against the point of a tapered glass tube, and the interval of time, with the corresponding diminution of temperature, observed, when it rose again to the position of equilibrium. The same operation was successively renewed; but, as the rapidity of the evaporation declined, five, and afterwards two grains only, were, at each trial, withdrawn from the scale. From such a series of facts, it was easy to estimate the quantities of moisture which the same air will dissolve at different temperatures, and also the corresponding measures of heat expended in the process of solution.' p. 121, 122.

Digitized by Google

The following are the results—

'By connecting the range of observations, it would appear, that air has its dryness doubled at each rise of temperature, answering to 15 centesimal degrees. Thus, at the freezing point, air is capable of holding a portion of moisture represented by 100 degrees of the hygrometer; at the temperature of 15 centigrade, it could contain 200 such parts; at that of 30, it might dissolve 400; and, at 45 on the same scale, 800. Or, if we reckon by Fahrenheit's divisions, air absolutely humid holds, at the limit of congelation, the hundred and sixtieth part of its weight of moisture; at the temperature of 59 degrees, the eightieth part; at that of 86 degrees, the fortieth part; at that of 113 degrees, the twentieth part; and at that of 140 degrees, the tenth part. While the temperature, therefore, advances uniformly in arithmetical progression, the dissolving power which this communicates to the air mounts with the accelerating rapidity of a geometrical series.' p. 122, 123.

The theory of the precipitation of rain founded on this principle, requires, as Mr Leslie remarks, the assumption, not merely of the mixture of two masses of air at different temperatures, saturated with moisture, but the continued contact of two currents of air under these conditions; as it is thus only that a sufficient quantity of water will be furnished to form that copious precipitation which constitutes rain. And he adds a calculation, founded on the preceding law, which illustrates this, and illustrates exceedingly well, the general theory. If a current of air have a temperature of 50°, and another current of air mingling with it a temperature of 70°, the whole mingled mass will have the mean temperature of 60°. The first, if saturated with moisture, will hold a quantity equal to 200 parts; and the second, a quantity equal to 334.2; making 267.1 parts (not 567.1 as is stated in the book from a literal error) for the compound, which, at its actual temperature, can only hold 258.6 parts; the difference, or 8.5 parts, will be precipitated, corresponding to the 1850th of the whole weight of the mingled air. It would require a column of air 25 miles in length, to furnish over a given spot, and in the space of an hour, a deposite of moisture equal to the height of an inch. But if the sum of the opposite velocities amounted to 50 miles an hour, and the intermingling influence of the two currents extended but to a quarter of an inch at the surface of contact, there would be produced in the same time a fall of rain reaching to half an inch in altitude. These quantities, as Mr Leslie observes, come within the limits of probability, and agree sufficiently with experience and observation. And at higher temperatures, even with the same difference of heat between the opposite strata of air, the quantity precipitated would be greatly increased.

Digitized by Google

The capacity of air for heat is increased by its rarefaction. Its disposition to hold moisture in solution appears to be increased by the same cause; and at the same time the removal of pressure, which is the consequence of the rarefaction, facilitates the transition of water into vapour. From these causes, 'if the hygrometer be suspended within a large receiver, from which a certain portion of air is quickly abstracted, it will sink with rapidity.' But the effect is only momentary, for the rarefied air soon becomes charged with moisture, and consequently ceases to act on the wet ball of the thermometer. Hence there is every reason to believe that the higher regions of the atmosphere are drier than those beneath; and, without this condition, Mr Leslie remarks, our globe must have been shrouded in darkness; for the cold which reigns in the upper strata, would have prevented the humidity from ascending to a great elevation, and have precipitated it in continual fogs or clouds. In the actual state of things, the diminution of temperature, in ascending, predominates at first over the augmented power of aqueous solution; and the air becomes damper till a height be reached, at which the opposite effects of cold and rarefaction are balanced. Above this, which is the proper region of the clouds, the influence of the rarity of the medium exceeds that of the cold, and the air therefore becomes progressively drier, until it melts away into the clear ethereal expanse.

On this principle is founded the very beautiful experiment invented by Mr Leslie, of causing water to freeze by the cold produced by its own evaporation. The peculiar arrangement for this consists in placing water in a porous earthen cup, suspended within the receiver of an air-pump, and placing, at a short distance beneath it, sulphuric acid in a broad shallow vessel, so that an extensive surface of the acid shall be presented. On rarefying the air, the evaporation of the water is accelerated, and of course the degree of cold produced by that evaporation is increased. This, however, would soon be checked by the presence of the watery vapour; but this the sulphuric acid absorbs, almost as quickly as it is formed; keeps, therefore, the rarefied air always dry; and thus allows the evaporation to proceed with the same rapidity. The temperature, therefore, continues to fall, until the water shoots into crystals of ice; and even after it is entirely congealed, the ice continues to suffer evaporation, until it wholly disappears.

The appearances which the ice assumes in this experiment according to the circumstances under which it is formed, are described by Mr Leslie with some minuteness; and they have suggested to him some ingenious applications. He explains from

Digitized by Google

them, in particular, the formation of Icebergs, those vast insulated masses of ice which are often found within the arctic circle. They frequently rise above the surface an hundred feet, and must therefore have ten times as much depth concealed under water. To account for this elevation, we must have recourse, he supposes, to the operation of a general principle, by which the inequalities on the surface of a field of ice must be constantly increased.

'The lower parts of the field being nearer the tempered mass of the ocean, are not so cold as those which project into the atmosphere; and consequently the air which ascends, becoming chilled in sweeping over the eminences, there deposits some of its moisture, forming an icy coat. But this continued incrustation, in the lapse of ages, produces a vast accumulation, till the shapeless mass is at length precipitated by its own weight.' p. 152.

We doubt much if the cause thus assigned be adequate to the production of the effect.

The degree of cold produced by this peculiar arrangement, is in some measure proportional to the rarefaction of the air. If the air be rarefied 50 times, a depression of temperature is produced, amounting to 80 or even 100 degrees of Fahrenheit. Mr Leslie has been able, accordingly, by pushing the rarefaction to a sufficient extent, to freeze quicksilver, and to preserve it frozen for several hours, the bulb of a thermometer containing it being first coated with ice, and being then suspended within the receiver, at the distance of half an inch from the surface of sulphuric acid, and the exhaustion pushed to the utmost.

These powers of refrigeration, he remarks, seem to open a wide prospect of future discovery. If the machinery of the air-pump were improved, if a fluid were selected more evaporable than water, and if an absorbent substance were employed of greater energy than sulphuric acid, effects might be produced much beyond the ordinary limits; or, even by employing much inferior powers on a large scale, important effects might be obtained. The conversion of water into ice might thus be effected in warm climates; as might also the cooling of water and other liquors:—And similar methods may be applied to the purpose of exsiccation—to the drying, for example, of gunpowder without risk, or to the drying objects of natural history, from the vegetable or animal kingdom, more speedily than can be done, without applying heat, by which their colour and structure are so liable to be injured.

Our analysis of this work has been more than proportioned to its length; but it contains so many important facts, and interesting applications, that we could scarcely have done it justice within narrower limits. Its fault indeed, a fault into which its

Digitized by Google

author is perhaps liable to fall, is the too great condensation, or rather the imperfect development of the peculiar facts and doctrines which are introduced. In those branches of physical investigation where the conclusions are, in general, inferences resting on probable evidence, a full statement of the whole steps of the investigation, and a comparison with any opposite conclusions that may be drawn, is always satisfactory. Mr Leslie's experimental results are sometimes too briefly stated, and the grounds on which his conclusions rest, are not always brought sufficiently forward: the evidence for them, therefore, frequently appears not equal to the confidence with which they are delivered; and objections occur, which a more ample statement or illustration might perhaps have obviated.

We need scarcely add, that the whole work is marked by that ingenuity of invention, and that minute discrimination, which have always distinguished Mr Leslie's investigations.

ART. V.—*Researches in Greece.* By WILLIAM MARTIN LEAKE. London. 1814.

IT is recorded in the first chapter of the Orlando Inamorato, that the Enchanter Malagigi, being tired of his company, opened his wonderful quarto; and before he had read the first page, laid four huge giants asleep at his feet.

'Ne ancor havea il primo foglio volto'
'Che gia ciascun nel sonno era sepolto.'

We suspect that the learned author of the volume before us has taken a leaf out of this book; for without pretending to claim any kindred with Bocardo's 'quatre demonii,' we have sunk so often, during our perusal of these researches, under the narcotic spell, as to be seriously afraid of overpowering our readers by the extraction of too potent a specimen—and forcing them to anticipate those nods over our review, which we wish them to reserve for the *Quaderno* itself. Indeed, we feel ourselves at this moment very much in the state of the mutilated painter in the Arcadia, who returned from battle perfectly well qualified by his observations to represent a fight—but without hands to execute the picture: for though entirely familiar with the ingredients and properties of this volume, we have lingered so long within its magic circle, as to be doubtful whether we have animation enough left to be capable of giving any legible account of its contents. To refer our readers to the book itself, would be making them pay rather too dear for an unplea-

Digitized by Google

sant truth: And we trust, after all, that they will be satisfied with the foot which we shall present to them of this Hercules; warning them, at the same time, not to conclude, that if the toes are of clay, the other parts of the gigantic image are composed of silver or gold, or any other precious metal.

Mr Leake resided four years in the Turkish provinces—visited them occasionally during a course of ten years—has continued his researches four years since the period of his return; and having thus employed fourteen years upon the acquisition and digestion of materials for a work, the 'principal object' of which, he tells us, is 'a comparison of ancient and modern geography,' at last comes forward *in formâ auctoris*, with some remarks upon the modern languages of Greece. These Remarks, originally intended as a preliminary essay, have unluckily taken the shape of a volume containing nearly five hundred quarto pages, and are published 'as a suitable introduction to the other branches of research.' Certainly Mr Leake cannot be said to have fallen into the mistake of the architect, who built a house without *the suitable introduction* of a door to it. It appears that these other branches of research are twofold; and that the Second part (for this Introduction, and the First part, turn out to be one and the same) is to consist of 'a comparative view of the ancient and modern geography of Greece.' 'A length of time,' however, we are informed, 'must elapse before this second part be completed;' but, we hope, not so considerable a period as has intervened between the commencement and first produce of his labours; or else we greatly fear that the task of reviewing them must be consigned to the critics of another generation. It is some comfort, however, to be able to anticipate, that as the present volume is only the porch to the Temple, this Second part must be at least double the bulk of the Introduction. Considering the necessary size of that Second part, and the tedious gestation which it will require, another birth, as in the animal world, must be extremely problematical; and we are by no means surprised, therefore, to find Mr Leake announcing, that it is 'difficult to foresee whether a Third part will be required.' Of what the Third part of the Researches is to consist, if in the course of ages it should see the light, is not distinctly revealed to us; although it is hinted that it may probably be occupied with 'the state of society in the country, and its present appearance and condition.' It seems to us quite natural, that Homer should have reckoned the knowledge of present things, τὰ ἐόντα, an accomplishment even of a prophet, whose chief dealings are with futurity; and we cannot help lamenting, therefore, that Mr Leake should thus resolve

Digitized by Google

either to withhold from us altogether a view of the passing world, or to defer its publication until it shall have changed its tense, and come to partake rather of the character of records than of cotemporary details. We grieve to say, indeed, that we have discovered a disinclination to favouring us with things as they are, in other portions of the work. For instance, in page 162, Mr Leake says—'I have many documents, both in prose and 'verse, illustrative of the Suliote character and history, as well 'as information acquired by personal inquiry at Súli, and in the 'neighbouring districts; but the subject is so much connected 'with the general and actual politics of the country, that the en-'tire publication of them would not perhaps be justifiable at the 'present time.'

We do not clearly make out whether the author alludes to any danger which might accrue to his friends in Suli by the appearance of his book in Tooke's Court, Chancery Lane, or to himself and his friends in England. From the former, unless literature be rather more in request than we apprehend it to be in Albania, we think we may insure him at an easy rate; and as to the latter, we give him our honour, that in case of a rupture with Ali Pasha, or even the Great Turk himself, on account of his freedom of speech, we would, if domestic politics should take a happy turn, interfere with the King's Cabinet to have Mr Leake secured, as the notable John Dennis wished to be, by name and with proper safeguards, in any and every subsequent treaty with these great potentates.

We should have been more at a loss to account for this excessive reserve, had we not learned from his preface, that Mr Leake has been in the public service,—and heard it rumoured indeed that he was Resident at the Court of the Pasha of Albania. This diplomatic quality, however, we beg leave to hint, will be but a poor recommendation to his authorship; and as it is by no means improbable that the Resident may look to higher powers than to us Reviewers for his final remuneration, he must not complain, if the weight of solid pudding on one side of the balance should make the scale assigned to empty praise, kick the beam. It is to his former diplomatic pursuits, and application to the *politics of Suli*, perhaps, that we are to ascribe the admirable caution, with which he touches upon his important occupation, in that happy phrase, in which he alludes 'to the superior claims of public duty' which prevented his construction of a map of Greece. Nor could it be a lighter motive, which precluded him from devoting more than four pages at the end of his preface, to that which a less responsible character might have made the prin-

Digitized by Google

cipal part, if not the whole of his volume, namely his tour; which, had it been detailed in the common form, might have degraded the author of the RESEARCHES into a vulgar tourist, and permitted us to look upon the British Resident, employed '*upon a special mission from his Majesty's Government*,' in no better a light than a mere traveller,—on a level with the Chardins—the Tourneforts—the Chandlers—and the Bells.

It is very apparent, however, from the general tone and contents of Mr L.'s volume, that he would abominate worse than the gates of hell, to be confounded with those peregrinators who furnish the world with a narrative of their low adventures in the vernacular idiom. No such vulgar familiarity or condescension for him! He now appears before us as a philologist solely; and his second *avatar* is to show him in his might, as a geographer. Also be it known, that in the pages before us, we have not quite so much English as Greek; and but a very little more Greek than Albanian, and hardly less Bulgarian than Albanian, and as much Wallachian as Bulgarian; together with a spice of the Tsakonic to fill up the creeks which the *Shkipetaric* or Albanian dialect may have left in our heads. Even in the use of his own language, Mr Leake does not condescend to run the risks of common composition; for he is so extremely delicate as to think it necessary to apologize, in his second page, for the 'too frequent occurrence of *commonly*, *sometimes*, and *generally*;' and he is so anxious to avoid the visible repetition of whole words, that he has recourse to initials and conventional signs, by which the eye at least may be partially spared the horrors of tautology. The following sentence may serve as a specimen of this ingenious contrivance. 'But it is sufficient to refer to any passage in the most vulgar R, to be convinced, that many of the words are H unaltered, which is never the case in Italian. In the future tense, R is more defective than It; but, on the other hand, in the practice of attaching the personal pronouns to nouns, as enclitics, the R goes farther than any of the modern languages,' &c. p. 69, 70.

This sentence may appear at first a little cabalistic; and should make us grateful perhaps to Mr L. for not having communicated with us solely in the cyphers of his foreign office; but, on referring to page 2d, we find the key of R and H, which turn out to be representatives of *Romaic and Hellenic*, and we may perhaps venture to guess that *It* stands for *Italian*; so that the passage above cited is now not only more unintelligible, but also shorter by at least twenty-six letters than it would have been if the words had been written at length. Nothing, to be sure, is saved in sound; but the stratagem is peculiarly adapted to works such as the present, secured by their matter and manner against the chance

Digitized by Google

of recitation. Finally, we conceive that nothing but the recollection of his ministerial dignity could have induced him to usher into the world the embryo grammars of a corrupted and of a barbarous tongue, in the shape of a costly quarto volume, value—or rather price—three guineas. He is pleased indeed to say, that his book '*may add something to the stock of the philologist.*' To us, however, it appears, that it will certainly *take something from* his stock; and, if he is to give three guineas for every grammar, will induce him to change his trade; at least if the philologists of the south resemble in any degree those of our latitudes. That Mr Leake should seriously imagine, that there are lovers of language, or travellers, who may want so convenient a pocket companion as his quarto, in such numbers as to indemnify his publisher, we can hardly suppose; and as we profess to know no person or persons whom these presents may concern, we shall consider only how far the *Researches* can challenge any interest from the common reader;—and, for this purpose, we proceed to give a faithful analysis of their contents.

The first section of fifty-one pages, contains an abstract of the grammar of the Romaic or modern Greek language. The second section is composed of *three pages* and a half of observations on the dialect and literature of the modern Greeks; of the nineteenth chapter of Luke given twice over; of part of Coray's preface to his edition of Heliodorus also twice over, once in Romaic and once in English; of a dozen pages on the corruption of the same language; and twenty more pages containing a catalogue of Romaic authors, whose names, books and biography, are scarcely sufficient to speckle the paper allotted for their enrolment. The third section, amounting to about a hundred pages, is chiefly in the Greek character. The specimens from the Romaic are illustrated, sometimes by a literal translation, sometimes by a partial glossary—seventeen pages of it are occupied, though far from filled, by a poem called the Russ-Anglo-Gaul, alluded to both by the noble author of Childe Harold and by Mr Hobhouse in his travels in Albania, but judged, most unaccountably, by both of them, not worthy of insertion. The fourth section has three pages of disquisition on the Tzakonic dialect, a tongue spoken in a district bordering on the west side of the gulf of Nauplia, and five pages of a triple vocabulary in the Tzakonic, Romaic, and English tongues. The fifth section discusses the pronunciation of the modern Greeks in twenty pages, and the present state of their education in twelve. The first section of the second chapter gives twenty-two pages of an outline of Albanian history, and the geographical divisions of

Digitized by Google

the country. The next is composed of twenty-one pages of Albanian grammar, and eighty-two of a vocabulary in English, Romaic and Shkipetaric. In the first section of the third chapter, the eye is relieved from the triple file of diminutive types, set in an intolerable expanse of well glazed white, by historical remarks on the Wallachians and Bulgarians—but these extend only to nineteen pages, and are brought up in the next section, with a quintuple array of tongues, English, Romaic, Albanian, Wallachian, and Bulgarian, put before us in that very ancient mode of writing called κιονιδὸν, or columnar, and adopted with such success by the compilers of modern school vocabularies. With these pentagloss exercises the work concludes; but not so the volume. An appendix to note in page 165, occupies forty pages, and contains what Mr Leake calls 'the notice of a few passages in Mr Hobhouse's travels in Albania'—the second appendix comprehends twenty pages of modern Greek proverbs, with an English translation, and an additional glossary to help the reader to the construction of some of the preceding Greek specimens. An index and a list of errata, conclude the volume.

From the foregoing synopsis, it will be observed that, except about seventy pages, the whole of the work before us, consists of grammar and vocabulary, and exercises, some in five, others in three, and others in two languages; and that, had Mr Leake not departed from his plan, to say a little about the Albanians, and a good deal about Mr Hobhouse, he must ere this have submitted to take his place amongst those, than whom, as the ancient proverb said, there are, with the exception of the physicians, no sillier fellows on earth—'the grammarians.' Εἰ μὴ ἰατροὶ ἦσαν, οὐδὲν ἂν ἦν τῶν γραμματικῶν μωρότερον. Athenæi. Lib. 15. pag. 666.

From what we can gather, as to the objects of Mr Leake's ambition, we had conjectured that he values himself chiefly on his precision and accuracy; both very laudable requisites, no doubt, in a compiler of grammars. He accordingly takes the utmost care to apologize for any thing which he imagines may be considered as an impropriety of expression,—sometimes, it must be owned, with 'a gravity would make you split.' The head ASPIRATIONS will stand us in need here. 'The modern Greeks make use of these in writing, but take no notice of them in utterance: thus the word Ἕλλην is pronounced by them *Ellines*, and the ancient language Ellinikí; but I have thought it better to use the established word Hellenic, even when employing it in the manner of the modern Greeks.' This is just as if we were to say 'the inhabitant of Italy calls himself *Italiano*—but I have thought it better to use the established word *Italian.*' In his orthography,

Digitized by Google

Mr Leake is no less exquisite: thus Harem is always written by him Kharèm; and Koraï represents the famous physician resident at Paris, recognized by vulgar readers under the name of Coray. We can assure our readers, however, that Harem comes much nearer the Turkish word in sound, than his substitute; and that the celebrated Greek above mentioned, when he writes in Roman characters, spells his own name according to the method which the author of the Researches thinks it beneath him to adopt. We have before us at least the Paris edition of his Hippocrates, in the title page of which we read—'Par CORAY, Docteur en Medecine,' &c. He is obstinate likewise in spelling *Portius*, Porcius, although that learned author of the Romaic grammar had taken the liberty to make use of the *t*, and give himself out to the vulgar Latin world as Por*t*ius. This precision is portentous.

Whatever definition of grammar may be most agreeable to philologists, it is clear that the purpose of a grammar should be to exhibit the rules according to which any given language is constructed; or, 'to teach the art of using words properly in any such given tongue.' We defy any one, however, to learn any tongue from Mr Leake's fifty pages on the Romaic, which we conceive to be very clearly too long for a mere sketch of grammatical varieties, and too short, if the author intended them as a complete introduction to the language. That it is not an entire system of grammar, he is modest enough to own. We do not hesitate to say that the grammar of Simon Portius is far more satisfactory in every respect; and as the Glossary of Du Cange, to which it is prefixed, is, we may aver, already in the hands of all who would think of purchasing the Researches, it was superfluous to treat us with this entertaining compilation. It is not impossible that Mr Leake caught this grammatic mania during his residence amongst the Greeks, with whom the composition of these sort of treatises is so much the fashion, that the editor of the Romaic Literary Mercury at Vienna, informs us, that there were in 1811 fifteen grammars in the press at one time. [ΕΡΜΗΣ Ὁ ΛΟΓΙΟΣ. περιοδ. σελ. 294.] And Coray, in his Στοχασμοὶ Αντεσχεδίοι prefixed to the Precursor of the Hellenic library [σελ. ιγ] says roundly, that the man who burns a grammar, deserves better of his countrymen than he who composes one. The reader may judge of the scarcity of the commodity served up to us in this trash of tongues, when he is told that Romaic grammars are to be bought at Vienna, Venice and Trieste, for fifteen pence a piece; and that we have now before us, half a score of these valuable essays, all of which put together hardly come to so much as the share of these fifty pages

Digitized by Google

in this three guinea volume. A translation of the Œolo-Doric Grammar of Christopolus was advertised in 1811; and this advertisement it was which prevented a previous traveller, Mr Hobhouse, as he told us, from presenting the English reader with an extract of Portius in the Appendix to his volume. We can only repeat, that if it were necessary to disperse the rudiments of this language in a greater degree than the copies of Du Cange and the numerous grammars brought into the country by travellers could effect, the work before us should have been in another form, and, like the favourite Venus of Horace, 'parabilis facilisque.'

We will not enter into a regular examination of the author's philological qualifications—*ce n'est pas l'affaire des honnêtes gens.* But some few observations we shall be bold to make; without alarming our readers with any great array of Greek types. Under the head of ACCENTS we are told, that 'in writing, the modern Greeks make use of the grave, the acute, and the circumflex accents, *in the same manner as in Hellenic*, as well in all radical words borrowed from the mother tongue as in foreign words adapted to Romaic grammar;' and that the position of these signs, 'in all derivations and inflexions of declinable words, *follows the Hellenic rules*;' so that 'to a Greek scholar familiar with the accentuation of the ancient language, the pronunciation of the Romaic is not difficult.' Of course, then, ὑμαι, the Romaic substantive verb, is accented like the Hellenic word from which it is derived;—let us try. ὑμὶ τῆς πολίως τῆσδε. Plat. Scapul. Lexic. ω.——εἰμαι σύμφωνος . . . ΔΙΑΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΙΚΙΑΚΟΙ. Romaic Gramm. The fact is, that whilst the Hellenic verb, in the indicative present, varies its accent according to its position, the Romaic is invariably the same in this respect, and that the circumstance is so notorious as to found an argument employed by a correspondent in the Romaic Hermes for the 1st of August 1811. Again; the words, μόνος, ἀρχοντόλας, παιδία, σχολεῖον, μία, δύω, ἰσία ἐὰν, ἄπω γένω, ἴνρα, ἐκκλησία, βαθεῖα, καρδία, &c. &c.; every one of them in Romaic throw the accent on the last syllable. These words, with many others, are given by Christopolus in his Œolo-Doric grammar [σελ. 30. 31.] as a proof of the *Doricism* of the modern Greek; but this Doricism will not assist Mr Leake, who, when he uses the word Hellenic, means that Greek which we find in our Lexicons and commonly read,—and which if we followed, either in writing or speaking Romaic, would not, as he says, enable us to be correct, but, on the contrary, would in all these instances most egregiously mislead us. We may add, that Mr Leake would not, perhaps, accept of Christopolus's Doric derivations, which we find him make very light of in a note to his

Digitized by Google

71st page—and it must be owned for an excellent reason—because 'he could only obtain a hasty perusal of the book in Greece.' We may presume that the instructed Greeks are tolerable judges of those peculiarities distinguishing their language from the mother tongue, which they conceive most worthy of investigation. This investigation has naturally been one of the objects of the Romaic Hermes; and accordingly we find a correspondent in that Journal observing that the first duty of any one pretending to compose a Romaic grammar should be, to enter into a critical examination *of all of the antient writers*, for the discovery of those most necessary *particles*, the relative article with the expletive conjunction Που, *the substantive verb*, the Ας, and the Θα. *

What attention our author has paid to the substantive verb, may be divined from that which has before been said upon the accentuation of its present indicative. In fact, not a single observation is made in these *Researches* upon the changes which this verb has experienced in passing down to our times, although its apparent anomalies form one of the principal singularities of the modern idiom. He would not deign even to hint, that the third person εἶναι might be from ἔνεστι, turned by the attic syncope into ἔνι, by the Ionic epenthesis into εἶνι, and thence by confusion, or rather similarity of pronunciation, becoming εἶναι. --- He says of ὁπῶν that it stands for or resembles the Italian *che* [pp. 23. 40.]; and that for this '*inelegant form*' is often substituted ὁ ὁποιός. True; and also ὅστις· ὅσος· and ὅς, as we find from the Hermes. † Mr Leake, to say nothing of his mentioning only one of four forms occasionally resorted to as a substitute for the inelegant ὁπῶν, unaccountably neglects the very plausible defence lately set up for this indeclinable word; and indeed, if he had not copied so much *literatim et verbatim* from the Hermes, we should think he never had seen this journal. Of ἂς also he tells us nothing, but that it is the prefix of certain words, and signifies *let*. Could he not just have intimated that Ἂς is found in Hesychius ἀντὶ τοῦ ἕως, μέχρις οὗ, and that, as the ancient Greeks said, φέρε ὡς ἴδωμεν,

---

* ἢν πρωτοις πρέπει νὰ φιλολογήσετε ὅλα τὰ συγγράμματα τῶν παλαιῶν συγγραφέων διὰ νὰ ἕνρητε αὐτὰ τὰ ἀναγκαιότατα Ιέσσαρα μόρια, τὸ ἀναφορίκον ἄρθρον μετὰ τοῦ Που παραπληρωματικοῦ συνδέσμου· τὸ υπαρκτικὸν ῥῆμα· τὸ Ας, καὶ τὸ Θα. ΕΡΜΗΣ ὁ ΛΟΓΙΟΣ. τῇ το Ἰουλιου. 1811.

† ἄλλοι δὲ τοῦτο μὲν ἀποβάλλουσιν ὡς βάρβαρον, μεταχειριζονται δὲ ἀντ αὐτοῦ τὸ ὁ ὁποιός· ἢ ὅστις· ἢ ὅσοι· ἢ τὸ παλαιὸν ὁς ΕΡΜ. 1 August 1811. See also Στοχασμοὶ Αὐτοχέδιοι σελ. πα. to the Πρόδρομος of Gray's Greek Library. Paris 1805.

Digitized by Google

the moderns have ὅλα ὡς Πάυλον, and by the Doric change ἁς, and by a natural ellipsis, ἁς Πάυλον—which is only the same Doric form of the Homeric prototype

ὡς ἀπέλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτα γε βέζοι. ΟΔΔ. Ε. Χ.

Or why could he not condescend to mention that some Greek grammarians presume their Ας to be the ἅφις Πάυλον of the Evangelist? The author inquires just as little into the other *desideratum* θα. All that he tells us is, that the use of the verb θέλω, as a prefix to the indeclinable adjunct, from which it is derived, is more easily to be traced to the Hellenic than that of ἔχω, the other Romaic auxiliary. In short, Mr Leake, as far as rational analysis is concerned, is a decent copy of 'the industrious and exact Cinonio,' for the remainder of whose panegyric we refer to the 63d page of the 1st volume of the Diversions of Purley.

One word more. He says, 'Ω, γιάσου, are used in calling out to a person, and μωρέ or μωρὲ, *you fellow-friend*, is frequent in vulgar discourse; ὄφου, οἰμὲ, or ὀχοιμὲ, *alas*; the first borrowed from Turkish, the second from Italian,' (p. 42.) It is not easy to discover, from this sentence, whether μωρὲ is Turkish, and ὄφου, with the other word, Italian; or whether ὄφου is Turkish, and the other ὠμὲ, Italian. However, ὄφου is neither Turkish nor Italian, but merely ὦ φοῦ, the Doric form for ὦ φῶ, as we find it in Epicharmus, a Doric poet quoted by Athenæus, φοῦ τῶν κακῶν; and it is the prototype, not the derivative, of *o fi*: all which deep learning we extract from the place whence Mr Leake might have procured it at little pains, the Στοχασταὶ Ἀντοχίδιοι prefixed to the Precursor of Coray's Hellenic Library. If the author supposes μωρὲ to be Turkish, because a Turk may have used that exclamation in addressing him, we beg him to turn to the Lexicon either Romaic or Hellenic, and inform himself why such an epithet may be applied in vulgar discourse, equivalent originally to '*killoa, stupid!*' In another place (p. 161.), the observation is repeated respecting μωρὲ, which is asserted moreover to be *a mark of favour*—some such a mark of favour as that bestowed by Dr Johnson upon Miss Somebody, 'that is, *dearest*, because you are *a dunce*.' Μωρὲς ρα, ρον. *Rom.* μωρὲς—ἀνόητος—*Lat. stultus. Ital. pazzo.* Lexicon Tetragl. Geor. Constant. Venet. 1801. p. 597.—The Turks in Greece do make use of the word, but they were not the lenders of it to the Greeks.

"ἀκόμα—ἀκόμη, like the Italian *ancora*, is used to signify both *yet* and *not yet* (p. 42.) As Mr Leake has given two endings of this word, he should have added a third, which is found in the Lexicons, is occasionally used by all Romaic writers, and by Coray invariably, who appears not to notice either of the forms

Digitized by Google

quoted above, but has recourse to the termination in ε for the support of a theory respecting the adverbs. We refer to the sentence in the Στοχασμοί, beginning Τὸ ἀκόμη ἢ ἀκόμη τῆς κοινῆς γλώσσης εἶναι λείψανον - - - -

'Τίποτες or τίποτα, *nothing*, seems to be a corruption of ἐνδόντα.' (p. 41.) We were about to lay hold of this extraordinary piece of ignorance in a man pretending to handle Greek grammaticals; but a friend directed us to the *errata*, which formerly contained the printer's, and is here dedicated to the author's blunders. We there find, '*Dele* the sentence relating to τίποτε, 'in which there are several errors. The word ought to have 'been enumerated amongst the pronouns, p. 23, and its ety-'mology is evidently τίποτε, *something nearer*: whence τίποτε is 'the orthography of the word, or with the paragoric ς τίποτες, 'but not τίποτα.' Yet we must observe, that Mr L. has now leapt on the other side of the horse; for although his *paragoric* ς cannot be brought to account for the use of τίποτα, yet in Romaic that form is customary, as well as the other two modes of spelling, and should not therefore be omitted by a grammar writer, notwithstanding another author may confine himself to a single inflexion. In the Thesaurus of Gerasimus Vlachus, we find this inflexion placed first. τίποτα. τίποτες. *nihil nientε. rien* ἐνδὲν, (p. 571, edit. Venet. 1801.) Mr Leake may say, that by *orthography* he means *right* spelling—not spelling; this will help him somewhat, and we advise him to make the remark in *notes* to his *errata* page. Modern authors have found out many ways of doubling upon their critics, (if we may use the expression), which were totally unknown to the ancient writers. If we are not caught in the text, we are brought up in the notes; if the notes fail, an appendix is spread for our apprehension; and, to make the snare complete, a trap is here laid for us among the errata. Mr Leake has, we believe, the merit of the invention; which has added the originating and compilating of the errata page, under the head of *corrections* and *additions* to the labours of the author himself. A meritorious contrivance, it must be owned; but to be permitted with some reserve, lest writers, like magicians, should raise up unsubstantialities, only to show their skill in laying them. The reader will see to what we allude, when we give him the following specimen of the form of words used by this master of the art in dismissing one of his own phantoms. In remarking upon this sentence of Mr Hobhouse's Travels in Turkey, '*the character of the Pargotes is amongst the worst of the Albanians*,' Mr Leake (p. 413) puts—'This character of the Parghinides is not just; and they are Greeks, not Albanians.' In the errata page we see, '*dele* the

Digitized by Google

words *and they are Greeks, not Albanians*—which is too unqualified a contradiction,' &c.

Now we really think that this new method, especially if employed in the controversial parts of a work, gives the party who resorts to it some advantages that can scarcely be considered as quite fair; for while *the error* is flourishing away with the greatest boldness in the body of the book, few readers ever discover that its triumphs are annihilated by a correction at the end. It required the discernment of Ulysses to distinguish the Hercules whom he met in hell, from the hero who was drinking nectar in heaven with the lovely-limb'd Hebe; and it may be useful in us to inform the world, that the Mr Leake, who converses with them, is, in some portions of this work, only an Εἴδωλον, the actual author being in another place. We were ourselves on the point of coming to blows with the shadow, when we discovered the retreat of the substance. But to return to our philology.

Mr Leake, we must say, has original ideas on the parts of speech—for example, having deferred the chapter of *conjunctions* until he comes to remark on the Albanian language, we find, under the head *conjunction*, τί λογῶς. τί λογιῶν, *of what kind*—and, stranger still!! μ' ὅλον τοῦτο—*withal*—*notwithstanding*; in which choice instance we have μὲ a preposition, ὅλον an adjective, and τοῦτο a pronoun, sunk in this favourite indeclinable. Indeed, this flexible conjunction is so well contrived, that the last of the triple joints can be occasionally unscrewed, for the adaptation of another inflexion—for the reader of Romaic will recollect to have seen μ' ὅλου αὐτὸ full as often as μ' ὅλον τοῦτο. His skill in derivation will be divined from what follows, 'μαζώνω—*collects*—from μαζὶ *together*—from Hellenic ὁμάδε.' Does not Athenæus tell us, that in ancient Greek there were only three words ending in ίστα? Hear what Mr Coray says of this *Hellenic* ὁμάδε. 'The masculine substantive ὁ ὅμαδος,' or 'an assemblage,' is found in Homer, and in subsequent writers, the feminine, ἡ ὁμὰς τῆς ὁμάδος, whence is the κατ' ὁμάδα of the Byzantine writers; or ὁμοῦ, the ὁμάδων or ὁμαδὸ of the inhabitants of Crete; whence the μαζὶ of the other Greeks. The learned author, however, sometimes condescends to tread safer ground,—as when he demonstrates that βάτραχος is derived from βάτεραχος; or in translating Μέρος α. *part the first*, thinks it necessary to affix the Greek, that his readers may see his original, and challenge, if they dare, the accuracy of his spirited version.

Mr Leake's classifications do not show a deep knowledge of principles; and his references to books exhibit no signs of an accurate knowledge of their contents—or even of their titles. Thus he says, 'There is also a tetragloss lexicon in Romaic,

Digitized by Google

'Hellenic, French, and Italian, by George Konstantinú, of Jo-'annina.' In which simple description of a dictionary there are two blunders, each sufficient to show that he has never read either the book or the title. ΛΕΞΙΚΟΝ ΤΕΤΡΑΓΛΩΣΣΟΝ περιέχον δηλαδὴ τὰς τέσσαρας τυύτας διαλέκτους, Ἑλληνικὴν, κοινὴν ἤτοι ἁπλῆν Γραικικὴν Λατινικὴν καὶ Ἰταλικήν. πρῶτον μὲν συνταχθὲν καὶ φιλοπονηθὲν, καὶ εἰς φῶς ἐκδὸν σπουδῇ καὶ πόνῳ ΓΕΩΓΙΟΥ ΚΩΝΣΤΑΝΤΙΝΟΥ ΕΞ ΙΩΑΝΝΙΝΩΝ. Which being interpreted, may be rendered, 'A Tetragloss 'Lexicon, containing these four dialects, the Hellenic, the com-'mon or vulgar Greek, *the Latin*, and the Italian:' so that this dictionary is not a Romaic any more than an Italian Lexicon; and what Mr Leake calls French, turns out to be Latin. Constantine's Lexicon was printed at Venice in 1801, and is in some repute. In the same note, the author has these words, 'The 'other Lexicons of Romaic, besides the old ones in Latin and 'ancient Greek, by Du Cange, Meursius, Simon Porcius, and 'Gerasimus Vlucho.' Now, the dictionary of Gerasimus, who came from Crete to Venice in 1652, has been quoted before, and was originally called 'Thesaurus basis Quadrilinguis;' or ΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΓΚΥΚΛΟΠΑΙΔΙΚΗΣ ΒΑΣΕΩΣ ΤΕΤΡΑΓΛΩΣΣΟΣ. Our edition by Scalotus, from the press of Glichi, of Joannina, published at Venice in 1801, has a French interpretation; but the original seems to have contained Romaic, Latin, Italian, and Hellenic;—of the latter sometimes more than one synonime. At any rate, this Lexicon is not *an old one in Latin and ancient Greek*, as it is called by Mr Leake.

We have not time at present to enter into a full examination of Mr Leake's account of the modern Greek language; the use of which he is anxious to trace back to an earlier period than it is usually supposed to reach. 'The scarcity of histori-'cal evidence during the four or five first centuries preceding the 'twelfth; the total want of actual specimens of the κοινὴ γλῶσσα 'of those ages; and the nature of the question itself, which pre-'cludes precision, render it useless to attempt to trace the anti-'quity of the dialect much farther.' (p. 109.) He who chooses a period of five or six hundred years, for the fluctuation of a doubtful date, is scarcely sufficiently fixed and stable for contradiction;—and yet we would observe, that Du Cange, who had before him the very writings referred to by our author, has strongly contended, that in the time of Anna Comnena at least, the *speech* of the people was not Romaic, and also that the *usual* composition at the last siege of Constantinople was not Romaic. It is remarkable, too, that Mr L. himself tells us, that of the ninety-five Greeks, who wrote from the year 1680 to the year 1721, only one or two had recourse to the Romaic;—and cer-

Digitized by Google

tainly, it is rather improbable, that if that language had answered its present substantial form for so many centuries, only two would have been found hardy enough to compose in their vernacular idiom? We may also remark, that in the Στοχασμοὶ Ανατολίου of Coray we find, that so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, the infinitives of the passive Doric aorists and Attic futures, after the auxiliary verb θέλω, were preserved in the vulgar tongue unchanged, and without the elision of the ν. For, in a Romaic translation of the Manuel of St Augustine, printed at Rome in 1657, we see θέλωσι κρεμασθῆ and θέλει τοὺς λείψει. Now, the present defective inflexion of these infinitives constitutes one of the most singular anomalies of the Romaic of the present day; which, if we may trust Coray rather than Mr Leake, could not have been entirely the same as that of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

There are almost as many idioms as writers in Romaic, says Mr Leake, who wishes to controvert Mr Hobhouse's triple division of that tongue;—but this may be the fact, without affecting the broader distinction as to the three kinds of Greek used by the moderns,—the Romaic—the corrected Romaic—and the Hellenic. Mr Hobhouse calls the second sort *ecclesiastical* Greek;—but in this, he has only followed Martin Crusius, which Mr L. does not not seem to know: And the triple division itself is familiarly recognized in the country, as Mr Leake might have seen in the Hermes for the 15th of June 1811, in which there is an essay upon the question proposed to the Philological Society of Bucharest, '*In what style of the Greek tongue should our writings be composed?*' In this essay, we find 'the inquiry 'here relates only to the dialect of the Greek tongue, in which 'the light of science can be diffused more or less amongst the 'whole nation, quickly and without obstacle; or rather, in what 'manner we should employ the *three* dialects—*the ancient*, *that* 'now written, and *the vulgar*.' ἢ μᾶλλον ὁποῖος πρέπει νὰ μεταχειρισθῶμεν τὸς τρεῖς Ἑλληνικὰς διαλέκτους· τὴν παλαιὰν, τὴν νῦν γραφομένην, καὶ τὴν λαικήν. That now written is plainly the corrected Romaic.

Mr Leake's thirty pages of outline of Albanian history and geography, are comparatively easy reading, and we exhort his readers to make the most of them; as, with the exception of 18 pages on the Bulgarians and Wallachians, they will light upon little more English in the remainder of the volume. To make amends, however, he will find a large store of Shkipetaric philology, with near 100 pages of vocabulary, some of it arranged in five magnificent columns of no very classical order. We give a brick of this Babel, to serve, like that displayed by the pedant in Hierocles, for a specimen of the whole building.

Digitized by Google

English.	*Romaic.*	*Albanian.*	*Wallachian.*	*Bulgarian.*
When kill -	ὁπόταν τὰ σφάζουν	kúrte thérne	kéndu se tálle (tagliare)	kóka ta zákoliact
the butchers	οἱ χασάπιδες - -	kasápet -	khasúkli - -	kasápite
fat meat -	χέρας παχὺ - -	mis temáim	kárre kriásc grasso	méro tépelo
take [a part]	τὰ πάρης - - -	te mars -	se léi - -	ta zemis
of the tail -	ἀπὸ τὴν οὐρὰν -	pe bísti -	te la koáte - scauda	op opáskata

With this motley mixture of strong apothegms and polyglott philology, ends the body of the work;—but then comes an Appendix, of full forty pages, to a note devoted to what the author calls *his duty*;—that is, taking to pieces Mr Hobhouse's travels in Albania. Now, we really cannot pass this over.—*His* duty indeed!—We beg leave to put the gentleman right.—It is *our duty*. If authors in quarto are to review each other, what, we would ask, is to become of us, whose natural aliment is the blood and blunders of book-makers? Mr Leake surely has not considered the matter; or a person of his importance would never have stooped to play the part of an interloper in our humble calling.—We will tell Mr Leake more:—He will not make a good reviewer;—and, upon sight of this essay-piece, we should certainly decline taking him into our employment on any terms.—He has too much gall—and too little vigour, for our purposes.—He would be getting us perpetually into scrapes;—and could help but little, we suspect, in getting us out of them. We should have been not a little embarrassed, at least, if the following sentence had appeared originally in any of *our* pages.—'The sketch here given by Mr Hobhouse of the history of the Vezír Alí, I take to be very incorrect. The love of the marvellous, for which the Greeks are so notorious, is never more shown among them than when speaking of this extraordinary man. The Albanian Vasíky, to whom Mr Hobhouse was indebted for so much information, was in my service when the travellers arrived at Joánnina, and was recommended to them by me, for his Albanian virtues of activity and fidelity. I should not, however, have thought of placing much confidence in his accuracy or intelligence. As to the word *cottage* mentioned in this little history, it may add to the embellishment of the story, but can hardly be correct, as Alí's ancestors have been lords of Tepeléni for several generations; and his father Velí was a Pasha for many years before his death.'

Now from this, if we had written it, we could not well have disputed that it was to be inferred, *first*, that Mr Hobhouse implicitly trusted the truth of his servant's narratives, and favoured the public with them; *secondly*, that he had said that Ali Pasha's father lived in a cottage; and *thirdly*, that he did not know who the father of the said person was, what was his

Digitized by Google

condition, or where his abode; and therefore we should really have been at a loss what to say for ourselves, if any correspondent had simply quoted upon us the original words of the author of whom we were speaking, as follows.—'His father was a Pasha of two tails, but of no great importance. The most considerable prince of that time was one Coul Pasha, a Visier, and lord of great part of Albania. At the death of his father, Ali found himself possessed of nothing but his house at Tepelenè; and it is not only current in Albania, but reported to be even the boast of the Vizier himself, that he began his fortune with sixty paras and a musket. Our attendant Vasilly (whose authority I should not mention, had it not been confirmed by every thing I heard in the country) assured me, that he recollects, when a boy, to have seen Ali (then Ali Bey) in his father's cottage, with his jacket out at elbows; and that, at that time, this person used to come with parties from Tepelenè in the night, and seize upon the flocks of the villages at enmity with him.' We are afraid it would be thought rather awkward in us to say, that we had really mistaken *Ali Pasha's* father's *cottage*, for *Vasilly's* father's cottage; or that we had actually overlooked the author's distinct notice of the rank and condition of the former. In like manner, we should have been not a little annoyed if it could have been proved upon us, that we had quoted Mr Hobhouse's 688th page for his 'decided opinion, that it would be vain to look for the Trojan 'plain of Strabo in that of Kumkale;' when the fact was, that in that page the unfortunate author was speaking of the plain of *Ghiole* as in opposition to that of Kumkale; and that the scope of his whole dissertation was to prove, that the Trojan plain of Strabo, and that of Kumkale, were one and the same. The passage, however, in the lucubration of this volunteer critic, which we should have liked least to have seen in our pages, is the indirect and unjust attack which he makes upon the account of a transaction of which he himself had no personal knowledge.

'Not having been at Constantinople since the time of the events which form the subject of the latter part of Mr H.'s fifty-first chapter, I have no right to throw any doubt upon his narrative of the late revolution from my own personal knowledge; yet I have some cause for believing, that he would have found reason to distrust the accuracy of many parts of his information, if he had taken more pains to consult persons now in England, who, from their official situations or longer residence, had better means of attaining to a knowledge of facts,' &c.—*Leake*, p. 439.

Now, with whatever caution it is done, it is impossible to deny, that our author here accuses Mr Hobhouse of having given an untrue statement of the revolution at Constantinople, and neglected to consult official and authentic sources of information.

Digitized by Google

Having fixed him in a posture for reproof, we must now inform Mr Leake, that had *he* examined the cabinets of the Foreign Office, he might there have seen that very paper, from the repeated perusal of which, corrected and illustrated by personal reference to the sources whence the document was derived, the suspected account of the revolutions of Constantinople was entirely composed.

That we may not be suspected, however, of feeling more jealousy of Mr Leake's critical qualifications than we really do, we shall carry this review of the reviewer no farther—but leave him and his quarto to partake of that repose which they have so liberally bestowed on their readers.

ART. VI. *Additional Observations on the Effects of Magnesia, in preventing an Increased Formation of Uric Acid: With Remarks on the Influence of Acids upon the Composition of the Urine.* By WILLIAM THOMAS BRANDE, Esq. F. R. S. Prof. Chem. R. I. Communicated by the Society for improving Animal Chemistry. From the Phil. Trans. for 1813. Part II.

IN our Number for November 1810 (vol. XVII. p. 155), we pursued, with a minuteness which the singular importance of the subject demanded, the analysis of all the papers respecting calculi, that had recently appeared in the Philosophical Transactions. The practical result was, that the solvents proposed in later times for the stone had shared the fate of their predecessors; which, however inefficient, had in one instance been patronized by Parliament; * that though no means of diminishing calculi already formed had been discovered, preventives had been sought for with some appearance of success; and that by their means, there seemed reason to expect the knowledge of a method, both of preventing nuclei being formed in the kidneys, and of preventing the further increase of calculi actually existing in the bladder. The greater number of cases arise from concretions of the uric acid formed in the kidneys, and carried through the ureters into the bladder, where they become the foundation of calculi; and the accretions consist most frequent-

* The Legislature voted a large sum of money to a female empiric of the name of Stevenson for a solvent, upon the faith of a case never ascertained, the body not having been examined.—Of course we cannot afford a monument to Sir John Moore!

Digitized by Google

ly of the same acid, though often mixed with other substances. Mr Brande and others have accordingly proposed the exhibition of alkaline substances, especially magnesia, with a view to neutralize this acid in its formation, and thus carry it off through the alimentary canal. A few cases were at that time detailed, which appeared to countenance this doctrine; and we expressed a hope, that the subject would be further pursued, and more facts collected, with a view of ascertaining how far the method of attacking the acid in the stomach is effectual to prevent uric acid from appearing in the regions of the urinary secretions, and how far administering the alkaline earths is always a safe remedy. The paper now before us contains a considerable number of valuable facts,—happily of a nature very consolatory to humanity, suffering as it has long done without any palliative under this most excruciating torment. The inquiries of Mr Brande are directed to the effects produced by magnesia, and to the indication of the cases in which its use may prove pernicious.

The case first described is in the patient's own words, and deserves particular attention on two accounts.—The cure was effected, without any preconceived opinion in favour of the magnesia, which was taken under no idea of its curing or preventing the stone; and the patient, after having been unquestionably attacked severely, has survived above twenty-five years.—He was violently seized twenty-seven years ago with pains in the loins, and the other symptoms of gravel. After suffering for nine months, a stone passed into the bladder, and was soon after voided;—it was followed by much red crystalline sand. The patient then used Perry's solvent and the lixivium; but the pains and the red deposite in the urine continued. A sedentary life, added to this habit, produced sleeplessness and indigestion; to relieve which, he took magnesia every night for about eight months, in doses of a tea-spoonful or two. Being now quite well, he left it off, unless when acid humours remind him of it, when he again has recourse to this mild and gentle medicine. He has never since had either the pains or red deposite, and is now fifty-seven years old.—The tendency to calculus was here very strong; the alkalies had failed; and the magnesia appears to have successfully attacked the acid, and prevented the formation of uric calculi and sand.

In another instance, a young person subject to heartburn and dyspepsia, was violently attacked with gravel at the same age with the last patient; and after trying diluents in vain, and receiving but slight and temporary relief from strong alkaline medicines, he was for the space of above four months relieved entire-

Digitized by Google

ly from the complaint by the use of magnesia every night and morning. The deposite of red sand wholly ceased. But he appears to have persevered too long in the use of this kindly medicine; for he was now attacked with a deposite of sand; and increasing the quantity of magnesia, or taking alkaline medicines, only made it more copious. On examining the deposite, our author found it to have changed its character; consisting not, as before, of uric calculi and sand, but of magnesian and calcareous phosphates. The magnesia was therefore given up, and an opposite course pursued; but our author does not, either here or in the sequel of his paper, when describing the effects of the phosphates and their cure, relate the conclusion of this remarkable case; the more interesting, because a strongly acidulous habit seems to have been somewhat changed by the alkaline regimen; and the nature of the urinary deposite being changed, some data for affixing limits to the use of that regimen, appear to be afforded. We are, however, thus led to the second series of cases and observations, viz. those respecting white sand or calculi of phosphates, in which magnesia and other alkaline substances predominate. Such concretions well deserve our notice, as they generally form a part, at least, of the larger calculi.

Mr Brande renders ample justice to Dr Woollaston as the first person who ascertained the composition of white sand to be an ammoniacal phosphate of magnesia, sometimes mixed with phosphate of lime. He also recommended, in such cases, the use of acid medicines. This important suggestion was made in 1797, in the Philosophical Transactions. The facts now recorded by our author confirm the doctrine of his predecessor, and ascertain more particularly the fit mode of treatment for those alarming cases.

A gentleman of fifty years, after being cut for the stone, was severely attacked with gravel. Unequivocal symptoms of stone then appeared; and, after much labour, by the aid of a very smart and stimulant drastic medicine, he passed a calculus weighing eight grains, which our author does not appear to have examined; * and a great deal of red sand mixed with ammoniaco-magnesian phosphate. Soda water increased the triple phosphate, and diminished the proportion of the uric acid. Muriatic acid was therefore given; the red sand reappeared; and a uric calculus was voided. He was relieved, and the deposite

* The stone formerly extracted had an uric nucleus, and was chiefly composed of phosphates.

Digitized by Google

gradually went off, by the free use of water highly impregnated with carbonic acid, and sometimes using vegetable acids.

A boy, after being cut for the stone, had a constant deposite of the white sand. Citric acid, in doses of eight grains, three times a-day, afterwards increased to twenty, almost wholly took the complaint away; but if he ever intermitted the use of the acid for even four and twenty hours, the deposite returned with other unpleasant symptoms, especially an irritation in the bladder. The resumption of citric acid always removed both the deposite and the irritation. At the end of three months, the urine seemed no longer to have so extraordinary a disposition to deposit phosphates. The citric acid was given up, and he is now quite well. A similar case occurred of a gentleman who always has a white deposite, when he omits an acid regimen. When first attacked, he was tried with the mineral acids; but these did not succeed. The cure was effected by the vegetable ones, and acidulous food and drinks. The mineral acids prove too strong for the stomach and bowels. A third instance is given in the case of an old gentleman of eighty, who had been twice cut for the stone, and had suffered under calculi from a diseased prostate gland. His cure from the white sand was effected principally by carbonic acid.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate all the inferences which may be drawn from these cases. They have already been stated as we proceeded; but the most material one is, that uric calculi, or red sand, are best prevented by magnesia, while carbonic vegetable acids most successfully relieve from the formation of phosphates, or white sand. The body of evidence illustrating this important subject, is considerably increased, and a reasonable prospect held out of subduing the most ordinary kinds of calculous complaints. We have, then, almost seen the fulfilment of the hope formerly expressed, that the efficacy of magnesia might be completely proved in uric calculi; and that we 'scarcely despaired of living to see the phosphates themselves attacked by the healing art, and yielding to some equally simple and safe remedy.'

It would be extremely gratifying to learn a few more particulars, touching the exhibition of these medicines, especially of magnesia. Medical men, we believe, are divided upon the question of its harmlessness, when there is no acid in the stomach upon which it may operate. Some hold that where the habit is predisposing to gout, and a disposition to calculous complaints, may be expected to exist, as well as where there is merely a tendency in the stomach to form acids, a portion of magnesia may be taken regularly every day, especially at night;

Digitized by Google

that if it meets any acid, it neutralizes it and carries it off with a slightly drastic effect; and that if no acid is formed for it to work upon, it lies inert, and passes off through the alimentary canal. But the question is, whether in this case it does so pass off harmless? It is possible that injury may be done by the lingering of the earth in the stomach or intestines, when no drastic effect aids its expulsion. It is possible that it may form a nucleus of calculous accretions, or augment those already existing. Besides, there is much good sense in the rule of taking medicine of every kind, how harmless soever, only when it is wanted. It can rarely happen that the stomach should be actively forming acid without some symptom in the shape of heartburn, &c.; and it may be early enough to take the alkaline earth when the acid begins to be felt.

The same rule of prudence from our necessary ignorance of the whole effects of even the most friendly and innocent medicines, renders it expedient to take as little of the earth in question as will suffice to neutralize the acid. It is needless to observe, that the purer the substance is, the better. It should be free, not merely from grosser impurities, but from carbonic acid, in order to avoid producing flatulency, and in order to facilitate its union with the acid which it is intended to act upon. In every view, therefore, calcined magnesia * has a prodigious advantage over the ordinary preparation, and even over any carbonate, though in other respects pure; for it will neutralize more readily, and in greater quantity; and consequently a smaller dose will suffice. This is of inestimable consequence, where the case requires a daily use of the medicine, perhaps for some months. But another remark may be added upon the same point. It is well known to chemists, that a body in its nascent state is extremely different in its habitudes from the same body when perfectly formed. Thus acids, at the instant of their formation, have a different affinity for other bodies from what they show when in their ordinary state; and many important chemical phenomena, otherwise inexplicable, are easily resolved by attending to this distinction. It seems very probable, that the acids generated in the stomach are, when in their nascent state, acted on by alkaline substances more powerfully than when perfectly elaborated. If, therefore, a small quantity of magnesia be administered at the instant of incipient acidity, it will probably do as much as many times the quantity taken when

* The celebrity of Mr Henry's preparation is well grounded. They who have not tried it, can hardly imagine how greatly superior it is in purity and efficacy.

Digitized by Google

the stomach is filled with acid. We presume it is on this principle that some medical men recommend the use of magnesian lozenges at or immediately after a full meal, when the stomach's powers of digesting might be supposed too severely tried.

The use of soda water is illustrated by the remarks and cases above analyzed. The constant drinking of it, for the sake of its briskness or fixed air, when no acid exists in the stomach, has for many years been a freak of fashion in this country, and may perhaps have done harm in many cases. It is a singular fact, that in some parts of England, especially where manufacturing labour has given rise to habits of indigestion, heartburn, and other symptoms of dyspepsia, the use of this beverage has descended to the lower orders, and has even produced the salutary effect of expelling spirituous liquors. We believe, where no acid exists in the stomach, and a person only desires a brisk, spirited and slightly stimulant draught, simply aerated water would be more salutary.

For the homely nature of these notices, we presume even the scientific reader will require no apology. They all relate, not merely to heartburn, acidity, or other symptoms of imperfect digestion (though these are not very slight evils), but to the cause and the cure, or at least the prevention, of one of the most severe maladies which visit the human frame; and minuteness or prolixity is never to be dreaded upon topics so interesting to the happiness of mankind.

ART. VII. *A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, embellished with Plans of the Battles of the Moskwa, and Malo-Jaroslavitz, containing a faithful description of the affecting and interesting scenes of which the author was an eye-witness.* By EUGENE LABAUME, Captain of the Royal Geographical Engineers, Ex-officer of the Ordnance of Prince Eugene, &c. &c. pp. 412. London, 1814.

WAR, though the greatest curse and reproach of humanity, is nevertheless the most popular and interesting of all themes; nor is there any thing which rivets the attention of pacific readers in such deep delight, as the story of battles and sieges, and all the accidents and agonies of an eventful campaign:—Not surely because they rejoice in the existence of such complicated and wide-wasting wretchedness, or approve of the motives or principles of those by whose ambition it is created—but from feelings of a far kinder and more generous description,

Digitized by Google

It is not with the soldier, as the destroyer of his species, or the tool of unprincipled aggression, that mankind generally sympathize; it is his apparent devotion to the public cause, and his generous contempt of danger, that consecrate his character in the common estimation, and secure to his exploits the tribute of universal applause. It is matter also of natural and eager curiosity, to trace the movements of the mind, under the extraordinary excitation to which it is roused by the events of war. We are anxious to examine the human character, under the new and striking light in which it is thus exhibited; and the words and deeds of those who are engaged in such agitating scenes, will always, on this account, be found to afford the richest materials both for anecdote and description.

Such seem to be the sources from which every judicious narrative of military events must derive its chief interest. But, independent of these general causes, the expedition of Bonaparte into Russia, of which the present work is stated to contain a circumstantial account, possesses, both in itself and in the results which followed, claims to attention far surpassing those of which any other military narrative can boast. The army which was destined for the subversion of the Russian empire, exhibited a rare combination of all that was most precious in the military art. It formed the grandest display of human power which the world had ever seen, whether we look to the quality and equipment of the troops, the genius, talent, and devotion of the leaders, or to the extraordinary and enterprizing character of its hitherto victorious chief. Its first exploits were suitable to the fame which it had acquired. It swept like a torrent over the countries exposed to its ravages; nor did the opposition which it encountered, ever seem for a moment to disturb the uniform rapidity of its astonishing march. The sudden destruction of this immense power, and of the system which it upheld, is one of those extraordinary revolutions in human affairs which rouses the most indifferent to reflection. The mind is for a moment subdued by an irresistible impression of moral awe, when it contemplates those dispensations of an over-ruling Providence, which in an instant, and by a train of incidents so strangely combined, bring to nothing the proud fancies of man. If, when Napoleon, in the imposing attitude of anticipated conquest, was bursting into Russia at the head of this immense army, it had been foretold that he should in so short a period, be dethroned and sent to a sequestered island, no one could have conceived by what process such mighty results were to be brought about. At home, his power seemed to be more firmly established than ever; and the system of subordination under

Digitized by Google

which he had arranged the various states of Europe, was rapidly acquiring consistency from policy and from habit. They had indeed no prospect of resisting him with success;—their obedience was secured by the conviction which generally prevailed of his irresistible power;—and a singular concurrence of circumstances thus seemed to ensure the brilliant prosperity of his reign. But, under those fair appearances which the system exhibited of stability and strength, the principle of its destruction was gradually ripening in the presumption of its chief; who having won his way, by a series of extraordinary achievements, to the empire of Europe, seemed to grow giddy with the elevation to which he had risen; and forgetting that the foundation of his previous successes had been laid in policy and in wisdom, began to entertain some blind and extravagant confidence in his own good fortune, and in the success of every enterprize planned under the auspices of his name. It was under this excess of presumption that he hurried his armies to perish under the rigours of the Russian winter; and the failure of this expedition, accompanied by the destruction of his military force, led, by a very natural process, to the overthrow of his power.

The author of the work before us was engaged in this memorable and ill-fated enterprise, as one of the engineers of the Fourth Corps, commanded by Eugene Beauharnois; and, in a short and striking preface, assures us, that he merely relates what came under his own personal observation. Being in the habit of daily recording the most remarkable events which occurred, it was by the light of the flames of Moscow, he informs us, that he penned the story of its conflagration. In like manner the narrative of the unfortunate passage of the Boresina, was written on the banks of that river;—and the plans of the different battles were taken on the ground on which they were fought. The difficulties which he had to overcome in the prosecution of such a work, may be easily conceived. Struggling, with his companions in arms, against the most urgent wants of nature,—benumbed with cold, and tormented with hunger—uncertain, at the rising of the sun, if he should see its parting rays—and doubting, at night, if he should see the morrow's dawn,—he was yet animated with an irresistible desire of life, that he might perpetuate the remembrance of the extraordinary events which were passing before him, and do justice to the courage and constancy of those brave warriors, who, though they were perishing in distant deserts unpitied and unknown, never uttered, even in their last extremities, a single sentiment unworthy of their former fame. He pursued this melancholy task, generally at night, beside a wretched fire, under a temperature of ten or twelve de-

Digitized by Google

grees of the centigrade thermometer, and surrounded by his dead and dying companions.

Such is the striking and affecting account of the circumstances under which the author collected the materials of his interesting narrative, and of the motives which led to its publication. Nor are we disposed to call in question the general truth of his representation; for his descriptions, however powerful and striking, bear not the least mark of exaggeration. Plain facts are narrated; and though they may be occasionally thrown together with some degree of art, so as to heighten the general effect of the picture, we have no doubt that the representation falls far short of the reality. We cannot avoid remarking, however, that several of the stories which he introduces, rather evince a disposition to the romantic; and though we have no doubt of the correctness of every single circumstance narrated, there is evidently too great an anxiety to produce effect; and the risk is, that in this way, though no individual fact be misrepresented, the whole story has probably received a colouring considerably more rich and harmonious than would have been discovered in the reality.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a short abstract of M. Labaume's narrative, with such occasional extracts as shall appear interesting. The times are coming, we trust, when such legends will have more of novelty and interest than our long familiarity with similar scenes permits us yet to ascribe to them. The preparations for the invasion of Russia being completed, the chief officers of the Grand French Army were ordered to join their respective corps about the middle of May; and at the same time Napoleon arrived at Thorn, to assume the general direction of the campaign. On the 24th and 25th June the Niemen was passed; and by the end of July, the headquarters were established at Witepsk. The fourth corps, to which our author was attached, proceeded, after crossing the Niemen, by a different route from that of the main army, and, in the course of its march, experienced incredible hardships from the state of the roads, which generally lay through immense forests, or across marshes, on which the trunks of trees were laid to render the passage practicable. The towns through which it passed were chiefly inhabited by Jews, remarkable for their extreme dirtiness; and, owing to the scarcity of provisions which already prevailed, the army was forced, it is said, to pillage the inhabitants for subsistence. Its march, accordingly, carried terror along with it; the peaceable population were alarmed by the horrible tumult which announced its arrival; and at the village of New-Troki, the generals, on entering the

Digitized by Google

city, were met by a crowd of Jews, followed by their women and children, who threw themselves at their feet, imploring, but in vain, their protection against the licentiousness of the troops.

Bonaparte having spent some time at Wilna and Witepsk in organizing a new system of internal administration, proceeded to put his army in motion for the accomplishment of its ulterior objects; and on the 16th August, after some rapid marching, his whole force was concentrated in the vicinity of Smolensko. Our author, who was posted at a small village on the right in reserve, here learned that the town had been stormed after a sanguinary combat, during which it was set on fire by the Russians. On the 19th he entered the place with his corps; and his description of the scene which he witnessed, presents an affecting picture of the horrors of war.

'In every direction we marched over scattered ruins and dead bodies. Palaces, still burning, offered to our sight only walls half destroyed by the flames, and, thick among the fragments, were the blackened carcases of the wretched inhabitants whom the fire had consumed. The few houses that remained were completely filled by the soldiery, while at the door stood the miserable proprietor without an asylum, deploring the death of his children, and the loss of his fortune. The churches alone afforded some consolation to the unhappy victims who had no other shelter. The cathedral, celebrated through Europe, and held in great veneration by the Russians, became the refuge of the unfortunate beings who had escaped the flames. In this church, and round its altars, were seen whole families extended on the ground. On one side was an old man just expiring, and casting a last look on the image of the saint whom he had all his life invoked; on the other was an infant whose feeble cries the mother, worn down with grief, was endeavouring to hush, and while she presented it with the breast, her tears dropped fast upon it.

'In the midst of this desolation, the passage of the army into the interior of the town, formed a striking contrast. On one side was seen the abject submission of the conquered—on the other the pride attendant upon victory: the former had lost their all—the latter, rich with spoil, and ignorant of defeat, marched proudly on to the sound of warlike music, inspiring the unhappy remains of a vanquished population with mingled fear and admiration.' p. 97–99.

It was generally imagined in the French army, that after the capture of Smolensko, Bonaparte would rather endeavour to secure the footing which he had gained in the Russian territory, than, at such an advanced period of the season, push on his army to new enterprizes;—that for this purpose, fortifying Smolensko and Witepsk, which, by their position, commanded the narrow space between the Dwina and the Nieper, and afterwards taking possession of Riga, he would turn his atten-

Digitized by Google

tion to the organization of Poland;—and that in particular he would be anxious to provide good quarters for his troops during the winter; from which, being refreshed from the fatigues of the late active campaign, they might be ready to issue to new conquests with the first gleam of spring. But such a slow process of conquest was not congenial to the ardent spirit of Napoleon, who was resolved at all hazards to prosecute his wild military adventure into the interior of Russia.

With this view, the very day after the capture of Smolensko, the cavalry, under the king of Naples, and part of the artillery, to which Marshal Ney soon afterwards reunited his corps, were on the road to Moscow in pursuit of the Russians; and about the 4th September, the whole French army was concentrated in front of the entrenched position of Mejaïsk, where the Russians had resolved to hazard a general action in defence of Moscow. The fourth corps, after leaving Smolensko, marched along the flank of the grand army. The country, through which it passed, was in general completely destroyed;—the towns were burnt, and the castles pillaged. Occasionally, however, cattle were found grazing in the fields, and there were inhabitants in the villages. On reaching the plain of the Nieper, the rising grounds on the right were observed to be well cultivated; and from the smoke of the villages, it appeared that they had not been abandoned. Their peaceable inhabitants were remarked gazing from the tops of the hills on the march of the troops, anxious to discover whether they were coming to trouble the peace of their humble abodes. About the latter end of August, the Viceroy's corps reached the town of Viasma, which was newly built, and contained 10,000 inhabitants. By the time the French entered it, it was in flames; and before they left it, was almost entirely destroyed. On the road, also, they met with several magnificent castles entirely laid waste. One of them had possessed a fine garden, with beautiful walks tastefully arranged:—but it was soon completely pillaged. The furniture was every where broken to pieces. Fragments of the finest china lay scattered about in the garden; and valuable prints, torn from their frames, were left to be blown about by the winds. On the 4th September, the fourth corps effected its junction with the vanguard of the main army, commanded by the King of Naples, who was distinguished from afar by his white plume, animating the troops to the combat. He was immediately joined by the Viceroy; and the consultation of those distinguished officers was calmly continued under the fire of the enemy's batteries, which was every minute killing some of those around them.

The next day (5th Sept.) the King of Naples, ardent in pur-

Digitized by Google

suit, and rapidly advancing with the fourth corps on his flank, the army soon came in sight of the entrenched position of the Russians. On the right was the abbey of Rototskoi, covered with coloured tiles, which, reflecting the rays of the sun through the cloud of dust raised by the cavalry, served to heighten, by its brilliant and picturesque appearance, the gloomy aspect of the surrounding scenery. The army of Kutusoff had been forced to retire on an eminence which it had entrenched; and, about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Viceroy, followed by his staff, proceeded to reconnoitre the Russian position, when the approach of the Emperor was announced. He soon appeared, attended by his suite, and taking his station on an eminence which commanded a view of the enemy's camp, he long and anxiously surveyed their position; and having carefully observed all the adjacent grounds, began to hum over some insignificant tune. He then conversed for some time with the Viceroy, and, mounting his horse, went to consult with the Prince of Eckmuhl!

Towards the extreme right, the Russians had a redoubt, which, by its destructive fire, spread consternation through the French line. After a sanguinary combat of about an hour, this redoubt was carried with the loss of 1200 men, who remained dead in the entrenchments; and next day, when Napoleon was reviewing the 61st regiment, which had suffered the greatest loss, he asked the Colonel, what had become of one of his battalions? 'SIRE,' replied he, '*it is in the redoubt.*'

The following day was spent in reconnoitring, and in making all the other necessary preparations for the decisive battle which was about to take place. The author gives the following striking description of the feelings of the soldiers during the night which preceded the encounter.

'Although, worn out with fatigue, we felt the want of sleep, there were many among us, so enamoured of glory, and so flushed with the hope of the morrow's success, that they were absolutely incapable of repose. As they passed the wakeful hours, and the silence and darkness of midnight stole upon them, while the fires of the sleeping soldiers, now almost extinct, threw their last rays of light over the heaps of arms piled around, they gave themselves up to profound meditation. They reflected on the wonderful events of our strange expedition: they mused on the result of a battle which was to decide the fate of two powerful empires: they compared the silence of the night with the tumult of the morrow: they fancied that Death was now hovering over their crowded ranks, but the darkness of the night prevented them from distinguishing who would be the unhappy victims: They then thought of their parents—their country—and the uncertainty whether they should ever see these

Digitized by Google

beloved objects again, plunged them into the deepest melancholy. But suddenly, before daybreak, the beat of the drum was heard, the officers cried to arms, the men eagerly rushed to their different stations, and all, in order for battle, awaited the signal for action. The colonels, placing themselves in the centre of their regiments, ordered the trumpet to sound, and every captain, surrounded by his company, read aloud the following proclamation :—

'SOLDIERS—This is the battle so much desired by you! The victory depends on yourselves. It is now necessary to us. It will give us abundance, good winter-quarters, and a prompt return to our country! Behave as at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensko,—and let the latest posterity recount with pride, your conduct on this day; let them say of you—"He was at the great battle under the walls of Moscow!"

'Every one was penetrated with the truths contained in these energetic words, and replied to them by reiterated acclamations. Some were animated by the love of glory, others flattered by the hope of reward; but all were convinced, that imperious necessity compelled us to conquer, or to die. To the sentiment of self-preservation, were added ideas of duty and of valour. Every heart was animated, every breast proudly swelled, and each flattered himself that this important day might place him in the rank of those privileged men, who were born to excite the envy of their cotemporaries, and the admiration of posterity.

'Such were the feelings of the army, when a radiant sun, bursting from the thickest fog, shone for the last time on many of us. It is reported, that at this sight, Napoleon exclaimed to those around him, "Behold the sun of Austerlitz!"' p. 133–35.

The action commenced precisely at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th; and the chief object of contest, where our author was stationed, was a redoubt in the centre of the position. This redoubt was attacked and carried by the French, after a tremendous loss. It was then stormed by the Russians, under the fire of 300 pieces of cannon, and they were advancing to strike a decisive blow against the French centre, when their progress was arrested by General Friand, who, with a battery of 24 pieces of cannon, carried death and destruction into their ranks. The interesting narrative of our author thus proceeds.

'The Viceroy seized this decisive moment, and, flying to the right, ordered a simultaneous attack of the grand redoubt, by the first, third, and fourteenth divisions. Having arranged all three in order of battle, these troops advanced with cool intrepidity. They approached even the entrenchments of the enemy, when a sudden discharge of grape-shot from the whole of their artillery spread destruction and consternation through our ranks. Our troops were staggered at this fatal reception; but the Prince knew how to reanimate their spirits, by calling to the recollection of each regiment the

Digitized by Google

circumstances in which they had formerly covered themselves with glory. To one he said, "Preserve that courage which has gained you the title of Invincible;" to another, "Remember, your reputation depends on this day;" then, turning towards the 9th of the line, he said to them with emotion, "Brave soldiers, remember you were with me at Wagram, when we broke the enemy's centre." By these words, and still more by his example, he inflamed the valour of his troops to such a degree, that, shouting with joy, they again marched with ardour to the redoubt. His highness riding along the line, arranged the attack with the utmost coolness, and led it himself at the head of Broussier's division. At the same instant a division of cuirassiers, from the centre of the army, rushed on the redoubt, and offered to our astonished sight a grand and sublime spectacle. The whole eminence, which overhung us, appeared in an instant a mass of moving iron: the glitter of the arms, and the rays of the sun reflected from the helmets and cuirasses of the dragoons, mingled with the flames of the cannon that on every side vomited forth death, gave to the redoubt the appearance of a volcano in the midst of the army.

'The enemy's infantry, placed near this point, behind a ravine, kept up so destructive a fire on our cuirassiers, that they were obliged immediately to retire. Our infantry took their place; and, turning the redoubt to the right and left, recommenced a furious combat with the Russians, whose efforts rivalled our own.

'The Viceroy and his staff, in spite of the enemy's tremendous fire, remained at the head of Broussier's division, followed by the 13th and 30th regiments. They advanced on the redoubt, and, entering it by the breast-work, massacred on their pieces, the cannoneers that served them. Prince Kutusoff, who had witnessed this attack, immediately ordered the cuirassiers of the guard to advance and endeavour to retake the position. These were the best of their cavalry. The shock between their cuirassiers and ours was therefore terrible; and one may judge of the fury with which both parties fought, when the enemy, in quitting the field, left it completely covered with dead.

'The interior of the redoubt presented a horrid picture. The dead were heaped on one another. The feeble cries of the wounded were scarcely heard amid the surrounding tumult. Arms of every description were scattered over the field of battle. The parapets, half demolished, had their embrasures entirely destroyed. Their places were distinguished only by the cannon, the greatest part of which were dismounted and separated from the broken carriages. In the midst of this scene of carnage, I discovered the body of a Russian cannoneer, decorated with three crosses. In one hand he held a broken sword, and with the other firmly grasped the carriage of the gun at which he had so valiantly fought.

'All the Russian soldiers in the redoubt chose rather to perish than to yield. The general who commanded them, would have

Digitized by Google

shared their fate, if his valour had not preserved his life. This brave soldier had sworn to die at his post, and he would have kept his oath. Seeing all his companions dead around him, he endeavoured to precipitate himself on our swords; and he would have inevitably met his death, had not the honour of taking such a prisoner arrested the cruelty of the soldiers. The Viceroy received him with kindness, and committed him to the care of Colonel Asselin, who conducted him to the Emperor.' p. 139—142.

The Russians having evacuated their position during the night, the field of battle was immediately occupied by the French; and never, perhaps, did any human eye behold such a spectacle of misery and slaughter. The ground for about the space of a square league, was literally covered with the dead and wounded. In many places the bursting of shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses. The fire of the howitzers had been so destructive, that heaps of bodies lay scattered over the plain; and where the ground was not encumbered with the slain, it was covered with broken lances, muskets, helmets, and cuirasses, or with grape-shot and bullets, as numerous as hailstones after a violent storm. 'But the most horrid spectacle (continues our 'author) was, the interior of the ravines, where almost all the 'wounded, who were able to drag themselves along, had taken re-'fuge to avoid further injury. These miserable creatures, heap-'ed one upon another, and, swimming in their blood, utter-'ed the most heart-rending groans. They frequently invoked 'death with piercing cries, and eagerly besought us to put an 'end to their agonies.' Such are some of the details of this *glorious* battle, which we lay before our readers, not for the purpose of shocking their feelings, but because we think they serve to place what is called military glory in its true light—and thus, in some measure, to correct those false impressions under which mankind have been, in all ages, so much blinded to the true nature of the warrior's exploits. They would answer a still greater purpose, if they would tend to soften the hearts of those cold and calculating politicians, who make war without any consideration of its miseries, and regard the plea of humanity as a vulgar commonplace, altogether unfit to be taken into the account of their magnanimous deliberations.

After the battle of the Moskwa, the French army pursued, without resistance, its triumphant march to Moscow. The 4th corps marching on the left by the route of Zwenighorod, passed several deserted villages and magnificent castles which the Cossacks had pillaged. The corn, newly ripe, was either trodden down or eaten by the Russian cavalry, and the hay-stacks which covered the country, being committed to the flames, spread all around an impenetrable smoke. Having arrived at a small vil-

Digitized by Google

lage, the Viceroy ascended an eminence, and long examined whether Moscow could be seen. Being still concealed by the intervening hills, nothing was perceived but clouds of dust, which, rising parallel with the march of the grand army, indicated the route which it had pursued. At length, Moscow, so long and ardently wished for, was plainly perceived; and the author gives the following picturesque description of the first *coup d'œil* of this celebrated city.

'We distinguished, at a distance, and amidst the dust, long columns of Russian cavalry, all marching towards Moscow, and all retiring behind the town, as soon as we approached it. While the fourth corps was constructing a bridge across the Moskwa, the staff, about two o'clock, established itself on a lofty hill, whence we perceived a thousand elegant and gilded steeples, which, glittering in the rays of the sun, appeared at the distance like so many flaming globes. One of these globes, placed on the summit of a pillar, or an obelisk, had the exact appearance of a balloon, suspended in the air. Transported with delight at this beautiful spectacle, which was the more gratifying, from the remembrance of the melancholy objects which we had hitherto seen, we could not suppress our joy; but, with one spontaneous movement, we all exclaimed, *Moscow! Moscow!* At the sound of this wished-for name, the soldiers ran up the hill in crowds, and each discovered new wonders every instant. One admired a noble *chateau* on our left, the elegant architecture of which displayed more than eastern magnificence; another directed his attention towards a palace or a temple; but all were struck with the superb picture which this immense town afforded. It is situated in the midst of a fertile plain. The Moskwa is seen meandering through the richest meadows; and after having fertilized the neighbouring country, takes its course through the middle of the town, separating an immense cluster of houses, built of wood, stone, and bricks, constructed in a style which partakes of the Gothic and modern architecture, and in which, indeed, the architecture of every different nation is strangely mingled. The walls, variously painted, the domes covered with lead or slates, or glittering with gold, offered the most pleasing variety; whilst the terraces before the palaces, the obelisks over the gates, and, above all, the steeples—really presented to our eyes one of those celebrated cities of Asia, which we had thought had only existed in the creative imagination of the Arabian poets.' p. 178—180.

The conflagration of Moscow affords the author ample materials for awful and affecting description. When the French entered the city, they found it desolate. No cry, nor noise of any sort was heard; but a thick smoke was observed to arise in the form of a column, from the centre of the town. They advanced with cautious steps, frightened at the loneliness of the streets, and apprehensive of treachery. In the middle of the town, near

Digitized by Google

the Exchange, a few inhabitants were seen assembled around the Kremlin; and farther on, a crowd of soldiers exposed to sale a vast collection of articles which they had pillaged. Advancing still farther into the city, the number of soldiers increased; they were seen in troops, carrying on their backs pieces of cloth, loaves of sugar, and whole bales of merchandise. Our author was at a loss to account for this shocking disorder, when he was informed that the smoke which he had seen on entering the town, proceeded from the Exchange, which was full of goods, and to which the Russians set fire when they commenced their retreat. Being impelled by curiosity to advance, he at length penetrated into the interior of the building, which was by this time a prey to the flames; and he proceeds with his narrative in the following terms.

'No cry, no tumult was heard in this scene of horror. Every one found abundantly sufficient to satisfy his thirst for plunder. Nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames, and the noise of the doors that were broken open—and occasionally a dreadful crash caused by the falling in of some vault. Cottons, muslins, and in short all the most costly productions of Europe and of Asia, were a prey to the flames. The cellars were filled with sugar, oil, and vitriol; these burning all at once in the subterraneous warehouses, sent forth torrents of flame through thick iron grates, and presented a striking image of the mouth of hell. It was a spectacle both terrible and affecting. Even the most hardened minds were struck with a conviction that so great a calamity would on some future day, call forth the vengeance of the Almighty upon the authors of such crimes.' p. 194.

It was at first imagined that the fire would not extend beyond the Exchange. But every one was struck with astonishment and regret, when, at the dawn of the following day, the conflagration was seen raging on every side—the wind, which was violent, giving irrestible fury to the flames. A great part of the population of Moscow, concealed in cellars, or other secret recesses of their houses, were now seen rushing in dismay from their hiding-places; some carrying with them their most precious effects, while others saved only their children, who were closely clasped in their arms. The fire soon reached the finest parts of the city, and involved in indiscriminate ruin all the most costly monuments of architecture and taste. 'The hospitals too (continues our author), which contained 20,000 wounded Russians, 'now began to burn. This offered a harrowing and dreadful 'spectacle. Almost all of these miserable creatures perished. 'A few who still lingered, were seen crawling, half-burnt, 'among the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps 'of dead bodies, endeavoured in vain to extricate themselves from the horrible destruction which surrounded them.'

Digitized by Google

The confusion and tumult which every where prevailed, was still farther increased, when the soldiers received permission to pillage the city. Soldiers, sutlers, galley-slaves, and prostitutes, were then seen eagerly running about the streets, ransacking the deserted palaces, and carrying off whatever could gratify their avarice. 'Some (continues the narrative) covered themselves 'with stuffs richly worked with gold; some were enveloped in 'beautiful and costly furs, while others dressed themselves in 'women's and children's pelisses; and even the galley-slaves 'concealed their rags under the most splendid court dresses; 'the rest crowded into the cellars, and, forcing open the doors, 'drank the most luscious wines, and carried off an immense 'booty.'

The approach of night added new sorrows to the conflagration, and the narrative contains the following description of this dreadful scene.

'Penetrated by so many calamities, I hoped that the shades of night would cast a veil over the dreadful scene; but they contributed, on the contrary, to render the conflagration more visible. The violence of the flames, which extended from north to south, and were strangely agitated by the wind, produced the most awful appearance, on a sky which was darkened by the thickest smoke. Nothing could equal the anguish which absorbed every feeling heart, and which was increased in the dead of the night, by the cries of the miserable victims who were savagely murdered, or by the screams of the young females, who fled for protection to their weeping mothers, and whose ineffectual struggles tended only to inflame the passion of their violators. To these dreadful groans and heart-rending cries, which every moment broke upon the ear, were added, the howlings of the dogs, which, chained to the doors of the palaces, according to the custom at Moscow, could not escape from the fire which surrounded them.

'I flattered myself that sleep would for a while release me from these revolting scenes: but the most frightful recollections crowded upon me, and all the horrors of the evening again passed in review. My wearied senses seemed at last sinking into repose, when the light of a near and dreadful conflagration, piercing into my room, suddenly awoke me. I thought that my room was a prey to the flames. It was no idle dream; for, when I approached the window, I saw that our quarters were on fire, and that the house in which I lodged, was in the utmost danger. Sparks were thickly falling in our yard, and on the wooden roofs of our stables. I ran quickly to my landlord and his family. Perceiving their danger, they had already quitted their habitation, and had retired to a subterranean vault, which afforded them more security. I found them with their servants all assembled there; nor could I prevail on them to leave it, for they dreaded our soldiers more than the fire. The father was sitting on the threshold of the door, and appeared desirous of appeasing, by the

Digitized by Google

sacrifice of his own life, the ferocity of those barbarians, who advanced to insult his family. Two of his daughters, pale, with dishevelled hair, and whose tears added to their beauty, disputed with him the honour of the martyrdom. I at length succeeded in snatching them by violence from their asylum, under which they would otherwise soon have been buried.' p. 210, 212.

The fourth corps having received orders to quit Moscow, proceeded towards Peter's Row, where it encamped; and here the author saw the wretched inhabitants taking their departure from their ruined habitations, to wander they knew not whither. He describes this afflicting spectacle in the following terms.

'At that moment, about the dawn of day, I witnessed the most dreadful and the most affecting scenes which it is possible to conceive; namely, the unhappy inhabitants drawing upon some mean vehicles all that they had been able to save from the conflagration. The soldiers, having robbed them of their horses, the men and women were slowly and painfully dragging along these little carts, some of which contained an infirm mother, others a paralytic old man, and others the miserable wrecks of half-consumed furniture; children, half naked, followed these interesting groupes. Affliction, to which their age is commonly a stranger, was impressed even on their features; and, when the soldiers approached them, they ran crying into the arms of their mothers.' p. 214.

Moscow continued burning for nearly four days; and although the rain fell in torrents, the whole French army was compelled to bivouack in the fields. The staff-officers, placed round the *chateaux*, where their generals resided, were quartered in gardens, under grottos, Chinese pavilions, or green-houses; whilst the horses, tied under acacias, or linden trees, were separated from each other by hedges or beds of flowers. The picturesque appearance of a camp thus distributed, was still farther heightened by the singular costume of the troops, who, to avoid the inclemency of the weather, had put on all the different national dresses which used to be seen at Moscow, and which gave such a brilliant variety to the public walks of that city. The army presented the appearance of a carnival; abundance reigned in the camp; and the soldiers, though they were deluged with rain, and immersed in mud, found ample consolation for those inconveniencies in their good cheer, and in the traffick which they carried on with the plunder of Moscow. Although they were strictly enjoined not to enter the city, they were continually returning under various pretences to dig in the ruins of the Kremlin. Here they discovered entire magazines, from which they drew a profusion of articles of every description; so that the French camp resembled a great fair, at which each soldier, converted into a merchant, offered for sale the most valuable goods;

Digitized by Google

and although he had no house to shelter him from the inclemency of the weather, he used at his table the finest china dishes, drank out of silver vases, and possessed in short every elegant and expensive article of luxury.

But under all this show of artificial wealth, the French army soon began to feel the pressure of real want. Part of the Russian troops, in evacuating Moscow, had fallen back towards Wladimir; but the greater part having descended the Moskwa, on the road to Kolonnia, were stationed along the river; and, in these positions, assisted by the peasantry, armed at the expense of the landed proprietors, and by clouds of Cossacks, they beset all the great roads—intercepted the enemy's convoys—harrassed his foragers—and thus forced him into continual battles, for the miserable supplies still afforded by the wasted country. These evils increased every day, in proportion to the distance from which subsistence had to be brought. The cattle perished for want of forage; and though sugar, coffee, wine, and all such superfluities were easily procured, the troops were in want of absolute necessaries. In this critical situation, Bonaparte had recourse to negociation. But this expedient, so often practised with success, failed at last. The Russian generals exactly comprehended all the disadvantages of the enemy's position, and having wasted their country, and burned their capital, they were resolved to await the issue of this desperate policy. Every pacific overture being therefore steadily rejected, Bonaparte was at length compelled to issue his orders for the retreat on the 10th October.

The departure of the French army from Moscow, loaded with spoil, is aptly compared by our author to that of the Greek and Roman armies from the ruins of Troy or of Carthage. The long files of carriages, in three or four ranks, filled with the booty which the soldiers had snatched from the flames, extended for several leagues, while the train of camp followers was increased by a large proportion of Moscovite peasantry and women. The rear was closed by numerous waggons filled with trophies; among which were Turkish and Persian standards, torn from the vaulted roofs of the palaces of the Czars; and, lastly, followed the celebrated cross of St Iwan. For several days the retreat was conducted with little interruption. But when the French army approached the village of Malo-Jaroslavitz, it was found to be occupied by the enemy. A desperate contest immediately commenced; and though the French succeeded in recovering this important post, they were outflanked towards the close of the engagement by the Russians, who were thus enabled to preoccupy the line of their retreat by Medouin, Koukhnou, and Elnia, and to force them upon the great road

Digitized by Google

of Smolensko, over which they had advanced, and which, by the united efforts of both armies, was converted into a desart, destitute both of food and shelter. Here the army experienced all the miseries of cold and hunger. The horses perished in great numbers; and baggage and ammunition waggons had, in consequence, to be left behind; while the Russian light cavalry, joined occasionally by the infantry and artillery, closely followed, watching the favourable moment for an advantageous attack. Hitherto, however, these various evils were supported with singular patience and resolution. But the ardour of the soldier was at length subdued by the excess of his misery; and, in contemplating his complicated sufferings, our author gives vent to his feelings in the following strain of energetic description.

'(November 6th.) We marched towards Smolensko with an ardour which redoubled our strength; and, approaching Dorogho-boui, distant from that city only twenty leagues, the thought that in three days we should reach the end of all our misfortunes, filled us with the most intoxicating joy; when suddenly the atmosphere, which had hitherto been so brilliant, was clouded by cold and dense vapours. The sun, enveloped by the thickest mists, disappeared from our sight; and the snow falling in large flakes, in an instant obscured the day, and confounded the earth with the sky. The wind, furiously blowing, howled dreadfully through the forests, and overwhelmed the firs, already bent down with the ice; while the country around, as far as the eye could reach, presented, unbroken, one white and savage appearance.

'The soldiers, vainly struggling with the snow and the wind which rushed upon them with the violence of a whirlwind, could no longer distinguish the road, and, falling into the ditches which bordered it, there found a grave. Others pressed on towards the end of their journey, scarcely able to drag themselves along, badly mounted, badly clothed, with nothing to eat, nothing to drink, shivering with the cold, and groaning with pain. Becoming selfish through despair, they afforded neither succour, nor even one glance of pity to those who, exhausted by fatigue and disease, expired around them. How many unfortunate beings, on that dreadful day, dying of cold and famine, struggled hard with the agonies of death! We heard some of them faintly bidding their last adieu to their friends and comrades. Others, as they drew their last breath, pronounced the name of their mothers, their wives, their native country, which they were never more to see. The rigour of the frost soon seized on their benumbed limbs, and penetrated through the whole frame. Stretched on the road, we could distinguish only the heaps of snow which covered them, and which, at almost every step, formed little undulations like so many graves. At the same time, vast flights of ravens, abandoning the plain to take refuge in the neighbouring forests, croaked mournfully as they passed ov

Digitized by Google

our heads; and troops of dogs, which had followed us from Moscow, and lived solely on our mangled remains, howled around us, as if they would hasten the period when we were to become their prey.

'From that day the army lost its courage and its military attitude. The soldier no longer obeyed his officer. The officer separated himself from his general. The regiments, disbanded, marched in disorder. Searching for food, they spread themselves over the plain, burning and pillaging whatever fell in their way. The horses fell by thousands. The cannon and the waggons which had been abandoned, served only to obstruct the way. No sooner had the soldiers separated from the ranks, than they were assailed by a population eager to avenge the horrors of which it had been the victim. The Cossacks came to the succour of the peasants, and drove back to the great road, already filled with the dying and the dead, those of the followers who escaped from the carnage made among them.' p. 287–290.

When the fourth corps arrived at Dorogliobouï, they found the houses burnt by the troops who had preceded them. The magazines were pillaged; and the brandy, which would have revived the fainting soldier, was poured into the streets. The road had also become so slippery, that the exhausted cattle could no longer draw either the cannon or the baggage; great part of which was of necessity abandoned. But it was at the passage of the river Wop, which took place on the 9th, that the corps of the Viceroy suffered the severest losses. A detachment of engineers had been sent forward the day before to construct a bridge for the passage of the troops. The bridge, however, after being nearly finished, was suddenly carried off by the swelling of the water during the night; and when the Viceroy and the main body arrived, they found, to their astonishment and consternation, the army and the baggage ranged along the banks of the river. In this critical situation, without the means of escape, the Cossacks advanced in great numbers to harass the flying enemy; the firing between them and the sharp-shooters was already heard; and it was only by the well-directed attack of some chosen troops that they were finally repulsed. Colonel Delfanti being ordered to place himself at the head of the guard, and to set an example of intrepidity by crossing the ford, advanced, with the water reaching to his waist, and made his way through the accumulated ice at the head of the grenadiers. The Viceroy followed with his whole staff, and some waggons and artillery were also safely got over. But the cannon continually passing over the same track, formed ruts so deep that it was found impossible to draw them out; and the only accessible ford being thus choked up, about 100 pieces of artillery were here abandoned, besides a great number of ammunition and provi-

Digitized by Google

sion waggons, and carriages of every description, which, as soon as they were relinquished by their owners, were plundered by the troops. In these circumstances, the alarm was general, more especially among the camp followers on the opposite side of the river, chiefly consisting of the sick and wounded soldiers, whose feeble attempts to cross, presented a most distressing spectacle. 'The cries of those (observes our author) who were 'passing the ford; the consternation of others who were preparing to descend, and whom, with their horses, we every 'moment saw overwhelmed by the current; the despair of the 'women, the shrieks of the children, and the terror even of 'the soldiers, rendered this passage a scene so horrible, that the 'very recollection of it, yet terrifies those who witnessed it.'

The troops who succeeded in crossing the river, had scarcely begun to proceed on their march, when the feeble and disorderly throng on the opposite shore were overwhelmed by a general attack of the enemy's cavalry. The Cossacks were seen sharing the bloody spoils of their miserable captives, whom they frequently stript naked, and left to perish miserably on the snow. Nor were those who escaped across the river in a much more enviable condition. The weather had now become dreadful; and the army had frequently to encamp in the open air, closely pursued by the enemy, against whose harassing attacks, there was neither cavalry nor artillery to oppose. 'The soldiers, (the narrative continues), 'without shoes, and almost without 'clothes, were enfeebled by fatigue and famine. Sitting on 'their knapsacks, they slept on their knees. From this be-'numbing posture, they only rose to broil some slices of horse 'flesh, or to melt some pieces of ice. Often they had no wood, 'and to make their fires, they destroyed the houses in which 'the generals lodged; sometimes, therefore, when we awoke 'in the morning, the village which we had seen the night be-'fore, had disappeared, and towns, which to-day were untouched, would form on the morrow one vast conflagration.'

The army was now only two days march from Smolensko, where, according to the general belief, ample supplies were in store for their refreshment, and where the harassed soldier already pleased himself with the anticipation of abundance and repose. But it was soon found, that at Smolensko the stock of provisions was nearly exhausted; and the distribution which took place was so dilatory, that the magazines were at length pillaged by the famished and impatient multitudes, who thus revelled for a time in all the license of abundance. Here also Bonaparte learnt, that the road to Krasnoï, which was the next town in the line of his retreat, was occupied by the Russian army under Kutusoff, who having defeated the corps of Berraguay

Digitized by Google

d'Hilliers, had thus succeeded in throwing himself into the rear of the grand French army. Alarmed by this intelligence, he called a grand military council of all the generals of division and the marshals of the empire; and, at the close of their deliberations, he himself departed, accompanied by his chasseurs and the Polish lancers of the guard. In the course of his march, he encountered the Russian general, through whose army he made his way, after a bloody combat, in which he was exposed to great personal hazard. The fourth corps, which set out next day, was exposed to similar perils, and was only saved from utter destruction by the judicious manœuvres of the Viceroy, which enabled it to escape from the enemy during the night. The following affecting description is given by our author, of the condition to which it it was reduced during the march from Smolensko.

'Marching from Smolensko, a spectacle the most horrible was presented to our view. From that point till we arrived at a wretched ruined hamlet, at the distance of about three leagues, the road was entirely covered with cannon and ammunition-waggons, which they had scarce time to spike, or to blow up. Horses in the agonies of death were seen at every step; and sometimes whole teams, sinking under their labours, fell together. All the defiles which the carriages could not pass, were filled with muskets, helmets, and breastplates. Trunks broken open, portmanteaus torn to pieces, and garments of every kind were scattered over the valley. At every little distance, we met with trees, at the foot of which the soldiers had attempted to light a fire, but the poor wretches had perished ere they could accomplish their object. We saw them stretched by dozens around the green branches which they had vainly endeavoured to kindle; and so numerous were the bodies, that they would have obstructed the road, had not the soldiers been often employed in throwing them into the ditches and the ruts.' p. 327.

'We can scarcely imagine a picture more deplorable than the bivouac of the staff. Twenty-one officers, confounded with as many servants, had crept together round a little fire, under an execrable cart-house scarcely covered. Behind them were the horses ranged in a circle, that they might be some defence against the violence of the wind, which blew with fury. The smoke was so thick that we could scarcely see the figures of those who were close to the fire, and who were employed in blowing the coals on which they cooked their food. The rest, wrapped in their pelisses or their cloaks, lay one upon another, as some protection from the cold: nor did they stir, except to abuse those who trod upon them as they passed, or to rail at the horses, which kicked whenever a spark fell on their coats.' p. 329.

The fourth corps having effected its junction with the troops under Napoleon, a desperate attack was made on the Russian position, for the purpose of relieving the first and third corps,

Digitized by Google

on their march from Smolensko; and, after an obstinate and bloody action, the wrecks of the different corps being reunited in the vicinity of Krasnoï, it was determined to proceed with all possible expedition to the Berezina, for the purpose of preventing the junction of the Russian armies under Admiral Tschikakoff and General Wittgenstein, then on their march from Valhynia and the Dwina, to seize the bridge of Borisov, and there to dispute with the retreating enemy the passage of the river. After a march of several days, during which the army was exposed to all the evils which cold and famine could inflict; it was found, on approaching the Beresina, that the bridge of Borisov was destroyed, and that the opposite shore, at every point where a passage could be attempted, was lined with the Russian troops. In this critical situation, Napoleon, ever fertile in resources, contrived, by one of those singular manœuvres which class him among the first masters of the art of war, to construct, notwithstanding the utmost opposition of the Russians, two bridges, over which his army proceeded to pass without further molestation. Our author gives a frightful description of the mixture of different nations which now crowded the banks of the river. Germans, Polanders, Italians, Spaniards, Croats, Portuguese and French—all pale, emaciated, dying with hunger and cold, having nothing to defend themselves from the inclemency of the season but tattered pelisses, and sheep-skins half burnt, were all mingled together, disputing and quarrelling with each other in their various languages, and frequently uttering the most mournful lamentations:—Finally, the officers, and even the generals, wrapped up in pelisses covered with dirt and filth, confounded with the soldiers, and abusing those who pressed upon them, or who braved their authority, formed a scene of strange confusion, of which no description could convey the faintest image. Although there were two bridges, one for carriages, and the other for foot soldiers, the passage was so completely choked up, that it was impossible to move; and to add to the confusion, the bridge for the cavalry and carriages at length broke down. Then ensued a frightful contention between the foot soldiers and the horsemen. Numbers perished by the hands of their comrades, or were suffocated at the head of the bridge; and the dead bodies of men and horses so choked up every avenue, that it was necessary to climb over heaps of carcases to arrive at the river. Some who were buried in these heaps, and still breathed, struggling with the agonies of death, caught hold of their companions who were marching over them. But they, in order to disengage themselves, kicked with violence, and trampled down, without remorse, those who opposed their passage. The enemy in the mean time advancing at all

Digitized by Google

points, the rear-guard at length found it necessary to pass the bridge, which, to prevent the pursuit of the Russians, they were obliged hastily to burn, leaving more than 20,000 sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy, 200 pieces of cannon, with all the baggage of the two corps which had lately joined from the Dwina.

The march from the Beresina presents a repetition of calamities similar to those already described. The army was still farther wasted by cold and famine. All its baggage, artillery, and equipage of every sort, was left behind. Even the military chest, containing about five millions of crowns, was abandoned to pillage; and of the 400,000 warriors who, in June, crossed the Niemen, to fix for ever the destinies of Russia, a few miserable stragglers only remained. The Viceroy, when he arrived at Marienwerder, found, that out of 48,000 soldiers who entered Poland, he could only muster about 800, most of whom were wounded.

Such was the termination of this memorable expedition. And although we may lament the scenes of misery which it produced, we must nevertheless rejoice in the destruction of that vast army, which had, for so long a period, trampled on the independence of Europe, and which seemed, at length, only to exist for the purposes of tyranny and mischief. Generally speaking, indeed, we have no great liking to the existence of great armies; since, by its very constitution, an army seems to be the natural instrument of violence and injustice. A thorough-bred soldier is the mere creature of command. His warrant is, in all cases, the order of his superior, to whose views he blindly conforms, however adverse they may be to the peace and happiness of society; while the occupations in which he is engaged have a natural tendency to produce, in the lower orders, a disdain and impatience of peaceful industry—in the higher, a restless and turbulent ambition—and in both, a brutal contempt for the comfort and the feelings of every other description of men. To maintain a large class of men with such habits, is, we think, unsafe and very inexpedient, since it is in reality providing all the necessary materials out of which a new system of tyranny may be built: And, however circumstances may justify, and even imperiously require, the maintenance of large armies, it should never be forgotten, that a military force is a dangerous instrument, and decidedly unfavourable, we think, to the progress of social improvement.

If the peace of the world is again to be sacrificed to the gratification of individual ambition;—if, as we have learned to fear since this sheet was sent to the press, the little gleam of tranquillity with which we have been mocked is about to be swallowed

Digitized by Google

up in the returning cloud of war;—if blood is again to flow, and devastation to spread over the fairest portion of the civilized world, it is to the unhappy diffusion and prevalence of the military character that we shall be indebted for this dreadful catastrophe. It is, because France had become a great barrack of discontented soldiers, languishing in inaction, and eager for pillage and promotion;—because her intrigues and her conquests, her conscriptions and her legions of honour, had accustomed the predominant part of her population to the deeper and more animating game of war, with its hazards and its triumphs, its disasters and glories, and estranged their hearts from the natural feelings and duties of reasonable beings,—that they have flocked anew to the bloody and dazzling standard of a leader who has no pretext for raising it but his own personal aggrandisement, nor any allurements to hold out but to the sanguinary and unprincipled ambition of military adventurers. It is sickening to be obliged to look again upon such scenes; and to think that this new harvest of calamity and desolation has been prepared by the busy and eager hands of those who are to reap it. France is not misled now by any splendid illusion of liberty or virtue: She invites disorder and despotism with her eyes open; and openly proclaims war against the independence of her neighbours, without any other pretext than the gratification of her own inordinate vanity and ambition.—Such things make one despair of the fortunes of mankind—and doubt whether the species be worthy of any thing better than the servitude to which it seems destined.

If we in this country could remain mere spectators of the tragic scenes that seem to be opening around us, we might shudder at their atrocities in comparative comfort. But, alas! we are destined, as usual, to be the first in the contest, and the last that get out of it. We shall have our property-tax reenacted, and our trade once more ruined;—we shall have loans and expeditions, and bloody and barren victories—and boastings and discontents—and new uniforms and issues of depreciated paper. We shall alienate Ireland by our intolerance, and provoke America by our insolence;—and truckle to both when it is too late to serve our purpose. We shall subsidize and be betrayed—and coalesce and be deserted;—lose character by pursuing objects of our own, and be cheated out of our fair share of the advantages we have contributed to gain;—till, after four or five years war, if we should be able to stand it so long, we shall have contracted two hundred millions of new debt, and shall find it absolutely impossible to go on.

This is a desponding view, it may be said, of our situation and our prospects;—and accidents, no doubt, may occur, to

Digitized by Google

make them better. But if Bonaparte is called to the empire of France by the voice of the nation, and if our affairs are to be managed as they have been managed for the greatest part of the last twenty years, we do think it is the natural and almost the inevitable result of the position in which we are placed. Who can rely again on such a coalition as that which dictated the peace of Paris? or who could expect even from it, the same triumphant result with which an extraordinary combination of circumstances then rewarded its efforts? The armies of France have been recruited since that extraordinary campaign, by the return of innumerable veterans from the prisons of Russia and England; while the resources of the hostile powers have been exhausted by the long struggle in which they prevailed. Their injustice to Poland, to Saxony, to Genoa, have planted the seeds of weakness and revenge in the vital parts of the system; and probably laid the foundations of a deeper and more fatal disunion. Who will answer for Austria, between her jealousy of Russia and Prussia, and her family connexion with Napoleon? What reliance can now be placed on the Crown Prince of Sweden, or on those who remember the burning of Copenhagen? Will the love of Ferdinand again rouze the Spanish people to arms—or the hopes of liberty animate the republicans of Holland to contend for their new monarch? Finally, will any man say that we can afford to pay twenty millions of additional taxes,—or that we can go on many years in active hostility against such a foe, without being called on to pay them?

All this may be a vain alarm: But we do not flatter ourselves that it is so. We know nothing, to be sure, as yet, but that Bonaparte has entered Lyons; and that the brother of Louis XVIII. has retired before him, apparently without firing a shot. This we think, however, is enough; and we see no reason now to expect that any effectual stand will be made for the Bourbons in any part of France. The return of Bonaparte to the sovereignty, however—his restoration by the unanimous act of the army,—must be the signal for general war; and, with our present temper, and our present rulers, it is impossible that we should fail to be the first and the most rancorous of those who engage in it. To the consequences of such a war we confess we cannot look forward without consternation and anguish. Nor do we see how we can be relieved, except by the death of Bonaparte, or by the still more unlikely event of our adopting a wise, cautious, and temperate policy, in this new crisis of the civilized world.

Digitized by Google

ART. VIII. *The Paradise of Coquettes: A Poem, in Nine Parts.* 8vo. pp. 256. London, 1814.

WE have here a little volume, which may be fairly regarded as a prodigy in this age of quarto ballads, romances, heroics, and sentimental simplicity. It is by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely-balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice—deficient, indeed, in the strong sense and compressed reasoning by which he is sometimes distinguished, and a great deal too long for a work without incident or passion—but possessing all the brightness and elegance and vivacity of his lighter and more exquisite productions—and almost entitled, if it were not for its injudicious diffuseness and the defect of its machinery, to take its place by the side of the Rape of the Lock. It is a poem, unfortunately, of not less than three thousand verses—a complete drawing-room Epic in short, but pruned and polished with the most laborious nicety, and scarcely presenting, we will venture to say, in the course of nine books, as many flagrant violations of euphony and the rules of harmonious cadence. The poem is ushered in by a preface, extending to sixty pages—the greatest part of which are taken up in an endeavour to account for that peculiar fashion of our present poetical taste which our author finds so uncongenial with the plan and execution of his work. For this purpose, he has recourse to a very subtle theory, which, as sometimes happens with this mode of demonstration, is no less ingenious than unsatisfactory.

He thinks he has discovered, that 'the fashion of our poetic taste and the fashion of our general manners, exhibit, at present, a contrast which the philosophic observer of the varieties of human judgment and caprice cannot fail to remark. If an estimate of our national character were to be formed in our drawingrooms, and in those places of promiscuous resort which are still even a little more public than the most crowded of our private saloons, we should unquestionably,' he says, 'be considered as a *people of the gay*—or at least, since our efforts to be gay are not always very happy, as a people of determined lovers of gaiety. But if it were on the prevailing poetry of the time that the estimate were to be founded, there can be little doubt that we should be characterized as a far more serious generation than the gentlemen in buckram, and the ladies in hoops and stomachers, who preceded us at the distance of more than a century.' p. xi. Pref.

Now, we must confess, that this obvious contrast of our poetry and our manners, had entirely escaped our notice—and that even after his confident assertion had a little staggered our conviction—and we had begun to suspect that we might have over-

Digitized by Google

looked what all the world besides had acknowledged, we have not been able to recognize the truth of his representation. We will not deny that seriousness, or rather powerful emotion is a predominant characteristic of the popular poetry of the present day—but we are so far from admitting that gaiety is the peculiar distinction of modern English society, that we should not hesitate to give it quite an opposite character—and to maintain, that now, as well as in former times, a plain and palpable analogy may be discovered between the character of manners and society, and the peculiarities of poetic taste, and that their reciprocal influence might be traced in a manner somewhat more intelligible than our author's hypothesis, that they operate on each other by contraries, and that the more gay and brilliant our conversation is, the more solemn our poetry is likely to become.

It would certainly require a good deal of argument to convince us that the poetry of a warlike nation would not bear a martial character—that voluptuous manners would not be marked by the poetry of love and wine—or that the traces of dark superstition, or furious enthusiasm, would not be seen in the songs of a race whose character they formed.—On the very same principles, however, we must conclude that the popular poetry of a lively nation will be animated and gay, and that of a morose and austere generation solemn and stately. We really cannot persuade ourselves therefore to adopt the ingenious theory which is here laid before us:—But neither can we admit the assumption in point of fact, on which it is mainly founded. So far from considering our society as distinguished by extraordinary gaiety, we do think that it never was characterized by a more sober, level, and equable tone than it exhibits in the present times. An age of refinement, indeed, and of great attainments in luxury, will always be distinguished rather by a fastidious sobriety, than an exuberant gaiety of tone: and our very advancements in politeness, have an undeniable tendency to repress all that extravagance of mirth, or indulgence of humour, which, at an earlier period, give a more variegated and amusing aspect to society. The end of our refinements, in short, has been to disabuse us of many mistakes, and cure us of many affectations—to make smart talking and pretensions to wit and vivacity rather vulgar accomplishments, and to restore our original English taste for honest, manly good sense, and something of a cold and contemptuous severity of judgment. Artificial spirits, and mere frivolous glitter, we believe, were never so little in request among us. Aristocratic distinctions too, have been robbed of much of their importance, by the growing claims of opulence and respectability;—and talents can no longer command general admiration,

Digitized by Google

but by their union with some degree of integrity and moral worth. Even the eccentricities of real genius are now looked upon with a very jealous eye; and the admiration it calls forth, seldom extends so far as to overlook these disagreeable accompaniments.

Now, the great characteristic of such a state of society is an excessive intolerance of every thing that does not harmonize with the prescribed canons of etiquette and decorum, or notably exceeds the average rate of spirits or understanding which every one is supposed capable of reaching. Every exuberance of humour or gaiety is, therefore, instantly repressed by the fear of transgressing these bounds, and becoming the object of ridicule, or the means of mortification. Wit is cramped,—satire is moderated,—the pruriency of imagination restrained;—and every thing flattened down to a smooth surface of *bienseance*;—till society, according to Sterne's simile, comes to resemble nothing so much as a worn-out coin, uniformly shining and polished, but without legend or superscription, or any prominency to hurt or to distinguish.

That our author should have fallen into the mistake of applying the epithet *grave* to 'the gentlemen in buckram, and the ladies in hoops and stomachers, who preceded us at the distance of more than a century,' is no less extraordinary than the inaccuracy of his observations on the character of their great-grandchildren. Nothing, indeed, can be more undefined than the period to which he alludes. But we cannot think either the reign of Charles II., or of Queen Anne,—the ages of Rochester and Bolingbroke,—of Congreve, Dryden, and Prior,—very justly represented as the age of formality and decorum. The author maintains indeed, that these were the manners of courtiers only; and that the body of the people was as solemn and serious as he has represented them. In this question, however, we have nothing to do but with that part of the people that read poetry; and we conceive it to be plain, that the generation which neglected Milton, and extolled Congreve and Wycherly, could not be a very grave generation. Let us hear the author's own defence, however—in which there are more things hazarded than we have yet noticed.

'When, however,' he observes, 'education in its fullest intellectual sense, of all that is useful and elegant in art and science, is widely diffused, and the light graces of conversation are no longer confined to courts, and the frequenters of courts, there is no longer the same object of ambition in the happy artificial semblance of them, since little would be gained by appearing to be what such multitudes are. In these circumstances, therefore, the poet, as eager as before to be prominently conspicuous, is very naturally led to as-

Digitized by Google

sume a different character. The *gay* and *brilliant* are no longer the colours of a higher region in which it seems glorious to him to glitter;—they are only the common element in which all around him appear to move. He *must* be distinguished; and he feels that he is then most distinguished from the lively talkers of prose around him, when his poetry is marked by solemnity of subject, and stateliness of emphasis. It is a natural prejudice to suppose, that a work of art so elaborate, must be essentially opposite to what is familiar, and seemingly spontaneous;—and the more generally brilliant conversation may be, the more solemn, therefore, I conceive, in such a case, is poetry likely to become.' Pref. p. viii.

Now, without speaking of the absurdity of considering poetry, at any period, as the 'artificial semblance' of the 'graces of conversation,' or the inaccuracy of supposing that 'a work of elaborate art must be essentially opposite to what is familiar and seemingly spontaneous;' we can by no means agree with him in conjecturing, that the poets of this or of any other period are indebted for their 'conspicuousness' to any such profound speculation on the prevailing temper and habits of the times in which they live; and still less that, even if they were, they would have come to the subtle conclusion, that the doses they administered, must, in order to be palatable, be all antidotes and alteratives to prevailing tastes, and must carefully be kept clear of any assimilation in character or complexion. This mode of courting favour by opposition, is not, we conceive, the most likely to be successful; and we are surprised to hear our author recommending it, considering how sensible he appears to be, in another part of his Preface, of the misfortune of his own composition not harmonizing with prevailing taste, and the pains he takes to apologize for its singularity.

After some farther observations, he proceeds to divide modern poetry into two classes, the 'ballad style,' and the 'serious descriptive;' but when he goes on to consider the ballad style as the most popular, in this almost exclusive reign of the graver muses, he surely forgets that he has just before made the poet of the present day find it necessary to distinguish himself by 'solemnity of subject,' and 'stateliness of emphasis;' neither of which are certainly the distinguishing features of this most popular style of modern poetry. He adds, however, some very sensible remarks on the dangers of this sort of writing.

'The great and certain evil of the style, is the facility of passing current imperfections, which, in any other species of composition, the poet would be under the necessity of correcting. How many harsh or feeble lines,—how many discordant images are admitted by him, because he remembers the Norfolk Tragedy, or Chevy Chase, and relies on the remembrance of them by his readers. The most useful of all lessons which a poet or a writer of any kind can

Digitized by Google

receive, are those which he derives from his own mind during the process of steadily correcting what is imperfect. Every fault which is thus removed, prevents many faults of future composition; and he who too readily allows a blemish to remain in the confidence of its being overlooked, is not merely deprived of the benefit of this salutary self-correction, but will learn to become gradually more and more self-indulgent. It is not in the exorcism of vices of style, as in exorcism of a different kind, in which the banishment of a single devil might be the introduction of many worse. But if one fault of which an author is conscious is suffered to retain its place, a whole legion will soon be there, and the end of that man will be worse than the beginning;—his works will be less esteemed, because they will truly be less worthy of esteem.' Pref. p. xxii.

There are also some very good remarks on the class of modern poetry, which our author designates by the title of the 'Serious Descriptive,' and which he appears to think has attained to a degree of excellence which we should perhaps be scarcely disposed to allow: and towards the close of his lucubrations, he comes to say a few words of himself and his undertaking, the success of which he anticipates with considerable misgivings,—arising partly from 'the probable influence of former habits of poetic reading of a different kind,'—and partly also, no doubt, from his diffidence of its intrinsic merits. As his report of his own doings, however, will scarcely be admissible evidence with our readers, we shall venture at once to state what we know of them from our own observation.

The poem being designed for a 'light and playful Epic,' the author has avoided encumbering it with a multitude of agents or events. Indeed, the epopée is singularly simple and uncomplicated, and partakes of few of the prescribed ingredients for that sort of composition; involving no more than two characters, one a woman, and the other one of those equivocal personages called genii:—and on this poor unassisted female devolves the task, certainly not unworthy of a heroine, of sustaining the weight of a long poem of several hundred pages. Our readers' compassion for her Atlantean office may, however, be diminished, when they learn that her avocations are not numerous, nor, to a lady, perhaps extremely disagreeable,—her principal employment consisting in *talking*, and that, too, on a subject on which every lady is eloquent—herself; for our author makes a most copious use of the latter alternative of the old license, 'aut agitur res in scenis aut *acta refertur*:' And accordingly the whole string of sieges, captures, conquests, rivalries, and sacrifices, &c. &c. necessary to the constitution of an Epic, and which, in the more ponderous specimens of the art, have been for the most part 'acta in scenis,' are here despatch-

Digitized by Google

ed, by our author's admirable arrangement, in an easy and colloquial interchange of chit-chat: a mode as much more in harmony with the light ethereal character of his work, as it is praiseworthy for its economy of hands, and for saving an immense deal of superfluous bustle and turmoil inseparable from the presentation of actual events. We must be excused, however, if, without detailing at second hand all that our fluent heroine narrates of herself, we content ourselves with giving some little account of what she does immediately under our inspection; and as this is comparatively little, our relation will be proportionably brief.

The story does not commence till the second division of the poem; the first part being reserved as a *gratus angulus* for the poet, where he indulges, without restraint, the dear delight of expatiating on himself, and on that object which appears to hold the next place in his estimation—woman. The second part discovers to us Zephyra, just returned at day-break from an evening party; mortified at having been eclipsed by the charms of a late-arriving rival; and weighing in her bosom the pleasures of a coquette's life against the endless inquietudes and disappointments with which it is attended. The latter, she finds, vastly preponderate; and just as she has passed a solemn vow of abjuration of coquetry, a person called the Genius of Coquetry descends to support his tottering authority. He pardons his fair vassal's hasty abjuration; and, by dint of flattery, and persuasive blandishments, wins her back to her pristine allegiance. With true feminine curiosity, she implores the deity to make use of his omniscient faculties in disclosing to her all the conquests to which her beauties are predestined:—this, however, he denies her, contenting himself with hinting, that they will be such as not to disappoint the most inordinate ambition. He then sets at rest all her apprehensions from rivalry;—and, by ingeniously renewing his addresses to her vanity, and drawing an appalling picture of the constraint and degradation of constant and unvarying love, he raises her disdain for a yoke so ignoble, and binds her more firmly than ever to his service. The conversation is protracted through several parts of the poem, till the genius invests his fair *elève* with the buoyant Cestus of Levity, by means of which they are wafted together through innumerable worlds of air, till they at length set firm foot on the Planet of Paradise. Under the auspices of her communicative attendant, our heroine is initiated into all the arcana of these supernal seats; and to her, as well as our no small surprise, the first objects that greet her eyes on entering these blissful abodes, are Death and her concomitant cohort of maladies, drawn up at the entrance. As she proceeds, her ear is saluted by the distant

Digitized by Google

tinnings of laughter, not joyous, but satyrical and malicious; and, on reference to her intelligent guide, she finds that these sounds issue from the adjacent chambers of Purgatory, where the souls of maculate coquettes undergo a penal purification, previous to their admission to the full glories of Paradise. The genius describes at length the various punishments of the place, which are ingeniously accommodated to the different gradations of guilt in the sufferers.

'Nor short nor slight the sufferance, when the weight
Of frequent Sin provokes unpitying Fate;
But for brief mutiny, in frets begun,
And half forgotten e'er the dance is done,
Wild wanderings, more of fancy than of heart,
As light the treason, light the venging smart.' p. 146.

One slight offender is doomed to burst her hoop in undulating through the mazes of the dance;—another, more guilty, is punished by the uncomplimentary mendacity of her looking-glass, and a constant fatality which mars every effort of the toilet.

'She views her mirror; but how starts her eye
Strange wrinkles on her faded brow to spy!
And, ah, her bloomless cheeks! what dæmon's rage
Has chill'd their blush with sallow tints of age?
Cosmetic succour won a vermeil hue,
All soft she spreads, and lo! the rouge is blue!
In vain she wipes and washes, frets and scrubs,
The horrid azure deepens as she rubs—
She lifts the comb where glossy ringlets stray;
Touch'd by that comb each glossy lock is grey;
But other tresses, twined with graceful skill,
Play round her front—and all is auburn still:
Alas! their lustre by contagion flown,
Those borrowed tresses whiten like her own!
Thus for short sins short hours of penance flow,
But heavier guilt demands more lasting woe.'

Accordingly, another fair damsel, as an appropriate punishment for a fit of obstinate rebellion to the sway of Coquetry, is condemned to an intolerable *tête-à-tête* with one solitary languishing adorer. No wedded pair were ever assorted by the malice of Hymen with a more unhappy discordance of temper. The sentimental swain is not more at a loss to comprehend the light frivolities of Coquetry, than his fair companion to understand the earnest solemnity with which he is affected by a flame that never caused her a moment's uneasiness.

Zephyra is now conducted from these scenes of frightful penance to the blissful bowers; the residence of those happy beings whom a uniformly spotless conduct, or the expiating puri-

Digitized by Google

fications of Purgatory, have raised to the plenitude of ethereal happiness. The charms of the scene increase as she advances. She is struck with the delicious fragrance of the air, and the exquisite beauty of the scenery and its inhabitants. She experiences a nascent sensation of envy, which is however instantly checked, by the consoling recollection of the immortality of her fair rivals in Paradise; and she anticipates with delight—since spiritual existence can thus exalt ordinary charms—the lavish lustre which will hereafter adorn her own. Not so easily can she reconcile herself to the mortifying invisibility with which she has been invested by the Genius, since it prevents her making experiments on the immortal Beaux, with those weapons that she had wielded with so much success on earth. At length, disgusted at being surrounded on all sides with flirtations in which she can take no part, she grows eager to return to the sublunary scene of her conquests; and having taken an affectionate leave of her tutelary genius, the expression of a wish to that effect shifts the scene from Paradise to the ottoman on which she reclined when he first made his appearance, and from which, to her surprise, she finds, from the clock in the saloon, she has only been absent a few minutes. The Cestus having deposited its tender charge, takes its flight majestically through mid air; and our fatigued aëronaut, overpowered with the wonders of the last five minutes, sinks under the influence of Morpheus and Queen Mab, who, after representing some of the scenes of Paradise in a feverish dream, at last sooth her with a purely terrestrial vision, in which she enjoys the satisfaction of seeing the penitent Colonel sighing at her feet, till the entrance of the turbaned Envoy of Morocco inspires her with the noble ambition of becoming the successful rival of his Excellency's seventy wives. These visions are succeeded by a dreamless rest, necessary to renovate her charms for the executions of the following day.

From this sketch, our readers can form a pretty exact estimate of the interest of our author's narrative, which is indeed lamentably barren of invention and variety. Whatever charms his Poem may possess, so little do they arise from the merits of his story, that he might have spared himself all the anxiety he expresses, lest his heroine's prolix conversation with her heavenly Mentor should be considered a needless retardation of the thread of his narrative. We could, indeed, have been contented to dispense with this celestial flirtation as one of the dullest parts of the poem, and in order to reduce it to more reasonable dimensions; but it gave us no offence, as an interruption of a tale, in which it is impossible to take any kind of interest. The story is heavy, stagnant, and tedious—and is strikingly contrasted with the sprightliness of the imagery and versification. Nor

Digitized by Google

is the machinery which he has thought proper to interweave with it, better adapted to the nature of his subject. We are aware that this is one of the most difficult points of contrivance in the arrangement of the lighter Epic,—especially where the scenes on which the supernatural persons are to be introduced, are the usual places of resort for the men and women of our acquaintance. In such a case, the author is not only excluded from the whole Pantheon of antiquity, but many of the more modern mythologies are not less objectionable;—and Oberon, or Merlin, or Veshnoo, or even the dainty little Asmodeus, would look scarcely less awkward, and out of place, in visiting a young lady's boudoir in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, than Jupiter or Minerva themselves. Our author has not extricated himself gracefully from this dilemma of his own creation; and we are surprised that a person of his ingenuity should have submitted to invoke the ministry of one of those vulgar full-grown genii, whom we had thought long since banished to the programmes of Pantomimes. Nothing can be more out of keeping with the character of the Poem, or more injudiciously formed for the Mercurial nature of his office, than the huge corporeal personage whom our author introduces, flapping and floundering about in air at the foot of his heroine's couch. Not all the showy accompaniments of 'gay laughs,' and 'sweet melodies,'—nor even his own sparkling eyes 'flinging dews of fire,' can for one moment conceal, that he is a sort of being much better calculated to make a young lady ring the alarum bell, or go off in a fit of hysterics, than to inspire her with a familiar confidence, and invite her to an unembarrassed colloquy.—He is very glittering and very splendid, no doubt;—but, like a peacock on the wing, in his motions he is painfully ponderous and unwieldy. The fascination of the little Rosicrucian world, to which our author's great prototype has introduced us, consists in their exquisite airiness, and tiny invisibility. They have none of the appalling attributes of supernatural beings;—they are always present, without being obtrusive;—they have just enough of materiality to afford a speck for the imagination to rest upon;—they duck and dive in air, and gambol in the sun, and appear to trifle with our perception. From their plastic nature, they are docile and easily manageable;—they require no pompous ceremonials,—no spheric melodies,—no mysterious omens,—no clouds of incense, to usher in their unpretending presence;—they whisk and flit about, and insinuate themselves through keyholes and bodkins' eyes, without noise or pomp—and accomplish their various functions with the most unencumbered lubricity. But our author has introduced, for the volatile task of taking a trip to the

Digitized by Google

ethereal realms with a young lady, a sort of heavy-dragoon genius, ushered in with as many old-fashioned portents as might have satisfied the most punctilious deity in Olympus.

In the whole arrangement of his fable, indeed, and in every thing where invention and composition are required, he is by no means so successful as when he is expatiating unrestricted in his chosen character of the 'Poet of Woman.' Here he is always at home—always lively and entertaining. There is scarcely a corner in that small but infinitely diversified mansion—the female bosom, which he does not appear to have explored; and most of them he lays open with the wicked particularity of a spy who has slily crept into the garrison, and treacherously recommends himself by displaying its weaknesses to the enemy. There is no malice, however, we can assure them, in any of his revelations: and though he does now and then drag to light a few latent littlenesses and pretty inconsistencies, he touches them lightly and playfully, and seems to find a certain grace and loveliness even in these little aberrations, while he is so anxious to retire with their good opinion, that he reserves the last division of his poem entirely for their praise, as if to make the *amende honorable* for all the little railleries of his preceding pages.

We must now hasten, however, to give our author an opportunity of recommending himself in his own language; and our extracts shall begin with part of the Coquette's repining soliloquy after the unpropitious ball.

'How did I hope to vex a thousand eyes!
Oh glorious malice, dearer than the prize!
Yet well was taught my brow that pride serene,
Which looks no triumph where no doubt had been;
That easy scorn, all tranquil as before,
Which speaks no insult, and insults the more;
And with calm air, the surest to torment,
Steals angry Spite's last torment, to resent.
Why was the triumph given? Too flattering joy!
Frail hour which one frail minute could destroy!
He came—oh Hope! he hasten'd to my seat;
I saw, and almost dream'd him at my feet,
Close by my side a gay attendant slave;
The glance, which thousands sought, to none he gave;
Scarce bow'd to nodding bevies when we walk'd,
Smil'd when I smil'd, and talk'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd;
Held my light fan with more than woman's grace,
And shook the tiny zephyr o'er my face:
Why did I heedless trust the flattering sign,
As if no fan he e'er had broke but mine!
Ah simple fool—yet wherefore nurse the smart?
The bauble he may break, but not my heart.' p. 40.

Digitized by Google

She goes on in a tone of bitter mortification at her rival's success.

'When to the supper-hall we moved along,
Why was I doom'd to face her in the throng!
With what provoking kindness did she stand,
And loose her arm from his to press my hand,
And beg with well feign'd sympathy to know,
Of headaches which I felt three months ago.
I smil'd, with looks that all my soul convey'd;
Oh had they but the power which bards have said!
What tho', as if unweeting of my shame,
The little Marquis all obsequious came,
Mid giants venturous gave his arm to guide,
Less by the head, and rear'd him by my side;
With brilliant finger made to be ador'd,
And gallant thumb that daring cross'd the board,
The ice and jelly graceful gave to sip,
Eternal nothings dimpling from his lip.
Till then I knew not fops could have oppress'd,
Nor felt how hard to laugh without a jest.' p. 44.

'Grave flattering fools have sworn she has a mind,
And doat on wonders which they never find.
But sure the Colonel could not so be caught,
He woos no lessons but where love is taught.
If some smart thing from Flavia fall by chance,
Who sees not half the point is in her glance?
And tho' her apothegm be light as air,
Red are her lips, and oh what wisdom there!
Who but must laugh when round her pedants sit?
Can cheek so blooming need the aid of wit?
Ah happy toilet, where, with equal grace,
She lays the colours on her mind and face;
Sees brighter reason in each blush arise,
And learns to *look* most beautifully wise.' p. 56.

There is a delicate and sober purity in the following contrasted picture.

'How happier she, who in Love's tranquil bower,
Clasps the sweet prize of conquest, not the power;
Who while one gaze her charms to all prefers,
And one warm heart returns the warmth of hers,
Heeds not tho' crowds to half her beauty chill,
Should deem some flirt of fashion fairer still;
Who the light chain by wedded dames abhorr'd,
Which many a year has bound her to her lord,
Wears like some bridal ornament of state,
Nor thinks a husband is a name of hate,
But hails his calmest smile, and still can hear
His sober gallantries with glowing ear.' p. 54.

Digitized by Google

'Her not the toilet's endless fret can teaze,
Who pleases one, and seeks but one to please;
She, if her happy Lord but gaze with pride,
Wears what he loves, and thinks no gem denied;
And if, compliant with his wish, she roam
To the gay tumults which endear her home,
Mid brighter fashions, and that pomp of waste,
Which glittering fools misname, and call it—Taste.
Tho' not a jewel her simple hair have crown'd,
While lavish diamonds fling their beams around,
Can smile serene, nor feel one envy burn,
And sleep without a sigh on her return.' p. 56.

The sweet content and placid repose which breathes throughout this description, are proofs that our author knows how to appreciate all that is most valuable in the fair objects of his devotion—notwithstanding the obsequious flattery by which he occasionally proves himself almost equally an admirer of their vanities and frivolities.—We will give the conclusion of it, which is very spirited.

'She, if her charms, or chance, around her bring
Half the gay triflers of the crowded ring,
Now soft with one, and now with one all gay,
As the free tones of careless converse play,
Can share the Captain's laugh, nor fear the while
Lest angry Generals frown at every smile;
Ah, not like her who, half afraid, half bold,
Proud of new slaves, yet loath to lose the old,
When cruel fortune gathers round her throne
Whom singly she had seem'd to love alone,
Must anxious manage every look and speech,
And deal the cautious tenderness to each.
Yes, ye tir'd band, whom never respite saves;
Ye slaves, still toiling 'mid your train of slaves!
Yes, there are joys even vanity above—
Ambition, conquest, what are ye to love!' p. 57.

The Third Canto begins in an ambiguous tone, somewhat between raillery and apology, for the 'guileless changefulness' of woman.

'Ye watchful sprites, who make e'en man your care,
And sure more gladly hover o'er the fair,
Who grave on adamant all changeless things,
The smiles of courtiers and the frowns of kings!
Say to what softer texture ye impart
The quick resolves of woman's trusting heart;
Joys of a moment, wishes of an hour,
The short eternity of Passion's power.

Digitized by Google

Breath'd in vain oaths that pledge with generous zeal
E'en more of fondness than they e'er shall feel,
Light fleeting vows that never reach above,
And all the guileless changefulness of love!
Is summer's leaf the record? Does it last
Till withering autumn blot it with his blast?
Or frailer still to fade e'er oceans ebb,
Grav'd on some filmy insect's thinnest web,
Some day-fly's wing that dies and ne'er has slept,
Lives the light vow scarce longer than 'tis kept?
Ah! call not perfidy her fickle choice!
Ah! find not falsehood in an angel's voice!
True to one word, and constant to one aim,
Let man's hard soul be stubborn as his frame;
But leave sweet woman's form and mind at will,
To bend and vary, and be graceful still.

In his description of Death, who, as we have before observed, by a singular incongruity, is the first person we meet in Paradise, our author has deviated with considerable ingenuity from the prescribed features and insignia with which she has been generally represented.

'No spectre gaunt she saw of bones entwin'd,
With scythe wide-brandish'd as to sweep mankind,
But a plump dame of pamper'd aspect sly,
With fiendlike, scowling merriment of eye:
One hand an icy needle arm'd, whose blow
Numbs at a touch the quivering heart below,
Yet wrought so finely that no eye can trace,
By gore or scar, the puncture's deadly place:
Loose from her other hand a pencil hung,
A feller weapon to the fair and young,
Light films to brush from budding cheeks their bloom,
And print strange livid hues of ghastly gloom;
Then while in stony coldness dimly glare,
Eyes that once sparkled bliss, or frown'd despair,
She sits and gazes with joy—wrinkled brow,
And laughs to think what vows has beauty now.' p. 140.

'Couch'd at the Dame's proud seat on either hand,
Grim Maladies reclined, a ghastly band,
Vain mimics of her power.—To speed the waste,
Before her desolating track they haste,
But short and faint the passing wounds they deal,
Till the cold bosom own her mightier steel;
Each o'er the frame with dews of venom'd gall,
Breathes different taints, but dire to Beauty all.
One with foul blotches clouds the limpid face,
And delves a little grave for every grace.

Digitized by Google

Another, where the rose's blush was seen,
Bids sickly yellow fade in sicklier green,
From the soft form that swam upon the sight
Full circling, yet like floating fairies light.
One the sweet roundness steals—nor lighter grown,
More heavy seems the flat cold length of bone.
Another, foe to frolic charms that trance
With graceful airs the circle or the dance,
Bloats in huge amplitude the shoulder slim,
And gives the body's bulk to every limb;
Belles sneer remembering—gentler beaux, sedate,
The present view, and leave the past to fate.' p. 143.

In the following simile, the author has treated a very trite subject with considerable delicacy and elegance.

'So when, serene, the noon-tide radiance glows
On some calm bank, which rocks and woods inclose;
Where long embowered in gloom, the sunny rill
Glad sparkling in the beam, though bright is chill,
On that warm sod, uncross'd by wanderer's path,
Some youthful blushing sweetness dares the bath;
Half-bold, half trembling, her last vesture thrown,
Safe from all view, yet shrinking from her own;
Even in the flood, as if one veil to save,
With hurrying haste she stoops beneath the wave,
Then seeks the slopy turf—and bends all bright,
Her dark locks glistening o'er her neck of light:
With what sweet glow the renovating beam
Repays the shivering chillness of the stream!
Life owns, in every pulse, the freshening power,
And one short shudder warms through many an hour.' p. 202.

Amongst other charms of the fair sex, he has not forgotten that sovereign endowment, in which the consent of all ages has allowed them unquestioned superiority.

'Yes, Woman, yes!—Though in his pompous school
Man proud may learn to think and talk by rule,
There is the native eloquence, whose grace
Flows true to every hour and every place—
That with a swain familiar can recal
Scenes, persons, things, and spread delight on all,
Or find, as fluent, if unknown the youth,
In mutual ignorance, gay stores of truth:
No theme thou need'st accordant thoughts to strike,
On something, nothing, all things sage alike;
Enough to wake thy eloquence and lore,
Ears that can list, and eyes that can adore.' p. 118.

These impartial specimens, which we have taken at random from the book, and our detailed account of its contents, have left us little to add on the subject of its general merit. We

Digitized by Google

cannot help remarking, however, that the general tone of the style is a happy imitation of that graceful feminine fluency which the author so vehemently admires, and, as is the case with most voluble persons, it is not always by the importance of his theme that he measures his allowance of eloquence. Indeed, we have seldom seen an instance of any one, who, with so limited a store of thought as he is sometimes satisfied with, possessed so eminently the faculty of making the most of what he has—of clothing soft nothings in an imposing dress, excellently contrived to conceal their inward poverty. His subject, we are aware, is not such as to demand an eloquence very severely fraught with thought; and we are rather inclined to agree with him, that in treating such a subject, a 'gay and soft diffuseness' of style is occasionally rather a grace than a blemish. Sometimes, however, the fine-drawn ductility of his genius is carried rather too far; and, by melting down materials which would have respectably filled one couplet of sterling weight into half a dozen, he occasionally cloys us with a sweet sameness and harmonious insipidity. We think, however, that the author has generally succeeded in his confessed object, in which he follows the great masters of the Epic, of assimilating his style in a kind of imitative harmony to the subject he undertakes to celebrate; and as his verse frequently conveys a 'faithful semblance of the sprightliness' of Beauty, and 'of the infinite care with which she brings forward her graces' to the field of conquest, so it not unfrequently flows with a kind of 'gentle languor,' as bewitching as the same feature in the smiles of a coquette, and certainly equally likely to be communicated to those who witness it.

We must now, however, take leave of this Paradise—and we do it with gratitude and regret. There is some feebleness, and some affectation;—but a great deal of cleverness, of elegance, and of beauty: and the poem would be worthy of all the notice we have given it, if it were only to be considered as a specimen of what may be effected by the steady application of good taste, patient retouching, and laborious correction. If the author has not the elevated genius necessary to soar in the higher flights of poetry, he possesses light fancy and playful wit in considerable abundance;—his satire is polished and yet pungent—and he has a very considerable power of arresting the light irregular shades which diversify human disposition. His versification, in particular, is almost invariably flowing and harmonious, and abundantly embellished with all the light graces, and artificial elegancies, of the school of poetry which he evidently and successfully imitates. His model is incontestably Pope;—but he imitates occasionally the manner of most intervening poets, from

Digitized by Google

Goldsmith at least, to Campbell and Crabbe;—the last of whom he chooses to mimic in such lines as the following—

'Which, if not fear, was what the fearful feel.' p. 96.

and,

'Knave-sending boroughs, and the knaves they send.' p. 97.

Of himself or his quality we profess to know nothing, and have really no conjectures to offer. It is rather extraordinary, that this brazen age should produce so much anonymous genius. The coming on of time, we suppose, will solve all our difficulties;—but this author, we think, may drop his mask when he pleases, and place his name, whenever he chooses to disclose it, among the few classical writers of this scribbling generation.

ART. IX. *Travels to the Source of the Missouri River, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean; performed by Order of the Government of the United States, in the Years* 1804, 1805, 1806. By Captains LEWIS and CLARKE. Published from the Official Report. Longman & Co. London, 1814.

On the annexation of Louisiana to the United States, the government of that country naturally turned its attention to obtain an accurate knowledge of the new territory, as a necessary foundation of whatever improvement, political or commercial, it might be thought expedient to undertake. Of the expeditions hitherto directed to this object, the most important is that which was entrusted to the command of Captains LEWIS and CLARKE, with instructions, after exploring the Missouri, from its confluence with the Mississippi to its source, to proceed across the mountains to the first navigable river on the western side which they should be able to follow down to the ocean. This voyage began in May 1804, and was terminated by the return to the place of embarkation in September 1806; the distance travelled over, being, in all, about 9000 miles.

In order to form a general notion of the portion of the American Continent traversed in this expedition, we must conceive, that from the junction of the rivers just named, a great tract of land comparatively low, extends from about the 38th degree of north latitude, in some places as far as the 50th, and from longitude 90°, to between 107° and 112° west; and that nearly the whole of this is drained by the great system of rivers of which the Missouri is the main trunk. This tract, though without any high

Digitized by Google

mountains, and having generally the appearance of an alluvial country, ascends with a considerable acclivity to the west, where it becomes the base from which rises the chain of the Rocky or Stony mountains, dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the Pacific ocean, and being a part of the enormous bulwark which overlooks the latter, from the Straits of Magellan almost to the Polar circle. This chain, reckoning right across, from the defile through which the waters of the Missouri descend toward the east, to the plains which extend westward to the Pacific, is of the breadth of 240 miles. The breadth of the plains is not less than 500.

The expedition at first consisted of 45 persons, including the two commanders, all well calculated, as the sequel shows, for the service in which they were engaged. They embarked in three boats, one of them 55 feet long, half decked; the other two open; and they sailed from a point near the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, in the latitude of 38° 55′ north. The account of the expedition is given in the form of a Journal, very minute, circumstantial, and unadorned, with every mark of being entitled to perfect confidence. It is, however, often heavy and uninteresting, though it contains also much curious and valuable information concerning a tract of the earth that possesses many singularities. Instead of regularly following this Journal, we shall confine ourselves to some of the more general views which it affords, whether of the country or its inhabitants; with a few of such details as appear to us most interesting.

The thing that first presents itself, is the peculiar character of the Missouri. At the place where they embarked, the breadth of the river is about 875 yards, or nearly half a mile: the current flows with great rapidity, and brings with it an incredible quantity of rolling sand, forming here and there sand-bars, extremely moveable and dangerous to those who navigate the river. The bottom is also full of logs, and the river carries with it great quantities of drift wood. The banks, too, being undermined by the river, are continually falling in; and the bed, of course, perpetually changing.

A vast number of large rivers join the Missouri from the south and west. One of the greatest of these is the Platta, or Platte, which, rising in the great chain of the Rocky mountains about longitude 112°, runs nearly due east to longitude 97°, where it joins the Missouri. The Platta is 600 yards wide at the junction; but its depth appears not to exceed six feet. Its sources are on the Spanish frontier, and not far distant from those of the Rio del Norte, which traverses the kingdom of New Mexico, and runs into the gulf of Florida. From its rapidity, and

Digitized by Google

the quantity of sand it carries down, it is not navigable to boats, though the Indians pass it in small canoes made of hides.

The vast quantity of sand carried down by the Missouri, and all the rivers that run into it, is a phenomenon of which we believe there is no example on this side of the Atlantic. Such rivers are instruments of the degradation of the land, far more active than any that occur in the regions not subject to great periodical inundations. They are not, however, subject to such inundations; and therefore the quantity of sand they transport, with the constant changes taking place in their beds, must be ascribed to the loose texture of the grounds through which they flow. The great sinuosity of the Missouri, is a fact that must be explained in the same manner. One day, when they stopped to take their meridian observation, they found themselves so near the spot where they had observed the day before, that they sent a man to step the distance over the narrow neck of land which separated the two stations: he stepped 974 yards, and the distance by the river was 18 miles and three quarters. At a place called the Great Bend, or Grand Detour, the winding of the river was still more remarkable: the distance across the neck was 2000 yards, while the circuit by the river was no less than 30 miles. This very remarkable spot is in the latitude of 48 degrees. We doubt if the Meander itself could produce any sinuosity so great.

So very moveable are the sand-bars thrown up by the Missouri, that the party having encamped on one of them for the night, were awaked in the morning by the sentinel on watch, who told them that the ground was sinking; and accordingly, before they could strike their tents, and get into their boats, it had almost entirely disappeared. The Missouri continued to maintain this character at the place where they wintered, which was nearly in latitude 47½°, and at the distance, as they reckoned it, of about 1600 miles from the place where they had embarked.

The velocity of the stream is mentioned at one place, as having been measured by the log, and found a fathom and a quarter, or 7½ feet per second: it is added, that in some places they had found the velocity double of this. A velocity of 7½ feet per second, is nearly 5 miles an hour, which is very far beyond the velocity of the streams with which we are acquainted in this part of the world. In a river, not very deep, obstructed by shoals, and rolling a prodigious quantity of sand along its bottom, such a velocity as even the least of the two just mentioned, argues a very great declivity; so that there is little doubt that our travellers were ascending very fast a-

Digitized by Google

bove the level of the sea; and that when they reached the point at which they wintered, they were in reality in a very elevated situation. It is much to be regretted, however, that they have not informed us more particularly of the velocity and the depth of the river. If they had been careful, now and then, from week to week for instance, to inform us of the average velocity and depth of the river, together with its breadth, even though this last was not correctly given, we should have been able to tell, with very considerable exactness, the general declivity on which the Missouri runs; and, of course, the height above the sea that belongs to any part of its course. For the sake of those who explore unknown countries by the navigation of rivers, we wish it were generally attended to, that the velocity of a river, joined to its section, or its breadth and depth, but especially the latter, affords the means of determining its declivity, and becomes a method of levelling, to which, in the absence of the barometer, recourse may often be had with great advantage. We must also regret, that an expedition of discovery, which seems in most things to have been so well fitted out, and put under the command of men so able to conduct it, should not have had the benefit of the instrument last mentioned.

At a distance from the river, the ground seemed to rise, and to form hills, though of no great height. Now and then rocks appeared close to the river; and strata of sandstone, and, in some places, beds of coal, were discovered. The face of the country was covered with herbage, and the land is generally spoken of as rich. A good deal of wood appeared; but they do not mention trees of any considerable size, nor any great forests, which indeed must be prevented from rising by the numbers of deer, elk, and buffalo, that pasture in these plains. Of the wild fruits that they met with, they hardly mention any but the grape; and this they found often very good, and in great abundance.

The climate of the tract we are now considering, is very various; and the extreme cold experienced during the winter, in a latitude no higher than 47°, cannot be explained on any supposition but that of an extraordinary elevation. The thermometer, at the place of their encampment, was frequently 20° below 0, or 52° below the freezing point. It descended even much lower than this; and the frost set in very early in the season. As an additional proof, that the ground here is very high, it may be observed, that some rivers which run northward to Lake Winnepeg, and from thence into Hudson's Bay, take their rise at no great distance from the northern bank of

Digitized by Google

the Missouri. One, in particular, the Mouse River, is noted in the map as having its source within one mile of it; and, in general, the line which must be accounted the partition of the waters, comes very near to the Missouri for a considerable tract toward the north-east. The severity of the winter may be judged of from the following facts. The 8th of December, the thermometer stood 12° below 0; the wind from the north-west. The air was filled with icy particles, resembling a fog. The snow 6 or 8 inches deep; several of the hunters had their feet frost-bitten. On the 11th, the weather was so intensely cold, that they called in all the hunting parties; the wind north; the thermometer at sun-rise 21° below 0; the ice in the atmosphere so thick as to render the weather hazy, and give the appearance of two suns reflecting one another. December the 12th, the wind still north; the thermometer at sun-rise 38° below 0. Monday the 17th, the thermometer was at sun-rise 45 below 0. Wednesday the 19th, the weather moderated; but the thermometer continued for many days below 0.

The whole of this country, on both sides of the Missouri, is occupied by some scattered tribes of Indians; and notwithstanding the richness of the soil, there is hardly any part of the earth's surface more thinly inhabited. The Sioux Indians consist of 9 tribes, which occupy a vast extent of country; and when the numbers in each are added together, they amount to no more than 2650. This account comprises the men, that is, the fighting men; and may perhaps be multiplied by 4 to give the total number of inhabitants, which, by that computation will amount to 10,600. In other parts of the same tract, the population appears to be more scanty. These men, however, are not entirely hunters; they live in villages; they seem to raise some corn, and many of them are provided with horses. Their numbers appear to be in general on the decline; owing probably to the ravages of the small-pox, and the effects of spirituous liquors, added to the state of almost perpetual warfare in which they live with one another. The game which the country produces, does not seem to be in very great abundance.

The desolation produced by the small-pox, is often increased by the effects which the sight of the destruction caused by that dreadful malady, has on the minds of a rude people. Speaking of a tribe called the Mahas, in latitude 42° 15′, it is said,

'The accounts we have had of the effects of the small-pox on this nation are most distressing: it is not known in which way the disease was first communicated to them, but probably by some war party. They had been a military and powerful people; but when

Digitized by Google

these warriors saw their strength wasting before a malady which they could not resist, their frenzy became extreme; they burned their village, and many of them put to death their wives and children, to save them from so cruel an affliction, and that all might go together to some better country.'

As the object of the present expedition was to reconcile the Indians to the change that had taken place in the government or *usurpation* of the Whites, and to induce them to live in peace, they were always accosted by the American party with great civility and kindness. We have, in consequence of this, an opportunity of seeing more into the interior of their communities than could be expected from the narrative of ordinary travellers. The Indians were often invited to hold a council with the strangers; and he who has studied the character of savages, in the romantic tales where their eloquence and magnanimity are so much celebrated, will be greatly disappointed by the plain statements of a correct narrative. At a conference which Captains Lewis and Clarke held with the tribe of the Sioux Indians, after they were all seated, their grand chief rose up, and addressed them thus.—

'I see before me my great father's (the president's) two sons. You see me and the rest of our chiefs and warriors. We are very poor, we have neither powder nor balls, nor knives; and our women and children have no clothes. I wish that as my brothers have given me a flag and a medal, (which had been presented him), they would give something to those poor people. I will bring the chiefs of the Pawnaws and Mahas together and make peace between them; but it is better that I should do it than my great father's sons, for they will listen to me more readily. I went formerly to the English, and they gave me a medal and some clothes; when I went to the Spanish, they gave me a medal but nothing to keep it from my skin; but now you give me a medal and clothes. Still we are poor; and I wish, brothers, you would give us something for our squaws.' When he had done, another chief, Mahtoree, that is, White Crane, rose: 'I have listened,' said he, 'to our father's words, and I am to day glad to see how you have dressed our old chief; I am a young man, and do not wish to talk much; my fathers have made me a chief: I had much sense before, but now I think I have more than ever. What the old chief has declared I will confirm; but I wish that you would take pity on us, for we are very poor.'

Such language as this is very unlike the independence which we are so apt to suppose an essential ingredient in the character of a savage. Indeed the complaints of poverty, and the supplicating tone which we find here, could only belong to savages who had been corrupted by their intercourse with civilized nations.

Digitized by Google

The undisguised vanity of the *White Crane* is the only genuine trait of savage character which this conference presents us with.

The names of the chiefs look best in their original form, for when translated, and they seem to be all significant, they do not always add to our respect for the persons. Carkapaha, for example, the name of a warrior, is Crow's-head; Nenasawa, is Black-cat; Sananona, Iron-eyes; Neswanja, Big-ox, &c.

One of the Indian nations which they met in the course of the first summer, the Ricaras, made use of no spirituous liquors of any kind, and refused to taste any when offered them. The Ricaras, of which they saw three villages, containing in all about 450 men, are tall and well proportioned, the women handsome and lively, though to them, as among other savages, falls all the drudgery of the field, and all the labour of procuring subsistence, except by hunting. These people are poor, but kind and generous; and, although they receive thankfully what is given them, do not beg like the Sioux. The women are handsomer than those of the former nation, but, like them, are disposed to be liberal of their favours, and not to permit their lovers to suffer from disappointment. It is curious indeed to observe, how much the point of honour in this respect is reversed among all the savage tribes which our travellers have described. That a wife or a sister should grant any favour to a stranger without the consent of her husband or brother, is a cause of offence, and is considered as a great disgrace. On the other hand, the consent of the husband or brother is not difficult to be obtained, and they are even gratified by having an opportunity of granting it. A black servant, belonging to the American party, produced at first great astonishment among people who saw a man of that colour for the first time. He soon, however, came to be very much in the good graces of the women, and with this the husbands, instead of being jealous, appeared to be highly gratified. In many respects, the Ricaras were the gentlest and most amiable tribe of Indians which our travellers had yet met with. One day a Ricara chief who had made them a visit was present when, conformably to the sentence of a court-martial, corporal punishment was inflicted on one of the soldiers. The sight affected him very much, and he cried all the time of the punishment. 'We explained the offence, and the reasons for what was done; he acknowledged that examples were necessary, and that he himself had given them, by punishing with death; but his nation never whipt even children from their birth.' The civilized nations of the world may be ashamed to

Digitized by Google

think how much they stand in need of the lesson which the feeling and good sense of this poor savage are calculated to afford them.

The Mandans are a nation on the banks of the river, and higher up than the Ricaras. They believe in one Great Spirit presiding over their destinies; and associated, in their mind, with the healing art; Great Spirit being synonimous with Great Medicine, the name which they apply, in general, to every thing they do not understand. Every individual selects for himself the particular object of his devotion, which is termed *his Medicine*, and is either some invisible being, or more commonly some animal, which becomes his protector and his intercessor with the Great Spirit; and to propitiate him, every endeavour is used, and every consideration sacrificed. 'I was lately owner of seventeen horses,' said a Mandan to us one day, 'but I have offered them all up to my *Medicine*, and am now poor.' He had, in reality, taken all his horses into the plain, and turning them loose, had offered them up to his Medicine, and abandoned them for ever. This association of all unknown agency, with the operation of a Medicine, the most sensible example of such agency that had fallen under their observation, is not unnatural; and seems to be general among all the Indian tribes in this part of America. The nations on the western side of the Rocky mountains, though their language was quite different, and their intercourse with the eastern Indians apparently very slight, made use of the same metaphor, and, like some philosophers of the old Continent, were well satisfied when they thought that they had explained a physical fact by help of a figurative expression.

The Mandans believe in a future state; and this belief is connected with the tradition of their origin. The whole nation, they say, resided in one large village under ground, near a subterraneous lake; a vine extended its roots from the surface down to the habitation, and gave them a view of the light. Some of the most adventurous climbed up the vine, and were delighted with the sight of the earth covered with buffaloes, and rich with every kind of fruit. Returning with the grapes they had gathered, their countrymen were so pleased with the taste of them, that the whole nation resolved to leave their dull residence for the charms of the upper region. Men, women, and children, ascended by means of the vine; but when about half the nation had reached the surface of the earth, a large woman, who was climbing up the vine, broke it with her weight, and shut out the light of the sun from herself and her nation for ever. When the Mandans die, they expect to return to the original seats of

Digitized by Google

their forefathers; the good reaching the ancient village by means of a lake, which the burdens of the sins of the wicked will not permit them to cross.

The American party were in the neighbourhood of the Mandan nation, during the winter already mentioned. At that season the Indians, like the more civilized nations, have recourse to certain festivities to pass away the time. One of these, the Buffalo dance, is the most vile and indecorous amusement which we have any where seen described. As decency did not allow the account to be given in English, it is put into Latin; and though the language is very bad, it cannot be said to be unworthy of the subject.

The Medicine dance, practised also at this season of the year, is less disgusting, but hardly more amusing than the former.

The power which these Indians have of enduring the cold, with very little protection from clothing, is altogether wonderful.

'The 10th of January was a day of extreme cold, the mercury at sun-rise standing in the thermometer at 72° below the freezing point. A young Indian, about 13 years of age, came into the camp early in the morning; his father had sent him in the afternoon to the fort, but he was overtaken by the night, and was obliged to sleep on the snow, with no covering but a pair of antelope skin moccasins (shoes) and leggings, and a buffalo robe. His feet being frozen, we put them in cold water, and gave him every attention in our power. About the same time, an Indian, who had been missing, returned to the fort; and although his dress was very thin, and he had slept on the snow without a fire, he had not suffered the slightest inconvenience. It was very pleasing to see the interest which the situation of these two persons had excited in the village. The boy had been a prisoner, and adopted from charity; yet the distress of the father proved that he felt for him the tenderest affection: the man was a person of no distinction, yet the whole village was full of anxiety for his safety.'

During all this time, the hunting parties of the Indians were continually out, as were also those of the Americans, who, in the power of enduring cold and hardship, seem not to yield very much to the natives of the climate.

After passing the winter months in the small fort which they had erected on the north bank of the river, in the territory of the Mandans, they resumed their voyage on the 7th of April, having despatched their large boat with the party of their men to return, carrying with them some presents for the president, with an account of their proceedings. After this diminution, the party consisted of no more than 32, including the two commanders. The course of the river from this point lies considerably more to the west; from about the great

Digitized by Google

bend, aleady mentioned, to where they now were, their course had been nearly north. After this, it was mostly west; inclining at first towards the north; afterwards west, with a little south, for a great length. The river preserves the same character, decreasing slowly in magnitude, and still flowing through an alluvial country; where there is no very high ground, and where the plains are traversed by the elk, the buffalo, the antelope, &c. The face of the country, soon after they entered on this part of their voyage, is described on both sides of the river, as presenting from the heights the appearance of one fertile unbroken plain; extending itself, as far as the eye could reach, without a tree or a shrub, except in moist situations, or on the steep declivities of hills where they were sheltered from the ravages of fire. The current in this part of the river was less rapid, and the navigation more safe and easy than on the lower part, so that they made from 18 or 20 miles a day. As they advanced, they observed, on the sides of the hills, on the banks of the river, and even on the sand-bars, a white substance, which appeared in considerable quantities on the surface of the ground, and tasted like a mixture of common with glauber salts. Many of the streams which came from the foot of the hills were so impregnated with this substance, that the water was of an unpleasant taste and a purgative quality. They observed also carbonated wood.

As they held on their course, they found the same appearances of salt and coal; also of pumice-stone and a kind of burnt earth. A little farther on, the hills exhibited large, irregular, broken masses of rocks, some of which, although 200 feet above the river, seemed, at some remote period, to have been subject to its influence, and were apparently worn smooth by the agitation of the water. The rocks, as here enumerated, consist of white and grey granite, flint, limestone, freestone, and occasionally broken strata of a black coloured stone like petrified wood, which make good whetstones. The usual appearances of coal and pumice-stone continued, the coal being of a better quality when burned, making a hot and lasting fire, but emitting very little smoke or flame. At a point a little higher up than this, the bed of coal is said to be in some places six feet thick. They saw large herds of deer, elk, buffaloes and antelopes, with wolves hovering round them, and sometimes catching the stragglers. The female buffalo would defend her young as long as she could retreat as fast as the herd, but would not venture to a great distance.

So late as the 27th of April, the ice was still floating in great quantities down the river. They saw also great numbers of

Digitized by Google

buffaloes and some of them partly devoured by wolves. These had either sunk through the ice in the winter, or had been drowned in attempting to cross on the ice. It often happens that on these occasions the shoals of ice move down, carrying along with them the buffaloes, which are then lean and in a weak state. The Indians are very dexterous in attacking the buffalo in this helpless situation, where he could not exert his strength, even if he was ever so much possessed of it. This is a very unlooked for way in which the bodies of animals are carried down rivers, and may be at length buried in their sands. The elephants of the Yenesea and the Lena may have been thus carried down the streams of these great rivers, and deposited in the places where their bones are now found.

The antelope is often mentioned as abounding in the plains on each side of the river. It is described as the swiftest of all quadrupeds, and as seeming to fly rather than to run. This fleet and quicksighted animal, it is said, is generally the victim of its curiosity. When it first sees the hunter, it flies with great velocity; but if he lies down on the ground, and holds up his hat or any thing, the antelope returns on a light trot to look at the object, and will sometimes go and return two or three times, till it approach within reach of the rifle. The wolves, it is said, have learned as well as man, to take advantage of the weakness of this innocent animal; they crouch down; and if the antelope be frightened at first, the wolf repeats the same manœuvre, and they sometimes relieve each other till they decoy it within their reach.

The most formidable animals which they encountered in this voyage, were the white and brown bears. The Indians are very much afraid of them, and never attack them but in parties of six or eight; and even then are often defeated, with the loss of one or more of their number. Though to a skilful rifleman the danger is very much diminished, the bear is still a formidable enemy, as will appear from the following adventure.

'One evening the men in the hindmost of the canoes discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about 300 paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, set out to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within 40 paces of him. Four of them now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The enraged animal sprung up, and run open mouthed at them. As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but, before they could reload, he was so near, that they were obliged

Digitized by Google

to run to the river, and, before they reached it, he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated; and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as each could load. They struck him several times, but they only exasperated him; and he at last pursued two of them so closely, that they jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river. The bear sprang after them; and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot him in the head and killed him. They dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through his body in different directions.' The bear of these regions, therefore, seems no less fierce, and no less tenacious of life, than his brother who lives amid the ice of Greenland.

At another time, Captain Lewis having met a large herd of buffaloe, fired at one, and while he was watching to see him drop, had neglected to reload his rifle, when, looking about, he saw a large brown bear stealing upon him, and already within twenty steps. In this state, he saw there was no safety but in flight. It was an open plain, not a bush nor a tree within 300 yards; the bank of the river sloping, and not more than three feet high. He therefore thought of retreating, at a quick walk, toward the nearest tree; but as soon as he turned, the bear ran at him full speed. It then shot across his mind, that if he ran into the water, to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming, there was still some chance of his life. He therefore turned short, plunged into the river about waist deep, and facing about, presented the point of his espontoon. The bear arrived at the water's edge; but when he saw Captain Lewis in a posture of defence, he seemed frightened, and wheeling round, retreated with as much precipitation as he had advanced. He ran till he reached the woods, looking back now and then as if he expected to be pursued.

It seems a remarkable fact in the history of this country, that even on the side of so large a river, dew is extremely rare. They remark having had a fall of dew in the evening of the 18th of May; the second which they had seen in all the open country through which they had passed. On the 24th of the same month it was so cold, that the water in the kettles froze $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick in the course of a night; the ice appeared all along the margin of the river; and the trees of cotton-wood had lost all their leaves.

They were now approaching to the Rocky Mountains,—those which form the partition between the waters of the east and of the west; and some of the points of this remarkable chain were occasionally in view. The elevation at which they were, was certainly now very considerable. There was no timber on

Digitized by Google

the hills; and only a few scattered trees of cotton-wood, ash, box, alder, and willow, by the water side. They had seen no Indians from the time that they had left the Mandans; though they had occasionally seen huts which had been lately inhabited. The rock of the country seems to be a soft sandstone, intersected by walls of a black rock, which is nothing else than some species of trap, most probably basalt. The scenery was very romantic; and in the midst of it, says the narrative, are vast ranges of walls, which are so singular that they seem the productions of art. They rise perpendicularly from the river, sometimes to the height of 100 feet, varying in thickness from one foot to 12, but equally broad at top and bottom. The stones of which they are formed are black, thick and durable, and are almost invariably regular parallelopipeds of unequal sizes, but equally deep, and laid regularly in ranges over each other like bricks, each covering the interstice of the two on which it rests.

A person who was no mineralogist could not better describe a vertical dike of trap or whinstone, composed of regular columns, disposed horizontally. Such a wall, 100 feet high, and 12 feet broad, must be a very magnificent object, and seems in due proportion to the great scale on which every thing in this country is laid down. The top of this wall must have once been level with the surface; so we may judge from this of the quantity of strata worn away. It is a satisfaction to see the same characters prevailing in the geological structure of countries most remote from one another, and to observe basaltic walls intersecting the strata of the Missouri, just as they cut the Waken of the island of Mull, or the columnar rocks of the Giant's Causeway.

As they approached the mountains, and had got considerably beyond the walls just described, at the meridian nearly of 110°, and the parallel of about 47° 20′, the same almost as that of the station of the Mandans, there was a bifurcation of the river, which threw them into considerable doubt as to which was the true Missouri, and the course which it behoved them to pursue. The northernmost possessed most strongly the characters of that river, and the men seemed all to entertain no doubt that it was the stream which they ought to follow. The commanders of the expedition, however, did not decide, till after they had reconnoitred the country from the higher grounds, and then determined to follow the southern branch. On the 11th of June, Captain Lewis set out on foot with four men, in order to explore this river. They proceeded till the 13th, when finding that the river bore considerably to the south, fearing that they were in an error, they changed their course, and proceeded across the plain. In this direction Captain Lewis had gone

Digitized by Google

about two miles, when his ears were saluted with the agreeable sound of a fall of water; and, as he advanced, a spray, which seemed driven by the high south-west wind, rose above the plain like a column of smoke, and vanished in an instant. Towards this point, he directed his steps; and the noise increasing as he approached, soon became too tremendous, to be mistaken for any thing but the great falls of the Missouri. Having travelled seven miles after first hearing the sound, he reached the falls about 12 o'clock. The hills, as he approached, were difficult of access, and about 200 feet high. Down these, he hurried with impatience; and seating himself on some rocks under the centre of the falls, enjoyed the sublime spectacle of this stupendous cataract, which since the creation had been lavishing its magnificence on the desert.

These falls extend, in all, over a distance of nearly twelve miles; and the medium breadth of the river varies from 300 to 600 yards. The principal fall is near the lower extremity, and is upwards of 80 feet perpendicular. The river is here 300 yards wide, with perpendicular cliffs on each side, not less than 100 feet high. For 90 or 100 yards from the left cliff, the water falls in one smooth, even sheet, over a precipice at least 80 feet high. The remaining part of the river precipitates itself also with great rapidity; but being received as it falls by irregular and projecting rocks, forms a splendid prospect of white foam, 200 yards in length, and 80 in perpendicular elevation. The spray is dissipated in a thousand shapes, flying up in high columns, and collecting into large masses, which the sun adorns with all the colouring of the rainbow. The fall, just described, must be one of the most magnificent and picturesque, that is any where to be found. It has often been disputed, whether a cataract, in which the water falls in one sheet, or where it is dashed irregularly among the rocks, is the finest object. It was reserved for the Missouri to resolve this doubt, by exhibiting both at once in the greatest magnificence.

There is another cascade, of about 47 feet, higher up the river, and the last of all is 26 feet; but the succession of inferior falls, and of rapids of very great declivity, is astonishingly great; so that, from the first to the last, the whole descent of the river is 384 feet. 'Just below the falls,' says Captain Lewis, 'is a little island in the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cotton-wood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to invade which, neither man nor beast could venture across the gulph that surrounds it; while it is farther secured by the mist that rises from the falls. This solitary bird has not escaped the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the

Digitized by Google

falls, which they gave us, and which proves now to be correct in almost every particular, except that they did not do justice to their height.'

The river above the falls is quite unruffled and smooth, with numerous herds of buffaloe feeding on the plains around it. These plains open out on both sides, so that it is not improbable that they mark the bottom of an ancient lake, the outlet of which the river is still in the act of cutting down, and will require many ages to accomplish its work, or to reduce the whole to a moderate and uniform declivity. The eagle may then be dispossessed of his ancient and solitary domain.

From the falls the direction of their course was almost due south, inclining a little to the east. About 60 geographical miles from the falls, the river emerges from the first ridge of the Rocky Mountains, or, as our travellers call them, the Gates of those mountains. This pass is in latitude 46° 46′ 50″. The rocks are said to be a black granite, that is, as we have before interpreted it, of green-stone or basalt.

These rocks approached the river on both sides, so as to form a most sublime and extraordinary spectacle, as for more than five miles they rise perpendicularly from the water's edge nearly to the height of 1200 feet. They are composed of a black granite, *i. e.* green-stone, at the base; but the fragments that have fallen from above are like a flint of a yellowish brown colour. Nothing can be more tremendous than the frowning darkness of these rocks, which project over the river, and seem to threaten you with destruction. The river is 350 yards in width, and appears to have forced its way down this solid mass, which has yielded so reluctantly that for the whole distance the water is deep even to the edges; and, for the first three miles, there is not a spot except one of a few yards, where a man could stand between the water and the rock. 'The convulsion of the passage must have been terrible, says the narrative, since, at the outlet, there are vast columns of the rock torn from the mountain, which are strewed on both sides of the river, the trophies as it were of the victory.' We have here the common explanation of such phenomena, which occurs to men who have not reflected much on the operations of nature, and the agents she employs to perform them. The difficulty of conceiving such vast operations, as the cutting down of a rock 1200 feet in depth, by the action of a stream of water, alarms the imagination; and it is felt as much easier to call in the agency of some unknown power which may produce its effect at once, than to sum up the slow workings of a river that must be extended to many ages. It is to the latter, however, according to all analogy, that the effect is to be attributed; and of this the uniform breadth of

Digitized by Google

the tremendous chasm, for such a depth and such a length, may be considered as the strongest proof. Above the gates, the perpendicular rocks cease, the hills retire from the river, and the valleys suddenly widen to a considerable extent; and here there can be little doubt that we have the remains of a second lake. These were adorned with the narrow-leaved cotton wood, the aspen, and the pine; and the country abounded in game. Considerably beyond this, they came to what are called the forks of the Missouri, where the river seems to divide into three, nearly of the same size, so as to leave it doubtful to which of them the name of the Missouri ought to be applied. They found here, as at many other places, the prickly pear in great abundance, the torment of the traveller, and the ornament of the fields.

The three branches just mentioned, were called by our travellers after three of the most distinguished of the American statesmen. That on the south-west, which was the most considerable, they called the Jefferson; the middle branch, the Maddison; and the eastermost, the Gallatin. Though the height here must have been very great, the heat in the valleys was also considerable. It was now the 28th of July, and they remarked that the thermometer in the afternoon was 90°. The forks are in latitude 45° 24′ 8″. After making observations for the longitude, with which however they have not favoured us, they determined to ascend the Jefferson, as that which was most likely to suit their purpose, of reaching, by the nearest route across the mountains, some of the smaller branches which join the Columbia, and discharge their waters into the Pacific Ocean.

It now became an object to fall in with some of the Indian tribes, inhabiting the mountains to the westward; for it was by their means that they hoped to obtain information concerning the course they must hold, in order to cross the mountains by the shortest and most advantageous route. Captain Lewis accordingly, with Drewyer, one of their most expert and active hunters, and two other men, slinging their knapsacks, set out with the resolution to meet some nation of Indians before they returned, however long they might be separated from the rest of the party. They took the road through the mountains to the westward.

In the mean time, the party in the canoes advanced along the Jefferson, and have marked the length of their voyage by the name they gave to a small island, 3000-*Mile-Island*; such being its distance from the mouth of the Missouri, reckoning by the course of the river. Captain Lewis, and his three companions, had many difficulties and adventures, before they could accomplish their object. They were still upon the banks of a stream, which they knew to be the continuation of the Jeffer-

Digitized by Google

son, or the Missouri, which was now reduced to a breadth, that one could step over. One of the men, says Captain Lewis, 'in a fit of enthusiasm, setting one foot on each side of the stream, thanked God, that he had lived to bestride the Missouri;'—a very natural expression of the sentiment which must be uppermost in the mind of a man, who, for a distance of 3000 miles, had been struggling against the force of the powerful and impetuous river, which was now so completely subdued.—From the foot of a neighbouring mountain, issues the remotest water of the Missouri.

'They had now,' he said, 'reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, and sat by the brink of the little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labours, and all their difficulties. They left this interesting spot with reluctance, and ascended towards the west, till they reached a high ridge, which formed the line of partition between the waters of the Atlantic, and Pacific Oceans.'

They now began to descend towards the west, by a steeper declivity than that which they had ascended. They by and by reached a stream of clear water, running to the west, and stopped to drink for the first time of the waters of the Columbia. In this route, they were pursuing an Indian road; and as they were going along a waving plane, they discovered two women at the distance of about a mile.

'Captain Lewis continued till he was about half a mile from them, then ordered his party to halt; put down his knapsack and rifle, and unfurling a flag which he carried purposely, as an emblem of peace, advanced towards the Indians. The women retreated behind the hill; but the man remained till Captain Lewis came within a hundred yards, when he went off too; though Captain Lewis called out *tabba bone*, (white man), loud enough to be heard by him. He now made a signal to the men, who joined him; and they all followed the track of the Indians, which was along a continuation of the road they had been travelling. They now came in sight suddenly of three female Indians, from whom they were concealed by the inequality of the ground, till they were within 20 paces of them. One of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight; the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, thinking we were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, holding down their heads, as if reconciled to the death which awaited them. Captain Lewis put down his rifle, and advancing towards them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the words *tabba bone*; at the same time stripping up his shirt sleeve to prove he was a white man, for his hands and face, by constant exposure, had become quite as dark as those of an Indian. She appeared relieved

Digitized by Google

from her alarm. The young woman now returned also. Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets; and painted the cheeks of all three with vermilion; a ceremony which is emblematic of peace. He then made them to understand, that he wished to go to their camp, in order to see their chiefs and warriors. They readily agreed to conduct him. They had proceeded about two miles, when they met a troop of nearly 60 warriors, mounted on excellent horses, and riding towards them at full speed. Captain Lewis put down his gun, and went with his flag about 50 paces in advance. The chief who was riding in front of the main body spoke to the woman, who told them that the party consisted of white men; and showed the presents they had received. The chief, and other two men that were with him, immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis, and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder, and applying at the same time their left cheek to his, frequently vociferating *ahhi ahhi*; I am very glad, I am very glad. The whole body of warriors now came up, and our men received their caresses. After this fraternal embrace, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe, and offered it to the Indians, who were now seated in a circle all round. But, before they would receive this mark of friendship, they pulled off their mocasins, or shoes, which, as we afterwards learned, indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions, and imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot for ever if they are faithless to their words;—a penalty by no means light to those who rove over the thorny plains among these mountains.'

After this interview, many incidents occurred, tending to unfold the manners of this tribe of Indians, the Shoshonees, a people remarkably gentle, honest, and sincere, at least in a degree far beyond any of the tribes that we formerly had occasion to mention.

Captain Lewis now endeavoured to prevail on the Indians to accompany him towards the sources of the Missouri, where he expected to meet his companions who waited there, that, by the assistance of the Indians, they might be enabled to transport their baggage across the mountains, till they should fall in with some of the branches of the Columbia, by which they might descend to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Notwithstanding the good temper and honesty of these Indians, he found some difficulty in persuading them to accompany him in this direction; and, even after they had agreed to do so, the caprice natural to savages made them hesitate about performing their promise. He had, however, prevailed on the chief, and a number of the rest, to go with him—when an accident happened, very characteristic of the condition of savage life. Captain Lewis had sent some of his hunters in quest of game, considerably a-head of the

Digitized by Google

party, as both the Indians and his own people were very much in want of food. As he was proceeding with the Indians along the plain on horseback, an Indian, who had been despatched by the chief at the same time that the hunters had been sent out by Captain Lewis, probably with the view of watching the former, was seen riding towards them at full speed. On coming up, he spoke a few words, when the whole troop dashed forward as fast as their horses could carry them. Captain Lewis, astonished at this movement, was borne along for nearly a mile before he learned that all this hurry was occasioned by the spy having announced, that one of the white men had killed a deer. This was the joyful intelligence that had occasioned all this confusion; and when they reached the place where Drewyer had thrown out the intestines, the Indians dismounted in the greatest haste, and ran tumbling over each other like famished dogs. Each tore away whatever part he could, and began instantly to devour it: some had the liver, some the kidneys, and even the parts which we are accustomed to look on with disgust. It was indeed impossible to see these wretched men, ravenously feeding on the filth of animals, and the blood streaming from their mouths, without deploring how nearly the condition of the savage approaches to that of the brute. Yet there is even here a mark of humanity which one is glad to recognize; the more prominent, indeed, for being surrounded by so many circumstances of wretchedness. Though suffering with hunger, Captain Lewis remarks, they did not attempt, as they might have done, to take the whole deer, or any part of it, by force; but contented themselves with what had been thrown away. A sentiment of justice therefore guided the conduct of these savages, even when they seemed the most to assume the character of the wild beast. When the deer was skinned, and after reserving a quarter of it for his own people, he gave the rest to the chief to be divided among the Indians, who immediately devoured it quite raw.

Next day Captain Lewis, with the Indians, met his friends ascending the river in their canoes. A Mandan woman, who followed the party, the wife of Chabouneau, their interpreter, discovered great joy on seeing these Indians, whom she knew to be of her native tribe; and this, as soon as she perceived them, she indicated by sucking her fingers. As they approached one another, a woman from among the Indians made her way through the crowd towards Sacajeawah, when, recognizing each other, they embraced with the most tender affection. The meeting of these two women had in it something peculiarly touching, not only in the ardent manner in which their feelings were expressed, but from real interest in

Digitized by Google

their situation. They had been companions in childhood; and in the war of their tribe with the Minnetarees, they had both been taken prisoners in the same battle. They had shared and softened the rigours of captivity, till one of them had escaped with scarce a hope of ever seeing her friend relieved from the hands of her enemies. This interesting scene was hardly over, when the two parties having met, and being disposed to enter into friendly intercourse with one another, Sacajeawah was sent for into the tent of the chief to act as their interpreter, when instantly, in the person of the chief himself, she recognized her brother: She immediately jumped up, ran and embraced him, throwing her blanket over him, and weeping profusely; the chief himself was moved, though not in the same degree. These are incidents more romantic and sentimental than one would expect to meet with in a camp of savages; and one sees with pleasure, that in no situation is man abandoned by some of the best feelings of his nature. It is, indeed, pleasing to follow the whole transactions between the American travellers, and this gentle and innocent tribe of Indians. The latter testified their extreme surprise with every thing they saw: —The appearance of the men,—their arms,—their clothing,—the canoes,—the strange looks of the negro,—the sagacity of the dog,—all excited their admiration: But what raised their astonishment the most was, a shot from the air-gun. This was instantly considered as a *great medicine*, by which, as we remarked before, the Indians usually mean something emanating directly from the Great Spirit, or produced by his invisible and incomprehensible agency. Captain Lewis distributed among them a great number of presents, particularly to the chiefs, from which they appeared to receive great satisfaction. They had now reached the extreme navigable point of the Missouri, the latitude of which they determined by observation to be 43° 30′ 2″, and its longitude, as given in the map, about 112° west from London. Their road, in which they were directed by the Indians, lay from this across the mountains, nearly in the direction of north-west. Their journey through the mountains, even with all the assistance they could procure, was extremely difficult. They were provided with horses, which they purchased with trinkets, and such articles as attracted the notice of the Indians; but the steep and stony mountains, and the difficulty of procuring a supply of provisions in a country where very little game was to be found, rendered their march tedious and difficult. The rivers afforded fish, though not always in great abundance; and here, in the rivers that run towards the west, they found salmon, of which none are

Digitized by Google

to be met with in the Missouri and its branches. The cold was also another source of difficulty, as the height to which they had now ascended was certainly very great. They had ascended a river of a very rapid current for more than 3000 miles; and the height of the spot where they left their canoes, cannot certainly be estimated at less than 6000 feet. They had now risen considerably above this height; and, accordingly, it is said, that on the 21st of August the weather was so cold that the water which stood in vessels exposed to the air, was frozen to the depth of ¼ of an inch in the course of the night: the ink froze in the pen, and the low grounds were white with hoar frost, though the day afterwards proved extremely warm.

The Shoshonees Indians, among whom they now were, are a tribe of the nation called Snake Indians, a vague denomination, which includes the inhabitants of the southern parts of the Rocky Mountains, and the plains on each side. The tribe amounts to about 100 warriors, and perhaps four times that number of souls. They formerly lived in the plains, but have been driven into the mountains by the Pawkees, or roving Indians; and it is now only occasionally, and by stealth, that they visit the country of their ancestors. From the middle of May, till the beginning of September, they reside on the waters of the Columbia, where they consider themselves secure from the Pawkees, who have never found their way so far to the west. During this time, they subsist chiefly on salmon, and as that fish disappears on the approach of autumn, they are obliged to seek subsistence on the east side of the mountains. They accordingly cross over to the waters of the Missouri, down which they proceed slowly and cautiously, till they are joined by some other friendly tribes, with whom they associate against the common enemy. Being now strong in numbers, they venture to hunt the buffalo in the plains to the eastward, where they pass the winter, till the return of the summer invites them to the Columbia. In this loose and wandering existence they suffer the extremes of want; passing whole weeks without meat, and with nothing to eat but a few fish and roots. So insensible are they, however, to these calamities, or so much are they above them, that they are not only cheerful, but gay; and our travellers remark, that their character was more interesting than that of any Indians they had seen, and had in it much of the dignity of misfortune. In their intercourse with strangers, they are frank and communicative, perfectly fair in their dealings; nor was there any reason to suspect that they were ever tempted to a single act of dishonesty by all the new and valuable articles displayed before them. While they generally shared with

Digitized by Google

their guests the little they possessed, they always abstained from begging for any thing; very unlike the tribes we have had occasion to notice on the banks of the Missouri, the drift of whose harangues was always to represent their own poverty, and to beg for the assistance of the strangers.

The Shoshonees are fond of gaudy dress, and of all sorts of amusements, particularly games of hazard, and, like most Indians, they are boastful of their own warlike exploits, whether real or fictitious. They possess, however, a manliness of character, probably formed by the nature of their government, which is perfectly free from restraint. Each individual is his own master; and the only controul to which his conduct is subject, is the advice of a chief, supported by his influence over the opinions of the tribe.

In his domestic economy, the man is absolutely sovereign. He is the sole proprietor of his wives and daughters, and can dispose of them in any manner he thinks fit. The children, however, are seldom corrected. The boys soon become their own masters. They are never whipped; for it is an opinion among them, that this breaks their spirit and independence of mind. A plurality of wives is common; but these are not generally sisters, as among the Minetaurees and Mandans. The infant daughters are often betrothed by their fathers to grown men, either for themselves, or for their sons. Sacajeawah had been contracted in this way before she was taken prisoner; and when she was now brought back, her betrothed was still living, and he at first claimed her; but finding that she had a child to her new husband, he relinquished his pretensions.

The chastity of the women is not held in much estimation. The jealousy of the husband seems to be directed to watch over his wife's obedience, and not her attachment. If he is consulted in the disposal of her affections or her person to another, he takes no offence; if he is not, the infidelity is often punished with instant death. Even leaving her husband's house, and going to reside in another's, though one of her relations, is sometimes treated with no less severity. This seems common to all the Indians, and is a remark not meant to be particularly applied to the Shoshonees.

The horses of the Indians in this quarter are numerous. They are generally fine, of a good size, vigorous and patient of fatigue as well as of hunger. The Indian, like the Arab, has one or two horses tied to a stake near his hut, both day and night, so as to be always prepared for action. The original stock of these horses is said to have been procured from

Digitized by Google

the Spaniards, but they are now bred by the Indians themselves. They have mules also, obtained from the Spaniards, which are fine animals, and are highly valued, insomuch that a good mule is reckoned worth two or three horses.

The journey of the American party over the mountains, though assisted by these friendly Indians, was very arduous. They had not merely to cross the mountain chain transversely, but in some degree longitudinally, directing their course considerably to the north. The sources of the Missouri lay farther south than the main body of the Columbia; and to have gone right across from the former, would have led into a track not very convenient for reaching the latter. Their journey lasted from the 18th of August, when they left their canoes on the Missouri, till the 7th of October, when they embarked again in canoes which they had themselves made, on the river Kooskooskee, on the west side of the mountains. Though assisted during this journey by the Indians, and provided with horses, they suffered exceedingly from the severity of the cold, and the difficulty of finding subsistence. They were often in the neighbourhood of considerable streams, but they found few fish; and the salmon, which ascend almost to the remotest branches of the Columbia, had by this time returned to the sea. They were obliged frequently to feed on horse flesh, both at this time and on their return, when they passed over a considerable part of the same road.

The great cold is not to be wondered at, considering the height to which they had now reached. The point of the Missouri, where they disembarked, can hardly be estimated at less than 6000 feet above the level of the sea. How high the mountains rose above the point just mentioned, the narrative hardly affords any data to decide. It is said, however, that they were in sight of snowy mountains; and a long ridge near the centre of the chain, which runs N. 15° west, is marked in the map as covered with snow; and if it was so in August and September, we may conclude it to be the same all the year over, and to have its summit within the circle of perpetual congelation. The latitude is between 45 and 47 degrees; and here, in Europe, between those parallels, the circle of perpetual congelation is from ten to nine thousand feet distant from the level of the sea. In the American Continent, because of the greater cold of the winter, the height is perhaps not so great, but can hardly be supposed less than 8000 feet. It is probable, therefore, that the summits of this snowy ridge were not less than 8500 above the level of the sea.

In their journey through the mountains, nothing that suggested the idea of a volcano appears to have occurred, except

Digitized by Google

a mysterious sound which they heard from the distant mountains when they were near the Falls of the Missouri.

'Since our arrival at the Falls, we have repeatedly heard a strange noise coming from the mountains, a little to the north of west. It is heard at different periods of the day and night; sometimes when the air is perfectly still, and without a cloud; and consists of one stroke only, or of five or six discharges in quick succession. It is loud, and resembles precisely the sound of a six-pounder, at the distance of three miles. The Indians had before mentioned this noise, like thunder, which the mountains made; but we had paid no attention to it.'

Again, near the same place, it is afterwards said—

'They heard about sunset two discharges of the tremendous mountain artillery.'

Nothing more occurs on the subject. The most natural solution seems to be, that the sound proceeds from some distant volcano, which, like Stromboli, but more irregularly, is in a state of constant activity. The great distance at which the sound of volcanic explosions has been often heard, and heard in a part of the same chain to which this volcano belongs, is well known, from the observations of HUMBOLDT and others.

When they embarked in their canoes on the Kooskooskee, they had a succession of the most abrupt and dangerous rapids to encounter. The Indians used to run along the tops of the rocks that overhang the river, curious to witness the efforts of the white men, who had courage and skill enough to extricate themselves from dangers that followed in such quick succession.

When they reached the Columbia itself, it was in the middle of the rainy season; and they were exposed to deluges of rain night and day. The small portion of clothing, of bedding, &c. which had escaped through such a long series of adventures as they had now been exposed to, were rotted and rendered useless, and the health of the men was hardly proof against so much suffering. It is infinitely to the credit of all concerned, that no discontents, no complaints or insubordination of any kind, made their appearance during all this time; and every individual in the expedition seemed to share in the honour of exploring countries not hitherto trodden by civilized men.

The waters of the Kooskooskee are clear as crystal; and, where that river joins Lewis River, a larger branch of the Columbia, which rises in the same chain of mountains, it is 150 yards wide. Where Lewis River joins the Columbia, it is 575 yards wide, the Columbia itself 960; though soon after the junction, it expands to the width of from one to three miles.

Digitized by Google

From the point of junction, the country is a continued plain, with no trees, and nothing but a few willow bushes. The latitude is in 46° 13′ 13″. The rapids still continued; and there were even falls, of considerable pitch, over which this vast body of waters was poured, and where the canoes, of course, must be carried over dry land. A most singular rapid succeeds, when the whole of the Columbia is forced through a narrow channel no more than 45 yards wide. They ventured, nevertheless, in their canoes, down this tremendous rapid, and escaped in safety. The river after this becomes smooth; they describe the valley through which it runs as a fertile and delightful country, shaded by thick groves of tall timber, watered by small ponds, on both sides of the river; the soil rich, and capable of any species of culture. While sailing down this part of the river, they saw a high mountain on their right, the top covered with snow, which they had seen before as they were descending the Rocky Mountains, at the distance of 150 miles, and were now satisfied that it was the St Helens of Vancouver: It is about 100 miles east from the mouth of the Columbia, and is, no doubt, of great height.

On the 7th of November, they first got sight of the ocean, the object of all their labours, and which they now felt as the reward of all their anxieties. The view raised their spirits; and they were by and by farther cheered by the roar of the distant breakers. The spot which they selected for their winter quarters, and where they established their camp, was in full view of the sea, about seven miles distant, in latitude 46° 19′, and on the south bank of the river. They found that this place is much frequented by ships, both British and American, who come, during the summer, to buy furs of the natives. They found the natives, of consequence, not strangers to white men, and in possession of many little articles of luxury or show, and particularly of blue beads, which they prefer to every other thing, and use as money or the common medium of exchange in their dealings with one another. They are perfectly initiated, too, in the art and cunning inseparable from traffic in its first stage, and in its lowest branches. In general, however, all the tribes on this side the mountains are of a more mild and gentle character than those on the eastern side. Is this at all connected with their living less on flesh than the latter, and more on fish and vegetables? In many other respects, they are very different from one another: Some very honest, others of a thievish disposition: Some tall and handsome; and others ill-shaped and dwarfish. Their languages are also very different, so that the neighbouring tribes could not always converse with one another.

Digitized by Google

On this account, the intercourse between the American party and the natives was often carried on with great difficulty.

'Half the day,' it is said at one place, 'was spent before we could convey to the Chapunish all the information we intended; for, in the first place, we spoke in English to one of our men, who translated it into French to Chaboneau. He interpreted it to his wife in the Minnetarree language. She then put it into Shoshonee; and the young Shoshonee prisoner explained it to the Chapunish in his own dialect. At last we succeeded in communicating the impression we wished, and then adjourned the council, after showing them the wonders of the compass, the spy-glass, the magnet, the watch, and the air-gun.'

Some of the branches of the Columbia may be accounted great rivers. One of them, the Mult-no-mah, which rises in the Rocky Mountains far to the south-east, and near, it would seem by the map, to the sources of the Rio del Norte, is very wide, and often of a depth exceeding 25 feet, even though at a great distance from the sea.

A remarkable peculiarity was observed in the bed of the Columbia, and of the river last mentioned; viz. a great number of trunks of pine trees, standing erect, and having their roots fixed in the bottom, though in the case of the Columbia, the river was generally 30 feet deep, and never less than 10. Those trees might be supposed, from their state of decay, to have been in that situation about 20 years. This argues some great and unaccountable change in the beds of the rivers: But much more knowledge of the country than one visit can supply, must be necessary to give any explanation of so singular a fact.

When the rains ceased, and as soon as the weather admitted of it, they travelled to the southward, visiting the river just mentioned, and making acquaintance with the various tribes of Indians. It seems to us not unlikely, that a few years will place an American colony somewhere about the mouth of the Columbia. It is evident, that the views of their government are directed to establishments of that sort, perhaps along the whole line that our travellers visited. We observe on the map, that a factory of the United States was established just about the time of their return, near the Arkansaw river, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and in the parallel of 41°. The United States seem no less ambitious of extending their territories than the country from which they sprang; and having already more than they are able to occupy, they are constantly in search of new acquisitions.

The return of the party over the mountains was a matter of great difficulty; but we must here take leave of them.

The desire which they no doubt all felt, after so long an ab-

Digitized by Google

sence, of again revisiting the abodes of civilized men, is strongly marked by the circumstance, that as they descended the river, at the first place where they saw cows feeding, the whole party almost involuntarily raised a shout of joy.

They arrived safe at Fort-Lewis, on the Mississippi, on the 23d of September, after having been given up for lost; and there terminated an expedition, which, though quite successful, had been full of labour and anxiety. We must again remark, that it does great credit both to the government by which it was planned, and to the persons by whom it was executed. The good sense, activity and perseverance of the commanders cannot be too much commended; their treatment of the natives was humane and kind; and though their mission was in its intention conciliatory, yet this purpose could only have been carried into effect but by men of much good temper and sound understanding, considering how long they were exposed to the vexations arising from the suspicion, caprice and levity of savages. The great harmony that seems to have prevailed, the spirit, steadiness, and exertion in the midst of so much hardship and danger, are highly meritorious; and exhibit a band of active and intrepid men, which no country in the world would not be proud to acknowledge.

The manner in which the scientific part was conducted, appears also to merit commendation; though the want of a Barometer is an oversight hardly to be forgiven. We wish, too, that the astronomical apparatus had been more particularly described, and that the manner of finding the longitude had been circumstantially detailed. Chronometers were used, and rectified, we presume, by lunar observation: But of this we should have been precisely informed; and the observations should have been given just as they were made, without reduction or correction of any kind. This was the more necessary, that the route lay mostly in the direction of east and west, so that the longitude was the element most material to be exactly ascertained. The map which they have given, conceiving it to be exact, of which we do not mean to suggest the smallest doubt, is a valuable acquisition to geography. We are persuaded, that an abridgement of the volume, judiciously executed, so as to leave out the less important details, and to give what was material to geography, natural history, and the display of character and manners, would be found very generally interesting.

Digitized by Google

ART. X. *Observations on the Functions of the Brain.* By SIR EVERARD HOME, Bart. F. R. S. Philosophical Transactions, 1814.

SPECULATIONS respecting the nature of Mind, seem now universally abandoned, as endless and unprofitable. Metaphysicians rest satisfied with the truth of the principle, that the mental phenomena are ultimately dependent, on something essentially distinct from mere Matter; and content themselves with the patient study of the laws, by which these phenomena are regulated.

Next in point of interest and importance, unquestionably, to this inquiry, is the investigation of those corporeal phenomena, with which the operations of Mind are connected; and yet it is singular how little this subject has, of late years, occupied the attention of physiologists. It is admitted by all, that certain changes in the bodily organs are necessary, to the production of those states of the mind which constitute Sensation, and Thought, and Volition; but the only point relative to these changes, which physiologists are unanimous in considering as established, is, that they have their seat in the Nervous System. Respecting their nature, nothing whatever is known;—the precise parts even of the Nervous System, in which they occur, have not been ascertained;—and, as to the hypotheses which have hitherto been proposed respecting these points, they seem, to us, all equally unsatisfactory. The progress of speculation, indeed, on this subject, has rather been retrograde of late. In the writings of the continental physiologists on the functions of the Nervous System, we have been for so many years accustomed to vague declamation and unintelligible metaphysics, that we almost despair of seeing any improvement, either in their taste or their philosophy in this department, in our time. But we own we have been a little mortified, with some of the essays on the same subject, which have lately appeared in our own language. The ignorance they betray, not only of the history of physiology, but of the philosophy of the human mind, is truly lamentable. Certain crude ideas are attached to the words *intellectual faculties*;—a vague conjecture arises as to the seat or nature of these *faculties*;—inconclusive experiments are forthwith performed on brute animals, in order to confirm this new doctrine; and the whole science of Comparative Anatomy is ransacked for what are called *analogies*, in its support: The *Novum Organum* is then put in requisition for a few quotations about *facts* and *induction*, (the certain accompaniments of all bad hypotheses in

Digitized by Google

modern times);—and thus is manufactured and ushered forth to the public, a New Theory of the Nervous System. We are aware it may be said, that such publications are but the productions of a few unscientific individuals, and ought not to be regarded as a test of the opinions of physiologists in general; among whom sounder views prevail, and who, in truth, say less on the subject, only because they know more. We sincerely trust that such is the case; but it seems a little inconsistent with this apology, that the general intelligence which it supposes, should not have operated more effectually, in repressing speculations so unworthy of the country, which, more than sixty years ago, could boast of having produced physiological essays, of such acuteness and originality as those of Dr Whytt.

The present paper of Sir Everard Home's affords us an opportunity which we gladly embrace, of making a few remarks on the phenomena to which we have just alluded. In doing so, however, we profess, that our sole object is to promote investigation, and to endeavour to direct inquiry into its proper channel. We have no discoveries to communicate, and no hypothesis to suggest, which we feel disposed to defend with pertinacity. Our limits oblige us to confine our observations to Sensation; but the same train of reasoning may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to the phenomena of Thought and Volition.

In the first place, then, we would observe, that there seems very little hope, of our being able to ascertain the precise parts of the Nervous System which are affected previous to Sensation, by direct observation. Not only is this System placed almost entirely beyond the reach of inspection during life; but there is every reason to believe, that the changes which are induced upon it, and the seat of which we are in search of, are far too subtle to be perceptible to any of our senses. We must have recourse, therefore, to a different method of investigation altogether. Those cases of injury, or disease, or malconformation of the body, in which there has been loss, or deficiency of portions of the Nervous System, must be strictly attended to;—all those parts of this System which have, in any instance, been found wanting or destroyed, without loss of sensibility * in any organ of the body, must be carefully recorded;—and thus, by a species of exclusion, we may hope to arrive at a knowledge of those parts, which are really essential to Sensation. For, we presume, the legitimacy of the inference will not be disputed,—that if a portion of the Nervous System may be taken away, without sen-

* By the term *sensibility*, we mean, merely, *susceptibility of sensation*.

Digitized by Google

sibility being perceptibly affected in any part of the machine, that portion is not necessary to Sensation in ordinary circumstances.

Now, to begin with that part of the *central mass* * of the Nervous System which is called the *brain*. There are two classes of cases which we propose to examine relative to this organ. In the first place, instances, in which particular portions only of the *brain* have been found wanting or destroyed; and, secondly, cases, where the destruction or deficiency seems to have extended to the whole organ.

It is quite unnecessary, we presume, to quote particular examples, of destruction of portions of the convolutions of the brain, without loss of sensibility in any part of the body. Such cases are almost of daily occurrence. Several have come under our own notice; and two of these, even within these few weeks. We shall pass on, therefore, to other parts of this organ.

Mr Earle relates the case of a man, whose sensibility remained unaffected till within a few hours of his death; and yet there was found in his brain, an abscess occupying nearly one third of the substance of the right hemisphere, communicating by a large ulcerated opening with the anterior extremity of the right ventricle, and penetrating, by a smaller orifice, to the inferior surface of the anterior lobe. †

A case is mentioned by Mr Abernethy, of a gentleman, who, it seems certain, had lived for two years in the full possession of every faculty, notwithstanding there was a cavity in the right hemisphere of the brain, extending from the fore part backwards more than two inches, and more than an inch in breadth. ‡

Mr Brodie has related the case of a boy of fourteen, who died of an affection of the head, but who was perfectly sensible two days before his death; and yet, on dissection, a cavity was found in the left hemisphere of the brain, about three inches in diameter, containing a cyst filled with pus. §

A case of a man who died of an injury of the head is record-

* We divide the Nervous System into two parts, viz. the *central mass*, and the *nerves*. In the *central mass*, we include the *brain* and *spinal cord* or *spinal marrow*; and this latter, we regard, as commencing at the lower margin of the *annular protuberance*; or, in other words, as having for its upper extremity the *medulla oblongata*, a term which we propose to drop altogether.

† Med. and Physic. Journ. vol. XXIII.

‡ Surg. & Phys. Essays, Part III.

§ Trans. of a Society, &c. vol. III.

Digitized by Google

ed by Mr Bailey, in whom the sight of the left eye only, was a little impaired before death; and yet an abscess was found in the posterior lobe of the right hemisphere of the brain, containing two ounces of matter. †

Dr Ferriar informs us, that the celebrated Dr Hunter found the whole of the right hemisphere of the brain destroyed by suppuration, in a man who had retained his faculties perfectly till the instant of his death, which was sudden. ‡

In a woman who died while under Wepfer's care, that very accurate and industrious observer remarked, that there was not the slightest loss of sensibility till the last breath; and yet he found a cyst in the right hemisphere of the brain as large as a hen's egg, filled with a watery fluid, and situated immediately on the outside of the right ventricle. Ulcerations had also taken place in the *corpus striatum*, and in the *corpus callosum*. §

Diemerbroeck mentions the case of a man, who died without exhibiting insensibility in any part of the body, until the moment of his death; and yet an abscess, containing half a pound of matter, was found in the upper part of the brain. ‖

But a still more remarkable case is recorded by the same author, of a young man who received a thrust of a sword in the inner angle of the right eye. For ten days after the accident, this young man remained quite well, without any loss either of sensibility, or voluntary power, or of judgment. But he was then seized with fever, which carried him off in two days. And on dissection, it was found that the sword had entered the brain, penetrating through the right lateral ventricle, to the upper margin of the occipital bone, which it had almost perforated. ¶

Petit mentions the case of a soldier, who lived forty-three hours after having received a musket shot in the head, with the sensibility over the whole body rather increased than diminished: Yet it was found, that the ball had penetrated through the left hemisphere of the *cerebellum*, into the posterior lobe of the corresponding hemisphere of the brain proper. *

The celebrated Quesnay has recorded a very remarkable case, which occurred to Bagieu. A young man received a musket-shot in the head. The ball had pierced the upper lip; passed through the right cavity of the nose; penetrated the vault of the orbit into the cavity of the *cranium*; and came out at the upper margin of the frontal bone, near the sagittal suture. Im-

† Med. & Phys. Journ. vol. XXIII. ‡ Manch. Mem. vol. IV.
§ Hist. Apoplect. p. 358. ‖ Anatom. lib. III. c. x. ¶ Id.
* Mem. Acad. Roy. Scienc. 1741.

Digitized by Google

mediately after the accident too, a quantity of the brain came away through the wound in the orbit, considerably exceeding in bulk, a hen's egg. Yet the patient had not a single bad symptom until the twelfth day; and ultimately recovered. †

Another case is reported by QUESNAY as having occurred to MARECHAL, in which a soldier received a musket-shot in the head, the ball entering the *cranium* above the eyebrow. The patient, however, got quite well; but died a year afterwards of a *coup de soleil*. And when the head was opened, the bullet was found lodged, two fingers' breadth within the substance of the brain. ‡

On the same excellent authority, we are informed, that VESLINGIUS found the end of a stiletto in the brain of a woman, who had been wounded by it five years before, but who had complained of nothing in the mean while but occasional headach; and that LACUTUS mentions a case, in which the half of a knife remained in the brain of a man for eight years, without his being at all incommoded. §

In a case which occurred to SCHMUCKER, a man received a musket-shot in the forehead, and yet enjoyed excellent health for four months afterwards. He then died suddenly; and on dissection, the ball was found in the substance of the brain, half an inch above the anterior part of the left lateral ventricle. ‖

GENGA tells us, that he had a patient, a man aged twenty-two, who received a blow on the head with a hatchet, which fractured the left parietal and occipital bones, and made an opening, through which more than the size of a large pigeon's egg of the substance of the brain, was discharged; yet he never had a bad symptom, and was cured in 41 days. ¶

LA PEYRONIE found a portion of the *corpus striatum* converted into a tumor, of the size of a bean, in a man, who had suffered no loss of sensibility previous to death. *

PETIT informs us, that in a man who had not been insensible in any part of the body, not even on one side which was paralysed, he found, on dissection, the *corpus striatum* converted into a matter like dregs of wine. †

MORGAGNI has recorded a case, which occurred to VALSALVA, of an old man, who had not been insensible until within a few hours of his death; and yet in whose brain there was found

† Mem. Acad. Roy. Chir. tom. I. ‡ Id. § Id.
‖ Dict. Scienc. Medic. artic. *Cas Rares.*
¶ Anatom. Chir. Lib. I. c. x.
* Mem. Acad. Roy. Scienc. 1741. † Id.

Digitized by Google

an abscess, occupying chiefly the right *thalamus opticus*, but extending also to the surface of the hemisphere, and equal in size altogether to half a man's fist. *

The pineal gland, and the *corpora bigemina*, were found completely mortified in a woman, who was a patient of La Peyronie's; and yet there had been no loss of sensibility previous to death. †

The same very eminent surgeon has recorded the case of a man, in whom, although he had remained perfectly sensible till within a quarter of an hour of his death, the pineal gland was found enlarged to four times its natural size, livid, and full of purulent matter. ‡

Morgagni mentions the case of a man, who died without having experienced any loss of Sensation; and yet in whom he found the whole middle part of the *cerebellum*, and the whole of its left hemisphere, converted into a scirrhous mass, without the least vestige of natural structure. §

Through the kindness of a medical friend, we were made acquainted, several months ago, with the case of a lady, who, after having suffered under an affection of the head for nearly a fortnight, became comatose, and died. The day before her death, however, she was capable of being roused from her stupor, and was then in possession of all her senses; yet, on dissection, it was found, that the left hemisphere of the *cerebellum* was converted into a bag of purulent matter.

More remarkable, however, than either of these, is the case mentioned by La Peyronie; in which a tumor was found in the brain, which had destroyed all the parts of the *cerebellum*, which are behind the level of the annular protuberance and peduncles; excepting only about the thickness of a line, of a glairy substance, which embraced the tumor like a capsule. Nevertheless, the patient, a man in the prime of life, had exhibited no signs of insensibility, till within a quarter of an hour of his death. ‖

Duverney relates a striking instance of extensive injury of the brain, without loss of sensibility. The Chevalier Colbert had his skull fractured by a stone, which seems to have entirely crushed the bones forming the back part of the orbit, as well as the *sella turcica*, and to have driven the splinters

* Epist. Anat. xiii. § 19.

† Mem. Roy. Acad. Scienc. 1741. ‡ Id.

§ Epist. Anat. Med. lxii. art. 15.

‖ Mem. Acad. Roy. Scienc. 1741.

Digitized by Google

into the brain. DUVERNEY examined the head after death, in presence of many surgeons; and it would appear, that a large portion of the brain, particularly toward the lower part, extending as far even as the *cerebellum*, was found broken down, partly by the fragments of bone, and partly by suppuration. Yet it is particularly specified with respect to this patient, that except at the moment he received the wound, when he lost his recollection, and fell into a temporary swoon, he retained his judgment perfectly, continued to perform all his functions, and exhibited a surprising tranquillity of mind, until the period of his death, which took place on the seventh day.*

The case, however, which is quoted by PLANQUE, as having occurred to BILLOT, is still more remarkable than this. A boy six years old received a pistol-shot in the head. The ball entered exactly in the middle of the brow, and passed through the *cranium* to the occiput. He survived the accident eighteen days; and although a portion of the substance of the brain, equal in size to a nutmeg, was discharged by the wound every day, he remained quite well until within a few hours of his death, when he fell into a state of stupor. On opening the head, the surgeon was surprised to find, that not more than the bulk of a small egg, of the proper substance of the brain, remained.†

Such are instances of the entire destruction of portions of the brain, various in their situation as well as in their size, without any accompanying loss of sensibility in any organ of the body. We have selected them out of several hundred cases of disease and injury of this organ, which are to be found in medical works, as the most circumstantial in their details, and most worthy of credit, from the character of the individuals by whom they are recorded. If that degree of authority is attached to them, to which we believe they are entitled, the conclusions to which they lead are obvious. They establish, in the most unequivocal manner, in the first place, that the *whole* of the brain is not necessary to the changes preceding Sensation; and, secondly, that none of the *parts* of this organ, which are particularly specified to have been destroyed, are essential to these changes.

Conclusive, however, as these cases are with respect to the two points just stated, we do not think that they would of themselves warrant the inference, that there is absolutely no *particular part* of the brain which is essential to Sensation. They present examples, no doubt, of the removal of a very great variety of por-

* Mem. Acad. Roy. Scien. 1703.
† Bib. de Medecine. Tom. III.

Digitized by Google

tions of this organ without loss of sensibility; yet are there several important parts, which are nowhere particularly mentioned, as having been found destroyed in similar circumstances. Such, for example, are the peduncles of the brain proper, and of the *cerebellum*; the annular protuberance; the Vieussenian *velum*, and its pillars; the *corpus callosum*, *fornix*, and *hippocampi*; the commissures of the brain proper; the *corpora geniculata*, and *tractus optici*; the mammillary eminences; the *infundibulum*; and the pituitary gland. That these parts may be removed without affecting sensibility, as well as the others, we have no doubt whatever;—we believe, indeed, that several, if not the whole of them, were actually destroyed in the cases we have quoted; but that they were omitted in the detail of the dissection, either from a fear of being tedious, or because the authors did not conceive minuteness of description, to be an object either of practical or physiological importance. As it is, however, instances are still wanting, in which the parts we have enumerated are expressly stated to have been destroyed; and we beg leave to call the attention of physiologists to this circumstance, as one of the many points to be investigated in the subject under consideration.

Let us now suppose, that it were actually established by a collection of such cases, minute as well as accurate in their details, that any one portion of the brain might be taken away, without affecting the sensibility of the individual, would the same induction entitle us to conclude, that *no part* of this organ is concerned in the changes which give rise to Sensation? We think not. It is obviously possible, (however improbable it might seem), that when one part of the brain has been removed, the operations necessary to Sensation are accomplished by the portion which remains. In order, therefore, to disprove this hypothesis, and to establish the former conclusion, it will be necessary to adduce instances in which the *whole* brain has been destroyed without loss of sensibility. Now, cases of this kind, it would appear, are already on record.

The following is related on the authority of Dr Quin. A child was born with a very large head; but seemed well in health, increased in strength, and grew fat. The head, however, soon became so large, as to leave no doubt that there was disease going on within. Still the child took food, increased in size, and grew strong in his limbs. He could both hear and see well; and thus he continued until he was eighteen months old, when he died suddenly, without any convulsive attack. On opening the *cranium*, more than five quarts of very limpid water were found within it; but there was not the smallest trace of mem-

Digitized by Google

brane, or of brain, except opposite the orbits and *meatus auditorius*, where something like *medulla* still remained. *

A case somewhat different, though not less interesting, occurred to Dr HEYSHAM of Carlisle. In a female child that lived fully six days, he found, in place of a brain, a brown vascular mass. The frontal, temporal, occipital, and the whole of the parietal bones were wanting; and there was not the least appearance of *cerebrum*, *cerebellum*, or any medullary substance whatever. Yet this child was full-grown, well proportioned, and seemed in perfect health. It moved its limbs with agility, swallowed well, and took a sufficient quantity of nourishment. All the external organs of sense were perfect. The eyes were as full and lively as in any other child of the same age. The iris evidently contracted on the application of light; and from some other observations which Dr HEYSHAM then made, he had no doubt that vision was perfect. †

To these two cases we are fortunately enabled to add another, on the authority of SIR EVERARD HOME. A child was born with hydrocephalus; the head being very large; the sutures of the *cranium* very open; and an evident fluctuation within. She lived very nearly five months; and during this period, 128 ounces of fluid were drawn off from the head, at six successive tappings. She was not at all disordered by the operations; and notwithstanding the progress of the disease, continued healthy and strong, until within twelve days of her death, when she fell into a wasting. On opening the head, two quarts of a clear pellucid fluid were found within the *cranium*. The *dura mater* was complete; the edges of the *falx* and *tentorium* being in contact with the fluid. The *spinal cord* was seen at the large hole of the occipital bone, and a little *medullary pulp*, behind the orbits;—but that was all that could be found for brain.

We confess, for our own parts, that we consider these three instances as affording sufficiently satisfactory examples of the possession of sensibility, after the whole brain had been destroyed; for although a small quantity of *something like medulla* is said to have been found remaining in the first case, and a *little medullary pulp* in the last, yet it seems obvious from the terms in which these remains are described, that they did not possess the usual structure of the substance of the brain. After considerable research, we have not been able to find any more cases of this kind, sufficiently circumstantial in their details, recorded by medical authors. We have found indeed, several instances of

* On Dropsy of the Brain, p. 104.

† Essay by Dr HULL in Manch. Mem. vol. v. part ii.

Digitized by Google

children born without brain who lived for a short time; but the state of the sensibility in these, is not quite unequivocally ascertained. Sensation and life do not necessarily go together; so that we cannot infer, merely because a child *lives*, that it is *sensible*. Such cases admit of a very important application to the subjects of irritability and secretion; but they afford us little or no assistance in the present inquiry.

From all these observations, then, taken together, we think there are very strong grounds for believing, that the brain is not at all concerned in the changes which precede Sensation. We will not say that this is demonstrated. But we hesitate in drawing this more positive conclusion, not from an opinion that more evidence on the subject is necessary;—for we conceive that one instance, such as those last quoted, if it be admitted to be true, is as conclusive as a thousand;—but, because we wish to see cases more minute in all their details, and observed with a view specially to this physiological inquiry, substituted for those which we at present possess.

Here, however, we would say a few words respecting the essay which is before us. And this we have little hesitation in pronouncing; to be one of the most creditable papers which Sir Everard Home has produced. The object of it is quite philosophical, and it is respectably executed. It not only proposes a proper method of investigation, but sets an example of it; and is entirely free from the nonsense which is so commonly and so copiously put forth in writings upon similar subjects.

'The various attempts,' says he, 'which have been made to procure accurate information respecting the functions that belong to individual portions of the human brain, having been attended with very little success, it has occurred to me, that were anatomical surgeons to collect in one view all the appearances they had met with, in cases of injury to that organ, and the effects that such injuries produced upon its functions, a body of evidence might be formed, that would materially advance this highly important investigation.'

In the paper before us, accordingly, Sir E. Home has communicated the results of nearly fifty cases of affections of the brain, collected, as he informs us, in the course of his own professional pursuits. These results are arranged into several sections; and illustrate the effects of effusions of serous fluids into the ventricles of the brain;—of concussion of this organ;—of disease, or preternatural distension of its bloodvessels;—of the extravasation of blood, and formation of matter within it, or upon its surfaces;—of compression of it, by depression or thickening of portions of the skull, or by tumors;—and of wounds and morbid alterations of its substance.

Digitized by Google

With the plan of this collection, we have but one fault to find; which is, that it is too extensive for the object which it is professedly intended to serve. We would by no means discourage medical men from following, in so far, the example now set them by SIR EVERARD HOME, and recording in their private journals all the cases of disease or injury of the brain, which may have come under their own observation. It is only in this manner, undoubtedly, that we can ever hope to arrive at general principles, either with respect to the physiology or pathology of this organ. But, we confess, we see no necessity for laying the whole of these individual instances before the public. Of such miscellaneous compilations, we have already enough, in the valuable writings of WEPFER, and BONETUS, and MORGAGNI. Those cases only ought to be selected, which, after a careful comparison of them with similar examples already on record, appear to have a tendency to establish some general point. Now, the greater number of the cases in the paper before us, are so far valuable only, as they serve to confirm what had already, perhaps, been sufficiently made out by the authors we have just named, to wit, that there is no sort of uniformity, either in the kind or the degree of the symptoms, which accompany diseases of the brain. And it is well, if such confirmation were thought necessary, that it has been accomplished by a person of SIR EVERARD HOME'S reputation. But the only instances which he has adduced, in any degree contributing to elucidate the healthy functions of the brain, are the four following.

'A deep wound into the right anterior lobe of the brain, attended with inflammation and suppuration, produced no sensation whatever; the senses remained entire, and the person did not know that the head was injured.

'Loss of a portion of the medullary substance of the anterior lobe of the cerebrum, produced no symptoms.

'Loss of a portion of one of the hemispheres was attended with difficulty of swallowing for twenty-four hours, and slight delirium of short duration.

'In a case of a penetrating wound into the right hemisphere of the brain, with bone forced into its substance, while there was an opening for the discharge of matter, no effects were produced, except when the circulation was much increased; and then only headache and numbness in the left side.' Sect. VIII.

Our author, we are quite aware, may plead, that the error he has committed is a safe one; and that it is better to have too many observations than too few; which, we are fully disposed to admit, is a good defence. But it is not so much against what he himself has done in this instance, that our criticism is directed, as against what he has proposed for others. It should be remem-

Digitized by Google

bered, that the individuals who alone enjoy the opportunities which fit them for this inquiry, are such as are in general much engaged with the duties of a laborious profession; and that very few of them possess that zeal, or those habits of industry, which are so truly praiseworthy in Sir Everard Home. It is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that no portion of that time and labour, which such persons may be disposed to devote to the prosecution of this investigation, should be wasted on objects that are not of unquestionable utility. We had rather see four such cases as those we have quoted from Sir Everard Home, accurately and minutely detailed, than four hundred of the kind with which they are accompanied.

Such, it seems to us, is the sort of induction by which the share which the brain has in the changes preceding Sensation, is to be established. But while the point is still undetermined, some may perhaps be disposed to look for the grounds, or the support, of a theory on the subject, in experiments on the lower animals. To such persons we would recommend a repetition of the experiments of Chirac,* Petit,† Kauw,‡ Redi,¶ Zinn,§ and Lorry.‖ In these it would appear, that the whole brain was often removed in various quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles, without the operation's being followed by loss of sensibility in any of their organs. Consequently, if they be found correct, they will lead to the same conclusion, as the injuries and diseases of the brain, in the human body itself.

Finally, then, while we would rather regard it as a point still to be *ascertained*, whether the brain be at all concerned in the operations which give rise to Sensation, we conceive, that there cannot be any other *hypothesis* on the subject, than that this organ has no share in these operations.

The opinion which is commonly entertained relative to this point will, we are persuaded, be found, on a little examination, to rest on very insufficient grounds.

If, while the brain is entire, it is said, the connexion between that organ and any part of the body be cut off, by the division or destruction of its nerves, at any point of their course, or of the spinal cord, if they should happen to arise from it, sensibility will immediately be lost in that part: And again, the nerves of a part being entire, or the nerves and spinal cord, if the brain alone be destroyed, the like effects will follow. Therefore, Sensation depends on some change which is communicated

---

* Phil. Trans. No. 226. † Lett. II. à un Medecin.
‡ Impet. Fac. § 228, &c. ¶ Opere, Tom. I, II.
§ Exper. Quaed. circa Corp. Call. &c.
‖ Mem. present. à l'Acad. Roy. des Scienc. Tom. III.

Digitized by Google

from the part which feels, by its nerves, or by its nerves and the spinal cord, to the brain.

Now, in reply to this reasoning, we would observe, in the first place, that although, without doubt, in a great majority of instances, the division of a nerve, or of the spinal cord simply, is followed by insensibility in the parts which have their connexion with the brain thus cut off, yet this does not uniformly happen. A case, for example, is recorded by BOULET, one of the surgeons to the Hôtel-Dieu in Paris, in which a young man had his spinal cord completely cut across, opposite the tenth dorsal vertebra, by a musket-ball, and yet did not suffer the slightest loss of sensibility, nor even of voluntary motion, in the lower part of the body. This case fell under the observation of persons of such acknowledged reputation, and is so circumstantially detailed, that there cannot be the slightest doubt of its accuracy. The young man lived from twenty-five to twenty-six hours after the accident, and died solely in consequence of internal hæmorrhage; and the dissection was publicly performed by DESAULT, one of the ablest surgeons whom France has produced. * A single case of this kind, if sufficiently authenticated, is perfectly conclusive against the argument we are now considering.

Secondly, although we have no doubt that the total destruction of the brain alone, the spinal cord and nerves everywhere remaining entire, will in general be followed by partial or total insensibility, yet we think it has already been shown, that this is not always the consequence. We would ask, however, by whom, or by what observations, has it been established, that the total destruction of the brain is ever followed by insensibility? Has not this effect been supposed merely, from observing that even partial injury of the organ, is often sufficient to destroy Sensation? If so, the inference is by no means legitimate. For nothing is more certain, than that a lesion of the brain, which, in one instance, may have produced a loss of sensibility, or even death, has, in another, not been accompanied with the slightest perceptible derangement of the system.

Thirdly, granting both these points, we cannot admit the conclusion which is drawn from them. The insensibility which follows a division of a nerve, or of the spinal cord, or a destruction of the brain, admits of an equally probable explanation, on the supposition, either that the brain is constantly sup-

* DESAULT, Journ. de Chir. tom. IV. LE GALLOIS, in his *Expériences*, &c. refers to another case of this kind, in the Select. Medic. Francofurt. tom. I.; which, however, we have had no means of consulting.

Digitized by Google

plying something to the different parts of the body, which enables them to feel, or, simply, that some injurious effect is propagated downwards along the nerves, from the parts which are injured above.

So much with respect to the functions of the *brain* in Sensation. With regard to that other part of the *central mass* of the Nervous System, which is called the *spinal cord*, observation does not enable us to speak with such confidence. It is obvious, however, that in those cases in which the whole brain was found destroyed without loss of sensibility, parts must have enjoyed Sensation which had no sort of nervous connexion with the *spinal cord*. Such, for example, are the organs on which the olfactory, optic, pathetic, and auditory nerves are distributed. If, therefore, we find Sensation independent of this prolongation in one case, it is most likely that it is so in every other.

The most probable opinion, then, which we can at present form respecting the precise parts of the Nervous System, which are concerned in the changes preceding Sensation, seems to be, that these changes are altogether independent of the *central mass*, and are confined entirely to the *nerves*.

When this preliminary point, respecting the seat of the operations which give rise to Sensation, has been determined, it will be time enough to inquire into their nature. The hypotheses which would assimilate these operations to vibrations, or the motions of an electrical fluid, will not, we presume, be listened to by any one, who is acquainted either with the structure of the Nervous System, or the phenomena of Sensation.

ART. XI. *A Warning to the whole World, from the Sealed Prophecies of Joanna Southcott, and other Communications given since the Writings were opened on the 12th of January* 1806. London. Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Copies, and Parts of Copies, of Letters and Communications, written from Joanna Southcott, and transmitted by Miss Townley to Mr W. Sharp, in London. London, 1804. Price Eighteenpence.

An Answer to the World, for putting in print a Book in 1804, *called Copies, and Parts of Copies, &c. In which, Reasons are given in Answer to the Mockery and Ridicule of Men, for printing the Parables and Fables which were published from Divine Command in that book.* By WILLIAM SHARP. London, 1806. Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

A Correct Statement of the Circumstances that attended the last Illness and Death of Mrs Southcott; with an Account of the

Digitized by Google

Appearances exhibited on Dissection, and the Artifices that were employed to deceive her Medical Attendants. By Richard Reece, M. D. London, printed for the Author, 1815. Price Four Shillings.

There is nothing more curious than the connexion between passion and credulity,—and few things more humiliating and extraordinary than the extent to which the latter may be carried, even in minds of no vulgar order, when under the immediate influence of any strong interest or excitement. It is true, that we have frequently to encounter a perverse incredulity, and a callous insensibility to evidence, when we attempt to convince any one of what is contrary to his opinion, wishes, or interest. But this is only another exemplification of the remarkable fact, that where any object, whether desirable, detestable, or dreadful, agitates the mind to a certain degree, our belief is very far from being regulated by the weight of the evidence. In such a frame of mind, men are not calm enough to listen to the suggestions of sober reason; their attention is rivetted to one particular view; they form their opinion with seeming deliberation, from circumstances which would be little regarded by minds in a sounder state, but which, seen through the medium of a disturbed imagination, appear with an overpowering magnitude; and, in fact, if a deep impression is made by any recital seriously delivered, or by any idea whose falsehood is not manifest, the strength of the impression is very apt to be mistaken for a proof of its reality.

This infirmity of mind may be distinctly traced in all characters, and in men of every order and description. The romantic youth adores a silly girl as an angel, and trusts to the fidelity of a heartless coquette; while

> ' ——— trifles light as air,
> ' Seem to the jealous confirmations strong
> ' As proofs from holy writ. '

The indolent and timid expect to be overwhelmed under common difficulties and common dangers: while Cæsar, in the midst of the despair and consternation of common minds, still believes the high assurance of his own daring spirit; *Quid times?* he exclaims; *Cæsarem vehis.* In the reign of Charles II., at a time when Catholics, though far more numerous than at present, were still permitted to sit in the senate of their native country, a great majority in both Houses of Parliament, many of them wise and virtuous men, testified, by a long perseverance in very violent measures, their steady belief in the phantom of the Popish Plot, with the most magnanimous defiance of common sense and humanity. And it is not sixty years since per-

Digitized by Google

sons of talents and research in both parts of the kingdom, composed and published, to the great edification of the world, learned and elaborate dissertations to prove, that Mary, Queen of Scots, was innocent of the murder of her husband. Even in cases where the greatest calmness and deliberation might be expected, and among those whose profession it is to investigate truth,—the ambition of founding a sect, or displaying intellectual superiority,—the veneration for great names, or long-established opinions,—and the anxiety to penetrate into the mysteries of nature,—have sometimes produced, not modest querists and patient inquirers, but zealous preachers, and zealous believers of the most fanciful creeds of philosophy; about the crystalline spheres; about the influences of the stars; about the whirlpools that guide the planets in their course; about the more modern systems of baropoetic, magnetic, and electric fluids; about the nosological humors, hot, cold, and even dry; about the animal spirits; about the good genius Archæus; about the *very quick and powerfully mobile substance* which has lately been announced to be Life itself, and if not *homo-ousian*, at least *homoi-ousian* with Electricity and Galvanism;—with many other articles of faith, equally orthodox and reasonable.

If such dreams are indulged in the calm investigations of philosophy, what are we to expect when the mind is dazzled by supernatural objects, animated by supernatural hopes, and pressed by supernatural terrors? It is only a matter of course, that men under such *possessions* should be misled by the grossest delusions, that the pure truths of Christianity should be strangely mingled with the wildest fancies, and that all the different sects of all the different religions should wonder and laugh at each other's credulity. The public was lately astonished, that so many persons in this wise and enlightened nation could believe in the ravings of Joanna Southcott. And Joanna, we find, was astonished in her turn,* that even at this day, and among all sects of Christians, with the exception only of the Quakers and Joannites, there are to be found so many abettors of the doctrine of eternal election and reprobation. But if the prophetess had vouchsafed to consider more attentively what was passing in the world, she might have found various other occasions of retorting the charge of credulity on this self-approving generation. For surely an age that gave credit to the miracles of animal magnetism and metallic tractors; an age in which infallible and universal remedies are swallowed by all ranks with implicit faith; an age that listened to the doctrines of the sage Lavater, and is now learning how to judge of a man's character from the shape of his skull; an

* Explanations of the Bible, p. 295 and 466.

Digitized by Google

age in which great statesmen have preached, and wondering senates believed, the magical powers of compound interest, to extinguish debt with *borrowed* money; an age in which philosophers have taught, and philosophers have believed, the indefinite perfectibility of the human species; an age in which the Baptist missions, and the distribution of the Bible, have been announced as the preludes of universal and perpetual peace:—Such an age, we verily think, was worthy of the Revelations of Joanna.

The life, prophecies and doctrines, of this virgin apostle, are contained in the numerous pamphlets which were published during her ministry, either by herself, or by her zealous and eminent disciples, Mr William Sharp, and the Reverend Thomas P. Foley; or by her two female companions, Miss Jane Townley and Ann Underwood. These writings, however, are so extremely confused and tedious, that nobody but a Reviewer or a true Believer could take the trouble to peruse them; and we hope our readers will be duly thankful for the irksome labour to which we have submitted, for the gratification of their curiosity, in extracting a few of the more interesting particulars. The circumstances of her supernatural pregnancy and death, are detailed in the last pamphlet mentioned at the head of this article. It is written by Dr Reece, a London physician, one of her medical attendants; and is well entitled to particular animadversion.

Joanna Southcott was born in April 1750, the daughter of a small farmer in Devonshire. For many years she gained her livelihood as a servant in Exeter and the neighbourhood; and her character in private life was irreproachable, whatever opinion may be entertained of her conduct as a prophetess, and whatever calumnies may have been rashly or maliciously circulated by her spiritual adversaries, or by those shrewd judges of human nature, who suppose every fanatic to be a profligate voluptuary. From her early years, however, she delighted in the study of the Scriptures, and was accustomed, on all interesting occasions, to apply directly to Heaven for advice. Sooner or later an answer was always returned—by outward signs or inward feelings;—a language which is apt to leave the petitioner in a distressing but edifying uncertainty, sometimes with regard to the true interpretation, and sometimes with regard to an important preliminary, namely, whether the answer comes from heaven or from another place.

Thus Joanna, in 1804, relates the following anecdotes of her youthful days. *

---

* Copies of Letters, &c. to Mr W. Sharpe, p. 17.

Digitized by Google

'Peter West paid his addresses to me. He was a young man of remarkable good character, and one I thought remarkably handsome. Here my heart began to be entangled again in love, which I dreaded. One Sunday evening after we parted, I walked to my room with a war in my heart: I was thinking with myself, where is my foolish heart wandering? and was earnest in prayer, that the Lord would not permit the love of the creature to draw my heart from my Creator; and that the Lord would not permit me to keep company with any man that he had not ordained for my husband. I prayed that that might be a sign to me, that he might not be able to come to me for a month. *I was answered*, he should not come for a month, if it was not the will of the Lord I should have him. The next day my brother said, Peter's courtship was too hot to hold long. I said, if it lasted a month, it would last for ever. My brother laughed at my words; but finding Peter came no more, he said, then Peter's faith has failed him: and some laughed, and said Peter was worse than Paul to break off in that abrupt manner. I said I did not blame him; for if he thought he could do better, I did not wish him to hurt himself to come to me. But two months after, I met him by chance, and he then would have renewed his former acquaintance, and said he would never deceive me more. I told him he never should; for no man should deceive me twice: and if he thought himself better, he should go to better, for I never wanted any man to hurt himself to come to me; for he was great, and I was grand, and he might raise his colours as high as the skies; but he must take care they did not fall down again: but he did so much, that his friends lamented that they ever persuaded him against me. But I refused him in answer to what was *said to me in prayer*; for his being absent a month was a convincing proof to me I was not to have him; *but did not tell him so.*'

Here we cannot help remarking, that Joanna might have received an answer much more speedily, by tossing up a halfpenny; having previously settled that the answer should be Yes or No, according as it turned up the Head or the Reverse. In the present case, however, she had no doubt that the answer came from the right quarter, though she had a month to wait for it. In what follows, she had not the same assurance of faith. The history goes on thus.

'After that, for a short time, I kept company with my brother-in-law, and then went to Exeter, to the place *where I was directed.* But oh! what a scene of misery broke out there! After living some years in the house, the master of the house declared himself in love with me. No tongue can paint the horror I felt, to hear of love from a married man. I asked him how he could make a profession of religion, and talk of love to another, whilst he had a wife of his own? He said his love was not sinful; *it was only a religious love*, which no man that had such a wife as he had, that was roving after other men, could help; and told me of many men that he had

Digitized by Google

catched her with——and now to see a mind so mild and heavenly, endowed with every virtue, no *religious* man could help it. I told him he should not venture in temptation's road: and if his heart was inclined to love me, I would leave his house, and gave warning to go away. I went to Mr Trimlett's to offer. He threw himself into a violent passion, and said, if I would stay, he never would mention his love more; but if I went, never a methodist should come into his house again; but if I would stay, he would maintain the preachers that he knew I had a great regard for, as I thought them religious men. This made me earnest in prayer, that the Lord would direct me what to do. *I was answered, the Lord would direct me and protect me, nothing should harm me; but I should not leave the house, for he had ends unknown to me, to keep me in it.* So in a state of misery I staid there some time: *sometimes jealous that it was a* WRONG SPIRIT *that ordered me to stay there.* After that, he took a methodist parson into his house, who declared himself a lover to the wife in my presence, and despised her husband, and wanted to set all the children against him. This wounded me to the heart, and he himself expressed a jealousy. I thought to get the man out of the house privately by Mr Wesley's preachers; so that I went to put Mr Wills out of the thoughts of his jealousy; but he threw himself into a violent passion, and upbraided me with hypocrisy. He said I was as bad as her to vindicate her: I had upbraided him with crimes he was never guilty of in his love to me, and was going to leave the house for mentioning it; but now I upheld her in crimes she was guilty of; for he knew his wife too well, and Saunders too. His words cut me to the heart; for I knew I was concealing a much blacker crime than I had reproved in him, but thought I was the wrong person to tell him of it, as it might inflame his mind to renew his former words to me; so I left the house, and went to Masberry with my brother.'

From these quotations the reader may form some idea of Joanna's character. But although it was improper to remain in Mr Wills's family after his declaration of love, yet, from all the circumstances, and from the good reputation which she preserved in the neighbourhood, we piously believe in the damsel's innocence: and it is justice to add, that with regard to female virtue, this is the only ambiguous passage of her life.

However this may be, it can excite no surprise, that a person who enjoyed so intimate a communion with Heaven, should be called to the high office of a prophet. Yet it was not till the year 1792, at the mature age of two and forty, that she first received her divine commission: and Mr William Sharp, an ingenious engraver, metaphysician and theologian, has discovered the cause of this delay.

'I am convinced,' he says,* 'that Joanna has, for above twenty

* Sharp's Answer, p. 8.

Digitized by Google

years, in various ways, been in preparation from a spirit invisible before the year 1792, when the spirit of prophecy was first given to her. Had she not been thus gradually prepared before this period, the suddenness of the extraordinary visitation would have been too powerful for nature to bear; neither could she have had that confidence in the truth of the spirit, if she had not had proofs before, respecting herself, in her own private life, in many instances.'

But the mature age of the prophetess is far from being an unfavourable circumstance; and it must also be confessed that uncommon pains were taken to ascertain the truth of her commission.

'From the year 1792,' says Mr Sharp, † 'to the end of the year 1794, her writings were sealed up, and after being witnessed, were put out of her possession; and the same caution was observed at the end of each succeeding year, and (they) were at each time placed in the hands of persons of credit, until the arrival of myself and friends at Exeter; when, at our departure, which was at the beginning of January 1802, the whole of her sealed writings were put in our possession, properly sealed and witnessed. The box containing the greater part was given to my care; and a parcel also, sealed and witnessed, was given to the Rev. Stanhope Bruce, and one to each of the other friends. And I think it necessary to add, that whilst I was at Bath, on my return from Exeter to London, I had a large case made, which enclosed the whole box, for the cords round the box were sealed with seven seals; and I had a quantity of tow put between the box and the case, to preserve the seals from being broken. Here again I must observe, that all these cautions of Joanna about her writings, in sealing, &c. could not prove her an impostor—[Mr Sharp means to say, These cautions prove that she could not be an impostor]—neither, from these circumstances, could the spritit that so directed her, be a false spirit; neither was it possible for us to be deceived respecting the *identity* of the *writings* delivered to us; and which remained secure with us, until they were conveyed by me to High-House, Paddington, where the box and parcels were opened, and the seals broken, in the presence of above forty persons, who were assembled together by public notice, and which was at the beginning of January 1803. And after the writings were taken out, each paper was signed by three persons before they were delivered to Joanna, for them afterwards to be copied off. The reader will now take notice, from these particulars, that there can be no cunningly contrived plan to deceive; and from the whole of Joanna's conduct up to this day, together with what we discovered when at Exeter, from the evidence of those who knew her many years before, and from constant observation since of those who have lived with her, there is every confirmation of her sincerity, and of the divine truth of her writings.'

And we learn from the 'Warning to the whole World,' p. 3.

† Ibid, p. 4.

Digitized by Google

that her writings were examined during seven days, from the 12th to the 19th of January 1803, and that the result of this long scrutiny was, the 'unanimous decision of *twenty-three persons appointed by Divine command*, as well as thirty-five others 'that were then present, who all signed their names, that her 'calling was of God.'

This unanimous decision was founded in a great measure on the fulfilment of her prophecies, a criterion to which Joanna herself in all her writings frequently appeals with confidence and triumph.

'I have this to inform the public,' says the holy woman in her 'Warning to the whole World,' p. 123, 'that the prophecies of this book show the destruction of Satan, and the coming of Christ's kingdom. - - - - - - - Here my readers may ask me, what ground I have to affirm this belief. I answer; from the truth that is past I have ground to believe the other truths will follow. From the former I judge the latter. The war that I foretold in 1792 we should be engaged in, followed in 1793. The dearth which came upon the land in 1794 and 1795, I foretold in 1792; and, if unbelief did abound, that a much greater scarcity would take place, and which too fatally followed. I foretold the bad harvest in 1797. I foretold, in letters sent to two ministers of Exeter, what would be the harvests of 1799 and 1800; that the former would be hurt by rain, and the latter by sun:—these followed as predicted. The rebellion which took place in Ireland in 1798, I foretold in 1795, when the Irish soldiers rebelled in Exeter against the English officers. - - - - - - *I foretold the secret thoughts* and conversation of people in Exeter, which took place in 1792. This was acknowledged to be true by Mr Eastlake of Exeter. before the Rev. Stanhope Bruce, the Rev. Thomas Webster, the Rev. Thomas P. Foley, Messrs Sharp, Turner, Wilson and Morison, January 2, 1802, whilst they were at Exeter examining into the truth of my character and writings.'

Here, however, we have to mention a circumstance, of which neither Joanna in this place, nor Mr Sharp, we believe, anywhere, takes the smallest notice, namely, that her handwriting was *altogether illegible*. This curious fact we learn from Joanna herself in the 35th page of the pamphlet which we have just been quoting, where we find a letter of her's to the Rev. Mr Tucker of Heavitree, containing the following words.

'The letter I sent to the Rev. Archdeacon Moore last spring foretold the harvest perfectly as it came. - - - - - *I was ordered to put it in my own handwriting, to prevent his reading it before the time was expired.* You may marvel how a woman that professed to say she is called of God, to write such deep prophecies, and have the mysteries of the Bible explained to her, should write *such a hand as no one can read. But this must be to fulfil the Bible.* Every vision John saw in heaven must take place upon earth; and here *is the sealed book* that no one can read.'

Digitized by Google

In her 'True Explanations of the Bible' also, (p. 291.) she quotes the following passage from a book entitled 'Plain Remarks by B. H. a Mechanic.'

'She makes a scribbling upon some papers, and delivers them to some of her followers; and when any remarkable occurrence happens in the world, she being possessed of a great degree of head knowledge, with a retentive memory, goes to these papers, and pretends to read what has happened, in the same manner as if it had been previously inserted in them; there is a person writes down what she pretends to read, and then it is published.'

And in the next page, after having condemned some theological tenet maintained by the Mechanic, she adds—

'Poor, lying, ignorant man! though *my handwriting no man can read* before me, yet when I show them my letters and read the words to them, every man can then read them after me; for my handwriting is such that it is impossible for me to deceive any man when I so read it to them; so this man has asserted a falsity that he can never make good, and who can be proved a liar by more than forty or fifty witnesses, that have affirmed they can read every word after me: besides, I have learnt some to read my handwriting, and I have lent them my manuscript books; and they have taken out some of my communications.'

But although we have stated what we conceive to be a defect in Joanna's human accomplishments, we do not presume, like B. H., to found upon it any argument against the divinity of her mission. In fact we are ignorant which of her prophecies were originally written by herself in the sacred illegible character, and which of them were originally recorded by her amanuenses in the vulgar letters that ordinary men are competent to decypher; nor would our faith be in the least confirmed, although we knew that the whole of them had been printed distinctly from the first. And we shall gratify the reader's curiosity with some specimens, that he may judge for himself.

From the 'Warning to the whole World,' p. 80. we extract the following lines of what is called 'A communication 'given to Joanna in 1794 concerning the Vials in the Revela-'tion, and taken from the sealed Writings opened Jan. 12, '1803.'

\- - - - - - - - - - -

'No man by learning can these truths find out:
'It is of God, I say, let no man doubt.
'Thy pen's put down, and thou no more can'st say,
'Till I shall further on direct thy way,
'And now thy way I surely will direct.
'Tis on the sun the vial is pour'd out;
'And fervent heat it shall so strongly burn,
'That all the earth shall feel it and shall mourn;

Digitized by Google

'Because the sun shall burn so very strong,
'That all the corn it surely will consume.

- - - - - - - - - -

'Great peace in England after that shall be,
'Because the remnant will believe in me.
'Tis the last plague that ever shall come here,
'Before the Bridegroom doth to all appear.
'A happy land when all the storms are gone,
'The Wheat preserved, and the Weeds I've burn'd.'

It is evident, that this unintelligible trash, which is by no means worse than the greatest part of Joanna's prophecies, may be represented as signifying any thing, according to circumstances, and the fancy of the commentator. Indeed Joanna inculcates the doctrine, which is not altogether peculiar to her system, that prophecies cannot be understood before their fulfilment. Sometimes, however, she speaks more distinctly.

In p. 34 of the same publication, we read as follows—

'*March* 12, 1800.

'The following words were spoken to me, in answer to the Ministers mocking my writings.

'If they go on as they 've begun,
'The nations all may weep;
'Out of MY mouth the word is gone,
'And I shall it fulfil.
'Unless the priests they do awake,
'Your nation I shall chill
'With sore distress, to wound your breast,
'When harvest doth appear,
'By *sun or rain* to hurt your grain,
'And bring a famine near,
'By scarcity you all will see;
'But if they do awake.
'And now repent, like Nineveh,
'Their cause I'll undertake.'

And, in p. 37, at the end of the letter to the Rev. Mr Tucker, formerly quoted, we find the following prophecy.

'I write to you, Sir, as a friend, to judge for yourself. If unbelief do still abound, the next harvest will be worse than the last, and your repentance may come too late. I am ready to answer for myself in all I have said or done. I have written no cunningly-devised fable to any man, but written to make known unto all men the SECOND COMING OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST; and am, with the greatest respect, your most humble servant, JOANNA SOUTHCOTT.

'Now, I must beg my readers to observe,' says the Prophetess, 'this letter was written the 2d of March, in the year 1800; and the harvest that followed, was worse, as foretold, than the former of 1799.'

Here, although Joanna does not elude us in a cloud of impe-

Digitized by Google

netrable nonsense, yet, like a skilful general, she provides a retreat in case of disaster. For whether the succeeding harvest was good or bad, and whether the harvest of 1800 was better or worse than that of 1799, the credit of the prophetess was still secure, under the shelter of the conditional particle IF, the 'great Peacemaker.' Verily, it is an easier trade to prophesy, than we ordinary mortals are apt to imagine.

But the decision of the good people, who sat in judgment at Exeter and Paddington, did not proceed entirely on the written prophecies, but also on the numerous attestations of Joanna's sanctity and supernatural communications with heaven. 'There 'was scarce any thing,' said Mrs Taylor, in her deposition before these respectable Judges; 'there was scarce any thing that 'happened to the nation, or to particular families or individuals with whom I was acquainted, that Joanna did not in-'form me would happen before it did; and all were fulfilled as 'she predicted; and this continued for two or three years.'* Can it be wondered, then, that Joanna's disciples received her words with implicit faith, and were not startled at her boldest pretensions?

Her pretensions were bold indeed. She declared, that in the hours of inspiration, 'the words of the Spirit came as distinct 'to her hearing, as though they were spoken in an audible 'voice;'† and this Spirit, in all his communications, spake in the character of our Saviour himself. Our Saviour himself assured her of his never-failing protection against all her adversaries. 'Call to thy remembrance, he said, the days of thy 'youth, and the promise I made to thy mother before thou wast 'born, and how often I have told thee, no weapon that is form-'ed against thee should prosper.'‡ She was sent as his Bride, to announce the approaching Millennium, when he was to reign with his Elect on the Earth. The words of the Spirit are thus recorded.

'No man could believe my testimony, as being the Son of God, without believing the testimony of my mother; and no man can believe the testimony of my coming in the spirit, to bring in my spiritual kingdom, before I have revealed myself to a Woman as the Bride by my Spirit, that I am coming as the Bridegroom; and all flesh shall know I am *already* come in the Spirit, and never will return till my kingdom is established on the earth, as it is in heaven. For as I have stooped so low to submit in words to the simplicity of men, so will I bring men to the similitude of angels. . . . . I have

* Book of Trial, p. 60.
† Continuation of the Controversy with the Worldly Wise, p. 36.
‡ True Explanations of the Bible, p. 307.

Digitized by Google

humbled myself, before I am exalted by all men as a Prince and Saviour, conquering and to conquer, treading down all my enemies under my feet.' *

And the friends of the good cause were warned in terms, which are abundantly distinct, and which might have produced mischief, if the sect had been persecuted, that more than spiritual weapons may be required for establishing the Kingdom of Peace.

'You know your Master gave this strict command,
That he which had no sword must go and buy.
The time to use it now is drawing nigh.
For Christ affirm'd his servants should have fought,
Had it been *then*; but surely it was not.
Therefore he did submit their frowns to bear,
And charged Peter to put up his spear;
But *then* he said his kingdom was not here.
But when his kingdom doth come here below,
My saints must fight, and they will find it so.
For Joel's prophecies are drawing near;
Unto mankind I'll make them all appear.' †

But against all the dangers which might attend the introduction of the new establishment, the motherly care of the prophetess had provided a protection for those who subscribed their names as volunteers for the destruction of Satan's kingdom. To every subscriber a folded paper was delivered, indorsed with his name, and secured with the impression of Joanna's seal on red wax. This powerful talisman consisted only of a circle, enclosing the two letters J and C, with a star above and below: and within the paper were written the following words: 'The Sealed of 'the Lord—the Elect, Precious, Man's Redemption—To in-'herit the Tree of Life—To be made Heirs of God, and Joint 'Heirs of Jesus Christ.' The whole was authenticated by the signature of the prophetess in her illegible characters. The person provided with this protection was said to be sealed; and in conformity with the transaction recorded in the seventh chapter of the Revelation, the number of the sealed was to extend to one hundred and forty-four thousand.

These were high pretensions: and from that very circumstance, as well as from the fascination of an apparently artless and earnest and affectionate address, they subdued many weak, and visionary minds. Their very impiety became an argument for their truth; for her disciples believed it far beyond the utmost audacity of human wickedness, by deliberate imposition, in such awful concerns, to brave the hottest wrath of insulted Heaven. Nor could a pious imagination conceive it possible

* Warning to the whole World, p. 95. † Ibid. p. 84.

Digitized by Google

that signal vengeance would not instantly overtake so horrible a profanation.

These observations are particularly applicable to the last and most extraordinary of all her delusions, when she announced, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, that she was pregnant by divine influence, and would, in due time, bring forth a man child, by whom the Redeemer's kingdom was to be established. The state of her body happened to be such as, in the opinion of some medical gentlemen and practical midwives, would indicate pregnancy in a younger woman: and it would have been strange indeed, if, in these circumstances, her disciples had not been encouraged to look for the speedy accomplishment of their most sanguine hopes. But we have a wonderful story to tell concerning the credulity of a learned Doctor of Medicine; a story to which we should not have given any credit, if it had not been established by unquestionable authority. In fact, it is vouched by himself, in sundry letters in the newspapers, and lately in a pamphlet printed for the author at London, all of them sanctioned by his name.

On the 7th of August 1814, Dr Richard Reece of London visited Mrs Southcott; and the object of the visit was, 'to ascertain the probability of her being in a state of pregnancy, as then given out.' * And 'after a full inspection of what he deemed necessary to fix his opinion,' he declared to herself, that, when certain symptoms appeared, 'he never could hesitate in pronouncing it a case of pregnancy, and that this actually was his opinion of her situation.' † He told her indeed, that 'it would have been more satisfactory to him to have formed his judgment from internal examination also;' but still it is distinctly stated, that *after a full inspection of what he deemed necessary to fix his opinion*, his opinion actually was, that her situation was a case of pregnancy. A few days afterwards, with his own permission, and at the hour appointed by himself, he was visited by several of her followers, 'who wished to have his opinion of her real situation from his own lips.'—'They were headed,' says the Doctor, 'by the Rev. Mr Foley, a respectable clergyman of the Established Church, who resides in Worcestershire, who addressed me as to the object of their visit, and requested my sentiments. This (these) I clearly stated to be in favour of her pregnancy.' ‡ On the 25th of August, Dr Reece addressed a letter to the Editor of the Sunday Monitor, in answer to the following question proposed in the Times paper, 'Who are the medical gentlemen that are

* Reece's Correct Statement, p. 4. † Ibid. p. 10. & 11.
‡ Ibid. p. 13.

Digitized by Google

'said to concur in her (Joanna's) statements respecting her-
'self?' In this letter, the Doctor states distinctly, that after hearing the statement of her complaints in a visit which he paid to her on the 18th, 'she allowed him to make such examina-
'tion as he might consider necessary for the purpose of ascer-
'taining whether she was pregnant or not;' and that he 'thus
'satisfied his mind of the pregnancy of Joanna Southcott.'* And in another letter to the Editor of the Sunday Monitor, dated the 2d of September, after allowing that certain symptoms are not unequivocal proofs of pregnancy, he adds the following words:—'But if, with these signs, a motion resem-
'bling that of a fœtus, can be distinctly felt in the uterus, no
'medical man, I presume, would hesitate a moment in pro-
'nouncing the person to be pregnant. I beg leave to ask those
'gentlemen who declined to hazard an opinion respecting the
'pregnancy of Joanna Southcott, (and I shall really be greatly
'obliged to them to answer my questions, either anonymously
'or otherwise), whether the symptoms noticed above were not
'evident to them on the examination they made; and whether
'a medical man, on external examination, *could possibly mis-*
'take any motion of the uterus or the viscera, produced by the
'action of the abdominal muscles or diaphragm, for that of a
'fœtus in the uterus?'†—We may just observe, in passing, that Dr Reece himself can now answer this last question in the most satisfactory manner, from his own experience. But to return to the history. In a third letter to his old friend the Editor of the Sunday Monitor, dated the 10th of September, he still adhered manfully to his first assertion; and, setting out with a declaration that 'no doubt existed in his own mind of the preg-
'nancy of Joanna Southcott,'‡ he proceeds to discuss the reasons adduced by Dr Sims in the Morning Chronicle, for adopting the contrary opinion.

There are two facts which it is now material to state. The one is, that, even at his first visit, Dr Reece was not ignorant that Joanna declared herself to be a virgin: for, in his account of his first visit, he says, 'In every examination she acquiesced,
'except one, which the delicacy of her feelings as a virgin re-
'jected, observing, that had she been a married woman, even
'to this she would have readily agreed.§

The other fact is, that this trial, which she uniformly refused from first to last, is stated by Dr Reece himself to be 'the *only*
'*certain and unequivocal* means of detecting pregnancy.'‖

* Reece's Correct Statement, p. 17.
† Ibid. p. 23.
‡ Ibid. p. 38.
§ Ibid. p. 7.
‖ Ibid. p. 98.

Digitized by Google

The matter then stands thus. Mrs Southcott, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, affirming herself to be a virgin, and at the same time announcing that she was miraculously pregnant, consulted Dr Reece for the express purpose of satisfying her disciples and the world with regard to the reality of her pregnancy: and Dr Reece declared to herself, to her disciples, and to the world, that no doubt of her pregnancy existed in his mind; and he made this declaration repeatedly and positively, and in the most unqualified manner, after being fully indulged with the trials which he deemed necessary to fix his judgment; but yet without having made that particular trial, which he himself considered to be the only certain and unequivocal means of detecting pregnancy.

After this specimen of his own simplicity, it is with a bad grace that Dr Reece derides the credulity of Joanna's disciples. We dare not indeed affirm that he was ever a convert to her faith, since he expressly disclaims the imputation, in the following passage.

'In answer to the ridiculous charge of his being a disciple of this infatuated impostor, he (Dr Reece) begs to state, that he is the son of a beneficed clergyman of the Established Church, (the late Rev. W. Reece, Rector of Colwall, in the diocese of Hereford), a man of profound erudition as an antiquarian, and of general learning, who early instilled into his mind the firm principles of religion, and *those* tenets of the Church of England—(what particular tenets does the Doctor allude to?)—which he hopes have taken too deep a root to be shaken by the reveries of fanaticism.' †

But we must be permitted to say, that the son of the Rector of Colwall, in the diocese of Hereford, notwithstanding his father's profound erudition, and his own early provision of good principles, contributed more than any one man to encourage the prophetess and her disciples, and to make converts to her delusion. It was a prodigious triumph indeed, to gain the attestation of a learned Doctor of Medicine, to the reality of the miraculous pregnancy. And Dr Reece was fully conscious of the great authority of his name, as appears from the following ample certificate which he has received.

'He has had opportunities of learning every branch of his profession, which fall to the lot of few. For many years he held the respectable appointment of Domestic Surgeon and Apothecary to the Hereford Infirmary, to which some of the first medical characters belonged. On leaving it, he studied at the first hospitals in the metropolis, and attended the principal lectures; and he may be allowed, since he has been so unjustly attacked, *without incurring the*

† Reece's Correct Statement, Preface, p. vi.

Digitized by Google

imputation of vanity, to add, that he has prosecuted his studies with a degree of ardour and assiduity equal to any of his cotemporaries; and, having *built* such a solid foundation, it is certainly *no presumption* in him to think, that he is as capable of a successful exercise of his profession, *as any whose names appear in the list of the two colleges.*' *

These colleges, we presume, can be no other than the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. And although we do not profess to think that the Doctor has enjoyed any peculiar opportunities of learning every branch of his profession; yet when we recollect that the first medical names in the world are to be found in the lists of the two London Colleges, we are compelled to entertain a very high admiration of the illustrious character which Dr Reece has conferred upon himself. It is not in the least surprising therefore that he should have been treated with marked respect both by the prophetess and her most distinguished disciples; of which, they will be pleased to know that he condescends to speak with much complacency. Mr Foley in particular, we are persuaded, will be much gratified with the following compliments which are paid to him by so great a man. The reader will remember that this clergyman headed the Deputation of Joanna's Disciples who waited on Dr Reece, to learn from his own lips his opinion concerning the pregnancy; and we now transcribe a passage in the Doctor's account of the visit.

'My attention was afterwards engaged in a conversation with Mr Foley on her divine mission. This gentleman is a near relation of Lord Foley. He condemned the conduct of the bishops for their supineness and want of curiosity in not coming forward to investigate the business, and lamented much the death of the late Dr Herde, Bishop of Worcester, who thought favourably of Mrs Southcott's doctrines. He had himself applied to the present bishop, who had declined to interfere. In this visit Mr Foley behaved with all the politeness of *the* gentleman, and expressed his wish *to see me at his rectory.* He is a man of superior understanding, great benevolence, and one who does honour to the clerical character.' †

Before we take leave of this author, there is still another circumstance which must not be overlooked.—*After* Dr Reece began to entertain doubts of the pregnancy, he endeavoured to represent his opinion as depending on Mrs Southcott's veracity. Thus in the month of December 1814, when she was evidently dying, he mentioned to one of her disciples, that he 'had *now* doubts 'of her pregnancy;'—'that the truth of her pregnancy rested 'much on her own word; and there could be no doubt of it,

* Reece's Correct Statement, Preface, p. iv.
† Ibid. p. 14.

Digitized by Google

'provided full confidence could be placed in that.'* But it appears clearly from the Doctor's own statement, that from the very first he founded his opinion, not on what Mrs Southcott said, but on what he himself saw and felt. And we are not able to discover how the Doctor's new way of talking at the period of his scepticism, can be reconciled with the two following passages of his Correct Statement.

In the sixth page, giving an account of his first visit, he says;—'I allowed her to proceed in the whole of her statement without interruption, and after noticing her internal complaints, she came to mention the changes, &c.—Having stated these circumstances, she then put to me the following pointed question. Sir, says she, were I a young woman, and had been married seven or eight months, would you suppose, from the symptoms I have related, I was in the family way? I immediately replied, from *her* statement I could have no doubt of it. But at the same time, from the appearance of age in her face, such a circumstance seemed highly improbable. This remark seemed not to please her; and, assuming an elevated tone of voice, and a fierceness of aspect, she observed, "This will not satisfy the public: I expect to be abused as an impostor, and all manner of ill-natured things will be said of me; nay, the public may blame you for giving an opinion on my own statement; so that whatever proofs you require, you shall have." And this was the visit at which he declared her to be pregnant, "after a full inspection of what he deemed necessary to fix his opinion."

The other passage to which we refer, is contained in Dr Reece's letter, already mentioned, of the 2d of September, to the Editor of the Sunday Monitor. He alludes in it to a letter in the Morning Advertiser, signed J. C. H., where the writer complains that Mrs Southcott had endeavoured to impose upon him, in the account which she gave of her feelings: on which Dr Reece makes the following observation, which we are happy to quote, as being the most judicious which we have discovered in the whole of his pamphlet.—'One would suppose, Mr Editor, that a medical man employed on such an occasion, *would not pay the least attention* to the statement of a woman who was represented as an impostor of the worst description in all our public journals. His duty was to notice such symptoms only, the existence of which he had an opportunity to ascertain.'†

All our readers we presume have heard the catastrophe;—that the prophetess died, and was dissected by her friend Dr. Reece, and that no child could be discovered. But it is a much more curious circumstance, that the faith of her followers continued strong to the last, even when the faith of the prophetess itself had failed. Indeed, it appears from different parts of her writ-

* Reece's Correct Statement, p. 73. † Ibid. p. 25.

Digitized by Google

ings, that she had sometimes fits of despondency, when she doubted, or, according to her own expression, when she was *jealous*, concerning the nature of her familiar spirit. In her last days, these doubts returned with greater force; and we are obliged to Dr Reece for his description of the following scene, which he witnessed on the 19th of November 1814, a few weeks before her death. Five or six of her friends, who were waiting in the next room, were admitted into her bedchamber.—' She desired them, says our author, to be seated round her bed; when, spending a few minutes in adjusting the bed-clothes with seeming attention, and placing before her a white handkerchief, she thus addressed them, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words.—" My friends, some of you have known me nearly twenty-five years, and all of you not less than twenty. When you have heard me speak of my prophecies, you have sometimes heard me say that I doubted my inspiration. But at the same time you would never let me despair. When I have been alone, it has often appeared delusion; but when the communications were made to me, I did not in the least doubt. Feeling, as I now do feel, that my dissolution is drawing near, and that a day or two may terminate my life, it all appears delusion."—She was by this exertion quite exhausted, and wept bitterly. On reviving in a little time, she observed that it was very extraordinary, that after spending all her life in investigating the Bible, it should please the Lord to inflict that heavy burden on her. She concluded this discourse, by requesting that every thing on this occasion might be conducted with decency. She then wept; and all her followers present seemed deeply affected, and some of them shed tears. "Mother," said one, (I believe Mr Howe), "we will commit your instructions to paper; and rest assured they shall be conscientiously followed." They were accordingly written down with much solemnity, and signed by herself, with her hand placed on the Bible in the bed ... This being finished, Mr Howe again observed to her, "Mother, your feelings are *human*. We know that you are a favoured woman of God, and that you will produce the promised child; and whatever you may say to the contrary will not diminish our faith." This assurance revived her, and the scene of crying was changed with her to laughter.' *

The faith of her disciples was not extinguished by her death. The dead body was kept warm for four days, according to her own previous directions, in hopes of a revival, and the birth of the promised child; and it was not consigned to the dissector, till putrefaction had rendered it extremely offensive. Hopes we understand are still cherished, that although she has been withdrawn for a season, she will one day return with her son, and fulfil the promises, whose accomplishment has been delayed on account of the wickedness of the world. In fact, as some of

* Reece's Correct Statement, p. 63.

Digitized by Google

her disciples, and particularly Mr Sharp, * have suggested that she is the woman described at the beginning of the twelfth chapter of the Revelation; it is evident from the perusal of that chapter, that both the mother and the child were to disappear from the earth, but to return at the end of a period not easy to be defined. It is much to Joanna's credit, however, that even at the time when the hopes of her disciples were lowest, they still expressed for her the greatest love and veneration. And here we think it right to state our strong suspicions, that several falsehoods are related in the common histories of her life, and even that some writings have been published falsely in her name, with the view of exposing both herself and her followers to the hatred as well as the ridicule of the public. We allude particularly to one pamphlet, printed at Stourbridge in 1804, and entitled 'Letters and Communications of Joanna 'Southcott, the Prophetess of Exeter, lately written to Jane 'Townley.'

Joanna lived on the bounty of her disciples, and the sale of her writings: but it is a malicious calumny that her seals were sold. Dr Reece describes her apartments as mean and paltry; and so we have no doubt they might appear, when compared with the Doctor's drawing-room in Piccadilly; but they seemed handsome enough to people of less magnificent ideas. Indeed it is well known that Mrs Southcott has always lived *comfortably* since her arrival in London. One of her believers left her an estate of 250*l. per annum*; † and an unmarried lady, who was born and educated in fashionable life, forsook her family and friends, and shared her fortune with the prophetess.

It is by no means true, as sometimes represented, that the sect has been confined to the lowest and most ignorant persons. Hitherto, however, it has not been very numerous; which may be accounted for, not from the absurdity of its tenets, but from the combination of two other circumstances. In the first place, the Joannites were never persecuted. They were completely neglected by Government, and little preached against by the clergy. This we state to the credit of our country; although some men of superior wisdom were indignant, because the Attorney-General did not prosecute the prophetess for blasphemy. In the second place, the sect has never produced any preacher with the indefatigable activity and overpowering eloquence of Whitfield or Wesley. But if such a preacher should soon arise, it is not impossible that it might still revive and flourish

* Divine and Spiritual Communications, written by Joanna Southcott, Introduction, p. ix.

† Reece's Correct Statement, p. 104.

Digitized by Google

more than ever; adding another church to the great number of churches, established and unestablished, into which the empire is divided,—a division by which, the more manifold it becomes, the public peace and liberty are the less likely to be disturbed or oppressed by any one of them.

Upon the whole, the mission of Joanna Southcott is an extremely curious article in the history of human credulity. But while we laugh at the simplicity of her disciples, we may all of us do well to look homeward,—and to consider whether our own belief is not on various occasions determined by our feelings, more than by evidence,—whether we are not sometimes duped by respected names or bold pretenders—and sometimes by our own fancies, fears or wishes.

ART. XII. *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa in the Year* 1805, *by* MUNGO PARK; *Together with other Documents, Official and Private, relative to the same Expedition: To which is prefixed, an Account of the Life of* MR PARK. 4to. pp. 320. London, Murray, 1815.

WE have more than once had occasion to mention this publication, so long promised by the African Institution, in our notices of the proceedings of that Body. We naturally, therefore, take the earliest opportunity of introducing it to the attention of our readers; and we can venture to assure them, that no reasonable expectations which they may have formed of it will be disappointed.

The reader is aware, that Park's first and greatest journey in Africa was performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association—a small but most praiseworthy Society, formed for promoting discoveries in that unexplored quarter of the globe. He returned at the end of the year 1797, and, for some time, devoted himself to domestic pursuits, and to the publication of his travels. In 1804 he was invited by the Government to undertake a new journey upon a different plan, and with the view of opening channels of commercial intercourse, as well as extending our knowledge of the interior of Africa. His journal of this expedition, from his leaving Kayee on the Gambia, to his embarkation upon the Niger at Sansanding, forms the principal part of the volume before us. It was drawn up under every conceivable disadvantage, and intended to furnish memoranda of occurrences and scenes, which, after his return, he could more fully describe. In the mean while, it was transmitted to the Secretary of State for the Colonial department,

Digitized by Google

under whose authority the journey was prosecuted; and from that department it was communicated to the African Institution, with permission to publish it for the benefit of Mr Park's family.

The traveller had been accompanied the greater part of his way by Isaaco, a native African of respectable character, who returned with his papers and letters before he embarked on the Niger: And when rumours reached Senegal of his death, uncontradicted by any tidings of a more favourable kind, Governor Maxwell determined to despatch some one in search of him, and was lucky enough to find Isaaco ready for the service. He was absent about twenty months, and returned in September 1811, with a confirmation of the fatal intelligence. He kept a journal of his proceedings, to which we have in former articles adverted; and a translation of this singular piece, from the original Arabic, is subjoined to Park's Journal.

When the African Institution undertook the publication of these papers, they were favoured with a copy of Park's memorial to the Colonial Department, upon the objects of the expedition, and the means of accomplishing them, and of his letters addressed officially to that department. Sir Joseph Banks, also, Park's first and most valuable patron, communicated the letters addressed to him, and accompanied them with every other information relative to the expedition. The memorial and correspondence are incorporated in the biographical part of this volume.

The task of preparing these documents for the press, and of writing the life of the traveller, as well as furnishing such geographical and other elucidations as were necessary for the full understanding of the subject, was confided by the Institution to one of its Directors; and it appears, from the manner in which the office has been performed, that it could not have been entrusted to better hands, whether for diligence, accuracy, or ability. Indeed, a more interesting piece of biography has not, for many years, been given to the publick: notwithstanding that the principal events in Park's life were well known, and that any thing beyond his travels could not be expected to excite particular attention. By a judicious combination of the materials furnished by the family and friends of Park, and the correspondence above noticed, with a clear and not inelegant abstract of his travels in both expeditions, and an introduction of some collateral disquisitions upon subjects connected with his history, and the affairs of Africa, the editor has certainly produced a Tract, at once instructive and entertaining in no common degree. If he has left us any thing to regret, it is a certain fastidiousness, rather than caution, which may be frequently traced,

Digitized by Google

and to which we may ascribe an unnecessary abstinence or self-restraint in handling some topics, and a subdued tone generally prevalent through the composition. This kind of regret, however, we express doubtingly; well aware of the dangers to which the opposite extreme of rashness and eloquence exposes historical researches, and therefore not unwillingly reconciled to the error, if such it must be deemed, which lies on the safer side.

In presenting us with a sketch of Park's life, the learned and judicious editor has had recourse to the best sources for information; and he has been successful in his pursuit of it. Mr Archibald Buchanan of Glasgow, a brother-in-law of Park, had made some progress in a similar work; and immediately on hearing of the present design, he transmitted all his materials to our author. Two brothers of Park, one of whom, Adam, is still living at Gravesend, and Mr James Dickson of Covent Garden, well known in the botanical world, one of Park's earliest and steadiest friends, furnished much important information. The stores of geographical learning possessed by Major Rennell, and the copious details respecting the trade of Africa furnished by Mr Macaulay, are not the only contributions of those gentlemen to the completion of this work: The editor owes to them also several interesting particulars respecting the biographical branch of it;—and, as may easily be conceived by all who know the habitual liberality, in such matters, which distinguishes Sir Joseph Banks, and makes his assistance scarcely be deemed a favour, the editor had easy access to whatever that justly distinguished personage could supply in aid of his plan.

It is by no means our design to anticipate the gratification which a perusal of the Tract itself must furnish to our readers; still less to provide a substitute for it. We shall not, therefore, follow the course of the biography, but only notice a few passages by way of specimens, and for the sake of exciting, rather than satisfying, curiosity. In fairness to the author, it should be remarked, that the merits of a work like this, lie not so much in single passages, which can be detached from the rest, but consist rather in the assemblage and arrangement of the whole materials, and their disposition in the form of a continuous and flowing narration.

The latter part of Park's first journey, and his return home, afford a narrative of peculiar interest, from two incidents, of a nature sufficiently dramatic, one of them indeed almost emulating the combinations of romance.

'Having encountered all the horrors of the rainy season, and being worn down by fatigue, his health had, at different times, been seriously affected. But, soon after his arrival at Kamalia, he fell

Digitized by Google

into a severe and dangerous fit of sickness, by which he was closely confined for upwards of a month. His life was preserved by the hospitality and benevolence of Karfa Taura, a negro, who received him into his house, and whose family attended him with the kindest solicitude. The same excellent person, at the time of Park's last mission into Africa, hearing that a white man was travelling through the country, whom he imagined to be Park, took a journey of six days to meet him; and joining the caravan at Bambakoo, was highly gratified by the sight of his friend.

'There being still a space of five hundred miles to be traversed (the greater part of it through a desert) before Park could reach any friendly country on the Gambia, he had no other resource but to wait with patience for the first caravan of slaves that might travel the same track. No such opportunity occurred till the latter end of April, 1797; when a coffle, or caravan, set out from Kamalia under the direction of Karfa Taura, in whose house he had continued during his long residence of more than seven months at that place.

'The coffle began its progress westwards on the 17th of April, and on the 4th of June reached the banks of the Gambia, after a journey of great labour and difficulty, which afforded Park the most painful opportunities of witnessing the miseries endured by a caravan of slaves in their transportation from the interior to the coast. On the 10th of the same month, Park arrived at Pisania, from whence he had set out eighteen months before; and was received by Dr Laidley (to use his own expression) as one risen from the grave. On the 15th of June he embarked in a slave ship bound to America, which was driven by stress of weather to the West Indies; and got with great difficulty, and under circumstances of considerable danger, into the Island of Antigua. He sailed from thence on the 24th of November, and after a short, but tempestuous passage, arrived at Falmouth on the 22d of the following month, having been absent from England two years and seven months.

'Immediately on his landing he hastened to London, anxious in the greatest degree about his family and friends, of whom he had heard nothing for two years. He arrived in London before day-light on the morning of Christmas day, 1797; and it being too early an hour to go to his brother-in-law Mr Dickson, he wandered for some time about the streets in that quarter of the town where his house was. Finding one of the entrances into the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he went in and walked about there for some time. It happened that Mr Dickson, who had the care of those gardens, went there early that morning upon some trifling business. What must have been his emotions on beholding, at that extraordinary time and place, the vision, as it must at first have appeared, of his long-lost friend, the object of so many anxious reflections, and whom he had long numbered with the dead! p. xiii.–xv.

An interesting account is given of the manner in which Park's mind was made up to undertake his second journey. He had

Digitized by Google

settled in a provincial town of his native country, married; and had a family. He was practising surgery in the neighbourhood, with such success as may be attained in that confined sphere. He was greatly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, and distinguished by some of the most eminent literary characters of Scotland, among whom, our author mentions, with an appropriate tribute of respect, the venerable Dr Ferguson, the last survivor of that illustrious school which will shine through all ages, in the names of Hume, Smith, Robertson and Black. But his station, though thus comfortable and creditable to himself, and rendered still more honourable by the charities which he exercised towards the poor in the course of his profession, was nevertheless ill suited to the adventurous turn of mind which his past habits had formed. 'His journies to visit distant pa-'tients—his long and solitary rides over "cold and lonely 'heaths" and "gloomy hills assailed by the wintry tempest," 'seem to have produced in him feelings of disgust and impa-'tience, which he had perhaps rarely experienced in the de-'serts of Africa. His strong sense of the irksomeness of this 'way of life broke out from him upon many occasions; espe-'cially when, previously to his undertaking his second African 'mission, one of his nearest relations expostulated with him on 'the imprudence of again exposing himself to dangers which 'he had so very narrowly escaped, and perhaps even to new 'and still greater ones; he calmly replied, that a few inglorious 'winters of country practice at Peebles, was a risk as great, and 'would tend as effectually to shorten life, as the journey which 'he was about to undertake.' p. xxxiii. xxxiv.

In this frame of mind he received a summons to attend the Secretary for Colonial Affairs, who made him the proposal of conducting the expedition then under consideration. He desired a short time to consult his friends; but here, as in such cases almost uniformly happens, his mind was already pretty well resolved; and the consultation was a matter of courtesy or form.

'From the time of his interview with Lord Hobart, his de-'termination was in fact taken. His imagination had been in-'dulging itself for some years past upon the visions of discove-'ries which he was destined to make in the Interior of Africa; 'and the object of his ambition was now within his grasp. He 'hastily announced to Lord Hobart his acceptance of the pro-'posal; employed a few days in settling his affairs and taking 'leave of his friends; and left Scotland in December 1803, with 'the confident expectation of embarking in a very short time 'for the coast of Africa.'

The delays and mismanagement incident to official proceedings in matters not immediately connected with war, and there-

Digitized by Google

fore below a great Statesman's notice, now enter into the narrative. The principal details of the expedition had been arranged before the application to Park. A month or two had elapsed since the proposition was made. Upon his arrival in town after he accepted, a postponement of two months took place without any apparent cause; and the sailing was then fixed for the end of February. But at that critical moment, Mr Addington and his friends were occupied with concerns nearer and dearer to them than the geography of Africa. We allude not merely to the war then waging against France, though they had that also upon their hands; but the more interesting conflict with Mr Pitt, who had grown as weary of opposition as Mr Park was of provincial surgery; and, by means of motions respecting the navy and the army, and other 'vital interests of the empire,' was occupied in turning out the above characters, from the places in which he had put them. Every thing was ready, and the embarkation in great part completed, when the expedition was suddenly countermanded; the Earl Camden having happily succeeded to the Lord Hobart's place as his portion of the change; and it being, of course, necessary that the nature and objects of the undertaking should be expounded to that noble person, and his pleasure ascertained upon the practical question, Whether a scheme of scientific and commercial discovery ought to be pursued, notwithstanding that it had been devised by his immediate predecessors? When these circumstances are considered, it will not be deemed too great an allowance of time, if we add, that the sailing was put off from February to September. But this interval was spent very profitably by the traveller, who, at the judicious suggestion of some person in authority, made himself a tolerable master of Arabic, and acquired some expertness in taking observations. He also drew up the memorial already referred to, upon the objects of the expedition, and the means of accomplishing them, accompanying his remarks with the reasons of the opinion very confidently entertained by him, that the Niger, after pursuing an easterly course turns to the southward, and falls into the Atlantic on the coast of Guinea, in the vast stream known by the name of the Congo.

In order to acquire the Arabic language, he had retired to his native place with an Arab, who came over in the suite of Elfi Bey. Upon his return to town, he found the plan was approved of; but, before it was finally determined on, he 'was desired by Lord Camden, to consult Major Rennell, and obtain his opinion both with regard to the scheme and objects of the expedition, and Park's own sentiments relative to the Niger, as stated in his Memoir. For this purpose he went to Brighthelmston, where Major Rennell then was, and re-

Digitized by Google

'mained with him several days; during which time, the subjects proposed by Lord Camden were repeatedly discussed 'between them. With respect to the supposition relative to 'the termination of the Niger, Major Rennell was unconvinced by Park's reasonings, and declared his adherence to the 'opinion he had formerly expressed with regard to the course 'of that river. As to the plan of the intended expedition, he 'was so much struck with the difficulties and dangers likely to 'attend its execution, that he earnestly dissuaded Park from 'engaging in so hazardous an enterprize. His arguments, 'urged with all the warmth and sincerity of friendship, appear to have made a great impression upon Park; and he 'took leave of Major Rennell with an apparent determination 'to relinquish the undertaking. But this conviction was little 'more than momentary, and ceased almost as soon as the influence and authority from which it proceeded, were withdrawn. On Park's return to London, his enthusiasm revived; and all doubts and difficulties were at an end.' p. l. li.

The objections here alluded to, and in which many of Park's intelligent friends joined, were of a general and somewhat vague description, according to the judicious remark of his biographer, and applicable to any undertaking of a similar kind. He opposes to them the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, on every account entitled to the greatest deference upon such a subject; but more especially, because it proceeded from one who had encountered the most imminent risks in the prosecution of scientific discovery. Without in the least extenuating the dangers of the untried expedition, which he regarded as one of the most hazardous ever undertaken, he still thought that they were not greater than might reasonably be encountered for the sake of very important objects;—justly observing, says our author, that it was only from similar risks of human life, that great geographical discoveries were in general to be expected.

Every thing being now fixed, and the season already far advanced, Park was extremely anxious to hasten his departure, as the whole success of the expedition depended on its being undertaken a sufficient time before the rains. He was nevertheless detained two months for his official instructions,—a delay somewhat preposterous, when we consider that those instructions could only be the echo of his own memorial, in an abridged and general form; and one month more elapsed, before he could set sail. As every thing was ready early in October, it is deeply to be lamented, that any accident should have prevented him from sailing in the course of that month. The delay, indeed, proved fatal to the enterprize, which in all probability

Digitized by Google

would have had a different result, had it been undertaken at an adequate distance of time from the rainy season.

The plan being to send Park with a detachment of soldiers, an adequate store of merchandize, and a few seamen and carpenters to construct vessels for the navigation of the Niger—the main object of the expedition, and the means by which its ulterior ends of discovery were to be accomplished—he received the local rank of captain in the King's service; and under him were commissioned, his brother-in-law Mr Anderson a surgeon, and Mr George Scott a draughtsman. They were to choose their soldiers from the garrison at Goree. Having sailed on the 30th January 1805, they arrived, after a somewhat tedious passage, on the 8th of March, at Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, where they purchased the asses requisite for their caravan; and on the 28th, they reached Goree in safety. His prospects at this time seem to have been at the brightest; and we shall extract a few passages of his letters—rendered the more touching, from the contrast between their tenderness and the inflexible steadiness of his nature—if indeed we can, with any propriety, speak of contrasting qualities so much in harmony as real boldness and the kindly affections of the heart. The first passage is from a letter to his wife.

'I have hopes, almost to certainty, that Providence will so dispose the tempers and passions of the inhabitants of this quarter of the world, that we shall be enabled to *slide through* much more smoothly than you expect.

'I need not tell you how often I think about you; your own feelings will enable you to judge of that. The hopes of spending the remainder of my life with my wife and children, will make every thing seem easy; and you may be sure I will not rashly risk my life, when I know, that your happiness, and the welfare of my young ones, depend so much upon it. I hope my mother does not torment herself with unnecessary fears about me. I sometimes fancy how you and she will be meeting misfortune half-way, and placing me in many distressing situations. I have as yet experienced nothing but success; and I hope that six months more will end the whole as I wish.' p. lviii.

The next which we shall select is from a letter to Mr Dickson, dated the 26th of April, the day before he left the Gambia.

"Every thing, at present, looks as favourable as I could wish; and if all things go well, this day six weeks I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass

Digitized by Google

through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, *the day is won.*—Give my kind regards to Sir Joseph and Mr Greville; and if they should think that I have paid too little attention to natural objects, you may mention that I had forty men and forty-two asses to look after, besides the constant trouble of packing and weighing bundles, palavering with the Negroes, and laying plans for our future success. I never was so busy in my life."—p. lxiii. lxiv.

He had selected the thirty-five soldiers and a lieutenant who were to attend him, from the garrison of Goree, the whole having volunteered. Nevertheless, it appears that their habits or constitutions were not peculiarly well adapted to the service, and the rains destroyed them with a fatal rapidity. He found himself at the wished-for point, ready to embark on the Niger; but after losing his whole companions, except Lieutenant Martyn and three soldiers, of whom one was in a state of mental derangement, the death of his friend and brother-in-law Mr Anderson appears to have affected him most deeply. 'No event,' says he, 'ever threw the smallest gloom over my mind till I laid 'Mr Anderson in the grave: I then felt myself as if left a se-'cond time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa.' (*Journal, p.* 163.) In his perilous situation, indeed, he might well have been excused for shutting his heart against every sentiment not immediately connected with self-preservation. 'He 'was' (says his biographer) 'about to embark on a vast and 'unknown river, which might possibly terminate in some great 'lake or inland sea, at an immense distance from the coast; 'but which he hoped and believed would conduct him to the 'shores of the Atlantic, after a course of considerably more 'than three thousand miles, through the midst of savage na-'tions, and probably also after a long succession of rapids, 'lakes, and cataracts. This voyage, one of the most formid-'able ever attempted, was to be undertaken in a crazy and ill-'appointed vessel, manned by a few Negroes and four Euro-'peans!' p. lxxvii.

At this interesting, but most trying moment, his habitual constancy did not forsake him; nay, strange to tell, and incredible, were it not known that great men perform things next to impossible by dint of a certain self-deception which never leaves in their minds any doubt of success, and which they always extend even to desperate circumstances where all chance of succeeding is gone; in the situation just now described, we find this extraordinary person not only cheerful, but almost sanguine. Before embarking in the crazy vessel, which, principally by his own labour, he had constructed of two old patched and worn out canoes, he completed his journal up to that date, such as it is here given;

Digitized by Google

and occupied a few hours in writing letters to Sir Joseph Banks, the Colonial department, and his wife. For inserting the two last of these singular pieces, we shall offer no apology to the reader. He will perceive a material difference in the colouring given to his situation, where he is speaking to his wife. From the letter to Lord Camden, it is plain, that he was well aware of its extreme difficulties and perils; but that he, who had been full of confidence, where others would have despaired, was very far from despairing, where success appeared beyond all calculation.

"*To the Earl Camden, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, &c. &c. &c.*

"On board of H. M. Schooner Joliba, at anchor off Sansanding, November 17th, 1805.

"My Lord,

"I have herewith sent you an account of each day's proceedings since we left *Kayes*. Many of the incidents related are in themselves extremely trifling; but are intended to recal to my recollection (if it pleases God to restore me again to my dear native land) other particulars illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, which would have swelled this bulky communication to a most unreasonable size.

"Your Lordship will recollect, that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it.

"We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals, or any other accidents; and yet I am sorry to say, that of forty-four Europeans who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive, viz. three soldiers (one deranged in his mind), Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.

"From this account I am afraid that your Lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state; but I assure you, I am far from desponding. With the assistance of one of the soldiers, I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the east, with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream; but I am more and more inclined to think, that it can end no where but in the sea.

"My dear friend Mr Anderson, and likewise Mr Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at last die on the Niger.

"If I succeed in the object of my journey, I expect to be in England in the month of May or June, by way of the West Indies.

"I request that your Lordship will have the goodness to permit

Digitized by Google

my friend Sir Joseph Banks to peruse the abridged account of my proceedings, and that it may be preserved, in case I should lose my papers. I have the honour to be," &c.

"*To Mrs Park.*

"Sansanding, 19th November, 1805.

"It grieves me to the heart to write any thing that may give you uneasiness; but such is the will of him who *doeth all things well!* Your brother Alexander, my dear friend, is no more! He died of the fever at Sansanding, on the morning of the 28th of October; for particulars I must refer you to your father.

"I am afraid that, impressed with a woman's fears and the anxieties of a wife, you may be led to consider my situation as a great deal worse than it really is. It is true, my dear friends Mr Anderson and George Scott, have both bid adieu to the things of this world; and the greater part of the soldiers have died on the march during the rainy season; but you may believe me, I am in good health. The rains are completely over, and the healthy season has commenced, so that there is no danger of sickness; and I have still a sufficient force to protect me from any insult in sailing down the river, to the sea.

"We have already embarked all our things, and shall sail the moment I have finished this letter. I do not intend to stop or land any where, till we reach the coast: which I suppose will be some time in the end of January. We shall then embark in the first vessel for England. If we have to go round by the West Indies, the voyage will occupy three months longer; so that we expect to be in England on the first of May. The reason of our delay since we left the coast was the rainy season, which came on us during the journey; and almost all the soldiers became affected with the fever.

"I think it not unlikely but I shall be in England before you receive this.—You may be sure that I feel happy at turning my face towards home. We this morning have done with all intercourse with the natives; and the sails are now hoisting for our departure for the coast." p. lxxix.—lxxxii.

It is probable that he set sail immediately after writing these letters; and every thing that has since been learnt of him rests upon evidence of an imperfect and indirect kind; sufficient, we fear, to justify the inference, that he has perished; but extremely unsatisfactory with respect to the details. It is justly remarked by his learned biographer, that the mere circumstance of almost ten years having elapsed without any tidings of him, furnishes the strongest presumption that he is no more; while the miserable state of his equipment, and the nature of the expedition he embarked upon, renders his destruction, within no long time of his departure from Sansanding, very probable. Nevertheless, we shall state freely the points in the direct evidence, which seem weak, and shall not hesitate to notice an omission or two of the

Digitized by Google

editor in dealing with these. Isaaco's Journal is given at length; and at one place it breaks off, and we have apparently another Journal inserted, termed '*Amadi Fatouma's Journal.*' Amadi, or Amadou Fatouma, was the guide who accompanied Park from Sansanding on his voyage; and it was from him that Isaaco received the only account of what befel the traveller after his embarkation. But whether this was communicated in writing, or was only taken down by Isaaco from oral conference, we are not distinctly informed. There are some things which point each way. Thus the Editor (p. lxxxiii. and p. lxxxiv. note), commences the narrative of Park's death, in terms which lead us to conceive that narrative to be written by Isaaco, and to be part of his Journal; yet it comes under the head of Amadi Fatouma's Journal. On the other hand, the expression in the text, p. lxxxiii., of Isaaco having 'received a Journal from Amadi,' would lead us to believe that the latter had kept it. Isaaco himself unfortunately uses equally ambiguous expressions. He introduces Amadi's Journal, after stating, that he desired him to meet him, for the purpose of giving him 'a faithful account of what had happened;' that he came at the appointed time, when Isaaco 'desired he would let him know what passed, to his knowledge, concerning Mr Park,' (p. 207). He afterwards (p. 218), says, that 'what Amadi related was upon his oath,'—and that 'he is certain of the truth of what Amadi had said;' expressions somewhat equivocal certainly, but rather indicative of Amadi having spoken, and Isaaco written down the substance. Yet, in the same passage, he speaks of the relations of other travellers 'agreeing with Amadi's Journal.' The probability of Amadi keeping a written Journal at the time of the voyage, is not very great; but we are left in the dark, as to this matter, from our ignorance of who or what he was, except that he had travelled a great deal in the interior of Africa, which is mentioned in Park's last letter to Sir Joseph Banks, (p. lxxviii.) *

The importance of the point now in question, will immediately appear from the consideration that Park's death is mentioned in Amadi's journal only, and that this journal is in many respects exceedingly minute and detailed. There is a constant mention of sums and numbers, and sometimes of numbers of days, and once of the day of the week. Now this being delivered to Isaaco, five years after the occurrences happened, it is quite clear that if not written, it is much too minute to be at all entitled to credit. Of the supposition that it was written at or

* We presume the guide here spoken of is Amadi, though Park does not name him.

Digitized by Google

soon after the time, we are not at all disposed to think favourably; because there appears no adequate reason why an African guide, hired to accompany Park from one part of the interior to another, and there be dismissed, should keep a minute journal, admitting that he had the opportunities of doing so, which his own account of the difficulties and constant dangers of the voyage renders very unlikely—and it is at least equally improbable that he should, after his return to Sansanding, begin to commit his adventures to paper, especially as much less is said about himself than about Park, and nothing at all about his own proceedings except in their connexion with Park. It is indeed such an account as Isaaco might reasonably be expected to get from Amadi, by questioning him upon the subject of his own mission, and the particulars of Park's fate—except as to the details abovementioned; but not at all such a journal as the man was likely to keep for himself, and of his own proceedings.

Upon the whole, we rather incline to the supposition that Amadi *told* it to Isaaco—in which case, its particularity seems highly injurious to its credit. There seems moreover a suspicious anxiety to account for his leaving Park. He first (p. 212) makes Park voluntarily remind him, on entering the kingdom of Haoussa, that he had completed his contract, and might return. Soon after, he introduces a speech of his own to Park, reminding him that he had fulfilled his bargain, and had a right to return (p. 213). Now, it is not a little remarkable, that Park's own letter to Sir Joseph Banks (p. lxxviii.) states his having hired his guide to carry him, not to Haoussa, but as far as Kashna,—a much more likely bargain for him to make, if we reflect on the difficulty of finding a succession of trustworthy guides; * and a bargain not at all unlikely for Amadi to concur in, if we consider that he had formerly been as far as Bornou, and resided some time both there and at Kashna, according to Park's account (p. lxxviii). Amadi's account of the matter, however, is, that the contract expired the moment they entered Haoussa; and what is also to be noted, that he had no sooner left the party, than the fatal termination of the expedition arrived. His narrative is in many other points open to observation. He only receives the account of Park's death from one of the slaves who alone survived, and this at the distance of three months after the event. He himself was, it seems, imprisoned the day before the force was despatched after Park, and was only released three months afterwards. The imprisonment is carefully recorded, to account,

* Amadi's story makes Park go on, after leaving him, without any guide.

Digitized by Google

as it should seem, for his being out of the way and lending no assistance by warning, or otherwise, to the traveller. He asked the surviving slave if nothing had been found in the boat, and was told, only a sword-belt. He asked what had become of it, and was informed the king had made a girth for his horse with it.—Isaaco very judiciously made search for it, and procured it—but whether he brought it with him to Senegal, or what became of it, or how it was identified, we are not informed, although it would have corroborated the statement. It seems, also, rather strange that Amadi, whose narrative is full of less interesting matters, should say nothing of two of the five whites, and that the slave should explain how each of the crew was disposed of, except these two. It is just possible that he may mean to describe Lieutenant Martyn as jumping overboard with one;—and the learned editor appears to adopt this as the *only* construction;—we apprehend erroneously. But still there would be one soldier to account for; and Amadi nowhere mentions any of the crew having died. The circumstance of one of the soldiers having been in a state of derangement, is also wholly passed over by Amadi, although likely to have been perceivable in the details in the voyage.—Upon the whole, the account is liable to many remarks unfavourable to its accuracy, and leaves us very little better informed as to Park's fate, than we might be from the mere knowledge of his forlorn situation, the dangers of his enterprize, and the time that has elapsed since he was last heard of. These considerations render it almost certain that he has perished; and highly probable that he ended his life on the Niger, within a few months after leaving Sansanding. The evidence of the slave and of Amadi Fatouma, may perhaps confirm this inference, and be credited so far as to make us believe that he perished soon after he had entered the kingdom of Haoussa. The minute details appear to rest upon too insecure a foundation to merit implicit belief.

Having stated thus much respecting the evidence upon which the account rests, we shall extract it, such as we have it in Isaaco's or Amadi's Journal.

'Next day (Saturday) Mr Park departed, and I (Amadi) slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning, I went to the King to pay my respects to him. On entering the house I found two men who came on horseback; they were sent by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the King, "we are sent by the Chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away, without giving you or him (the Chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma now before you is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both." The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons; which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing

Digitized by Google

me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning early, the King sent an army to a village called Boussa near the river side.—There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river. One part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows and stones. Mr Park defended himself for a long time; two of his slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, "Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me." They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.

'I was kept in irons three months; the King released me and gave me a slave (woman). I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said that nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was; he said the King took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it.' p. 213—215.

We are unwilling to enter upon any analysis of the Journal itself, because, having introduced the subject to the reader, we should be averse to any proceeding which might prevent even a single person from becoming possessed of the work, published as it is for the pious purpose of contributing to the comforts of Park's family, and by a bookseller who is understood to have gone as far as was possible in the liberality of his terms. We shall accordingly do little more than notice the route pursued by the traveller, compared with the track of his former journey.

In 1795, he took his departure from Pisania, on the Gambia, and proceeded in a north-westerly direction, crossing the Faleme and Senegal rivers, and going as high as between 16° and 17° north latitude. He then inclined to the southward, until he reached the Joliba or Niger, almost opposite to Sego; and pursued the course of the river as far as Silla, where he stopt, and began his return journey up the river, the course of which he followed as far as Latimakoo, where he quitted it, and cross-

Digitized by Google

ed the Jallouka desert, and again passed the Faleme, but much higher than in his outward journey. He then moved in a direction parallel to the Gambia, and again reached Pisania, from whence he had set forth.

His present journal only goes as far as Sansanding, which is considerably short of Silla; but the route is materially different, and much shorter, coinciding for a considerable way with the homeward journey of 1796, and crossing the Fooladoo country to the northward of the Jallouka desert, and of his former return route. How far that route and the new journey coincide, and how far they differ, may be roughly estimated, by stating that the homeward route of 1796, passing through about fifteen degrees of longitude from Silla to Pisania, the new journey, as far as we have its authentic details, that is, from Pisania to Sansanding, passes through about fourteen degrees, for above nine of which it coincides exactly with the former return route, —that is, from Pisania to near Toombo in the Ronkodoo country, and from Koomikoomi to the Niger, and so along to Sansanding.

There are in this journal several new and interesting subjects handled. The information respecting Sansanding and its commerce is well worthy of attention: But unquestionably, the most important result of the journey, is the proof it has afforded, of the practicability of conducting a caravan of Europeans across that difficult country, which lies between the Gambia and the Niger, provided the proper season be chosen; and the utter impossibility of succeeding in such an attempt during the rains. Every thing in the narrative bears witness to the fatal effects of the wet season, and equally proves the possibility of leading to the Niger a force apparently inconsiderable, but large enough to prevent insult from small bodies of the natives, and to protect a trading caravan against all ordinary risks.

There is no reasonable ground to doubt, that if the same expedition had set out at the right time, and with perhaps a somewhat better selection of soldiers in respect of bodily constitution, (for no trace appears of any improper demeanour among them), Park would have arrived at the Niger with a very trifling loss from climate, and with scarcely any diminution of his numbers from other causes. The voyage down that river would then have been begun without more chances of failure than every such undertaking is necessarily exposed to; and whatever might have been its ultimate issue, (for that must have depended upon the course of the river, at present unknown), at all events there must have been several important discoveries made, (and probably transmitted to Europe), with respect to the parts of Africa which lie nearest to Sego and Sansanding, including Tombuc-

Digitized by Google

too and Haoussa. To whom the blame is imputable of setting out at the wrong season,—whether to the Government at home, for the delays which detained the traveller so long,—or to himself, for not deferring his departure from the coast until the rains were over, it is needless to inquire now. The fatal experience of this failure must at least prevent a similar mistake in future.

The volume concludes with an Appendix in six parts; the whole of which are written with the same judgment and conciseness which distinguish the biographical memoir. The first relates to the admirable effects of our system of universal education in Scotland; which are illustrated, not only by some excellent remarks, but by two very striking examples. Out of two thousand common beggars taken indiscriminately in London in 1803, it appeared that near 700 were Irish, and only 65 Scotch; and when it was found necessary to ransom the British prisoners, who had fallen into the hands of the Turks in Egypt, a double and triple ransom was almost uniformly demanded for the Scotch, whose intelligence and habits of industry, had thus rendered them so much more valuable to their barbarous owners.

The second appendix relates to Tombuctoo, and consists chiefly of a reference to D'Anville's notice of this city in 1754, and to a project for reaching it, formed, and partly executed by two Englishmen in 1794.—The third is occupied with settling the extent of Bryan Edwards's assistance in the preparation of Mr Park's former volume of travels. The fourth, and the most important, contains a summary of the different theories or opinions as to the true termination of the Niger—drawn up with great sagacity and distinctness. The most antient opinion, and that which has been recently adopted by Major Rennel, is, that it has no exit into the ocean—but diffuses itself in an inland lake, from which it is evaporated.—The objection to this is, that the existence of such a lake, or inland sea, is not alleged or even reported by any of the natives, and is, on all accounts, extremely unlikely.—The second hypothesis is, that it falls into the Nile, and constitutes the Western or White branch of that river. This, however, is considered by the present writer, and with reason, as the most improbable of all the conjectures—since the fact, if it were so, could scarcely be unknown to the caravans which go from Tombuctoo to Cairo—and since the level at which the Western branch falls into the Nile, which is far above the Cataracts, is infinitely higher than the Niger can be supposed to retain after a course of near 2500 miles. The third supposition is, that which was finally adopted by Park himself—that it takes a direction to the south, and ultimately terminates in the great river Congo, which, from the account that is here given of it,

Digitized by Google

must be regarded as one of the most magnificent streams in the world—running with a rapidity of five or six miles an hour, and a width of nearly an English mile, for many hundred miles above its mouth, and a depth of not less than 50 fathoms.—The greatness of the stream, it is contended, indicates a very long and circuitous course: And, it is stated by Park himself, on the information of his friend Mr Maxwell, that its season of flooding corresponds exactly with that of the Niger, upon a fair calculation of the distance and velocity. The objections to this hypothesis are chiefly the enormous length of course which it would thus be necessary to ascribe to the Niger—being upwards of 4000 miles, and exceeding considerably the known extent of any river in the world; and the difficulty of understanding how it should be able to penetrate across the vast chain of the Kong mountains, which are almost ascertained to extend over that whole parallel of latitude which must on this supposition be traversed by the head waters of the Congo. These difficulties we do not think by any means insuperable; and there are facts unquestionably in geography, by the fair analogy of which they may be easily accounted for. Upon the whole, therefore, we are rather inclined to adopt this hypothesis; and, at all events, we trust that the notoriety to which this vast river of Congo is now in a manner for the first time introduced by the publication before us, will induce either enterprising individuals, or some of those meritorious associations whom it more immediately concerns, to explore the great avenue into interior Africa, which it seems to lay open. From the statements of Mr Maxwell, the intelligent correspondent of Mr Park, it appears that this river is commonly used to bring down commodities to the coast, from a distance of upwards of six hundred miles—for the whole of which tract it affords a safe and commodious navigation, and in all probability much farther;—while it would rather seem that no European has yet ascended above one hundred miles from its mouth. If this be the same river with the Niger, the co-operation of an ascending or descending party would evidently offer great facilities and advantages; while, if it should turn out to be a different stream altogether, the access to the interior would thus be doubled.

The last hypothesis with regard to the mysterious Niger, is, that it turns to the south-west at an earlier part of its course than is implied in the preceding theory, and, dividing into various branches, falls into the Atlantic at the northern point of the Bay of Guinea, in that succession of streams which water the alluvial tract, from the Rio del Rey on the East, to the Benin River on the West. This hypothesis also possesses considerable probability; and indeed may be considered as a modi-

Digitized by Google

fication of that which identifies the Niger with the Congo. It labours, indeed, under the additional difficulty of assuming that the various streams by which it is here supposed to discharge itself, are actually ramifications of one main river: and the objection arising from the obstacle of the Kong mountains, is equally applicable to both—as is also another of no mean weight,—viz. that there are no traces of Mahometanism, either among the nations on the Congo, or those in the northern part of Guinea, although the part of the Niger which has been explored is frequented by crowds of priests and devotees of that persuasion, whose zeal for the propagation of their faith could scarcely have failed of having led some of them, by so easy a communication, to the populous regions on its lower course.

The fifth appendix is very brief, and relates to some of the natural productions of the tract included in the Journal. The last is short also, and contains a summary account of the great increase of trade which has taken place with the African nations since the abolition of the slave trade. The whole annual importation of African commodities, before the abolition, did not much exceed 70,000*l.* In 1808, the first year of the abolition, it rose to 374,306*l.*; and in 1810, to 535,577*l.*, exclusive, in both years, of gold dust, which pays no duty at the Custom-house. The increase in the exports to Africa is still more astonishing. During the subsistence of the Slave Trade, these do not appear to have exceeded 50,000*l.*; whereas, in 1808, they were 820,194*l.*; and in 1810, 693,911*l.* Other statements are added, to show the prodigious increase of production, and consequently of wealth and industry, in those parts of the coast, especially, that were formerly desolated by that inhuman traffic;—and the subject is closed with the following judicious observations—

'The facts here stated relative to the extent of our innocent and legitimate commerce with the western coast of Africa, must be considered as highly interesting and important; both as showing how extremely small that commerce was prior to the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and how much it has increased during the very few years which have since elapsed. This increase has certainly been much more considerable than there was any good reason for expecting, under the actual circumstances of the case.

'If we were told of a country, whose staple article of export trade consisted of its own inhabitants, its men, women and children, who were procured (as must necessarily happen in the case of large and continued exports) by treachery and violence—where the whole population was either living in continual apprehension of captivity and eternal banishment from their native soil, or employed in contriving the means of inflicting those evils upon others—we should at once conclude that the very insecurity of person and property, which

Digitized by Google

such a state of society implied, would of itself extinguish all the motives to regular industry, and limit the culture of the soil very nearly to what was required for supplying the immediate wants of nature.' p. cxciii, cxciv.

'But even under much more favourable circumstances than we have reason at present to expect, it would by no means follow, that the mere removal of that great obstacle to regular industry and commerce, would in any very short space of time produce considerable or extensive improvements. The ignorance, the profligacy, the improvidence, and the various other moral evils which necessarily accompany the Slave Trade, will, it is to be feared, long survive the extinction of that traffic which produced and fostered them. The whole history of mankind shows that the progress of civilization is always extremely slow during its earliest stages; and that the first steps in the career of improvement are constantly the most painful and difficult. Hence, we may be justified in drawing the most favourable conclusions from the comparatively great increase which has already taken place in the commerce of Africa during a very short period, in consequence of a *partial* removal of those evils which previously had almost excluded the very possibility of improvement.' p. cxcvi.

We now lay aside this interesting volume; and bid a mournful farewell to that amiable and illustrious man, whose last sufferings and exploits it is destined to record;—sufferings, borne with an unaffected cheerfulness of magnanimity, which must both exalt and endear him to all who are capable of being touched with what is generous and noble in character,—and exploits performed with a mildness, and modesty, and kindliness of nature, not less admirable than the heroic firmness and ardour with which they were conjoined. In Mungo Park, we are not afraid to say, that the world has lost a great man,—and one who was as well qualified, as he was undoubtedly inclined, to have been one of its greatest benefactors. The account which is here given of him, is in the highest degree interesting,—not merely to those who care about Africa, or the great schemes to his zeal for which he fell a martyr, but to all who take delight in the spectacle of unbounded courage and heroic ardour, unalloyed with any taint of ferocity, selfishness, or bigotry:—And the picture which his excellent biographer has here exhibited, will not be the less touching or impressive, to those who are qualified to relish such subjects, that the modesty of the touches, and the subdued tone of the colouring, indicate in the artist some of the same qualities, which gave grace and effect to the virtues of the original.

Digitized by Google

ART. XIII. *Observations on the Effects of the Corn Laws, and of a Rise or Fall in the Price of Corn on the Agriculture and general Wealth of the Country.* By the Rev. T. R. MALTHUS.

The Grounds of an Opinion on the Policy of Restricting the Importation of Foreign Corn, intended as an Appendix to 'Observations on the Corn Laws.' By the Rev. T. R. MALTHUS.

THE business of agriculture is of such primary importance—it is so intimately connected with the interest of every order in society, and suggests, besides, so many interesting questions for discussion, that we are not surprised at the sensation excited in this country by the law lately passed for laying restrictions on the importation of corn. On this subject, it is obvious that the agricultural and commercial classes—the two great rival interests in every community—are decidedly at variance; the former insisting for duties on importation, to protect them against the competition of the foreign grower; while the latter, on the other hand, will not be persuaded that it can be either politic or just to pass a law for the purpose of raising the price of bread.

The opinions of speculative men seem to be divided on the question; some maintaining that no case has been made out to justify a departure from the great principles of commercial freedom; while others, without questioning the general doctrine, insist that, for special reasons, it cannot be applied, without some qualification, to the article of corn. To the latter class belongs Mr Malthus; who has explained his opinions on the subject in the two separate publications now before us. In the first, he expresses himself with unaffected doubt as to the policy of restricting the importation of corn, and contents himself with a mere enumeration of the advantages and disadvantages incident to both sides of the question. But, in his last publication, he inform us that his doubts are resolved, and that, in the present circumstances of this country, and of the world in general, he is convinced of the expediency of a system of restrictions. The well-earned reputation of Mr Malthus—his total freedom from any interested bias—and, above all, the extreme candour with which his opinions are stated, entitle his publications to the patient attention of every impartial inquirer; and, as far as we can learn, the interest they have excited corresponds entirely to the high character and merit of their author. After all the consideration, however, which we have been able to give to this important question, and after weighing the various reasons so ably urged by Mr Malthus, we are still inclined to question the policy of any measure inconsistent with the freedom of trade.

Digitized by Google

We are not convinced, that the circumstances stated by the advocates of restrictions, afford any conclusive argument in favour of the measure: And as the importance of the subject is unquestionable, we shall first submit to our readers an abstract of the arguments of Mr Malthus; and shall then proceed to state our reasons for dissenting from so respectable an authority.

Mr Malthus sets out with an explicit declaration in favour of the unrestrained intercourse of all commercial countries, in ordinary cases; and he is further of opinion, that a free trade in corn all over the world would be greatly preferable to any system of restrictions. It is indeed abundantly obvious, that a variety of trading countries, each pursuing that species of industry best adapted to its soil and climate, and afterwards exchanging with each other their surplus produce, will make more of their land and labour, and will consequently acquire wealth more rapidly, than if they were each labouring for the separate supply of their own particular wants. If in this country, therefore, corn can be imported cheaper from abroad than it can be raised at home, it is evident, that by restraining such importation we arrest the natural progress of national wealth. On the other hand, it is equally obvious, that the advantages arising from the division of labour, which, by a sort of tacit compact, thus takes place among different countries, depend entirely on the continuance of their unrestrained intercourse, and on their power of freely exchanging with each other their surplus produce. In the domestic trade of any one country, a free exchange of produce can always be secured by the authority of equal laws; but between different nations, the intercourse is liable to be interrupted by the jealousies, and still more by the actual hostility of their respective governments; and in that case a commercial country is deprived of a vent for her surplus produce, and of all those luxuries and conveniencies for which she depended on foreign states. This is felt to be no slight evil in any situation: but where a nation, by the gradual progress of commerce, comes to depend on its neighbours, not merely for luxuries, but for the subsistence of a great proportion of its population, the most aggravated misery may be the consequence of an interruption of its intercourse with other states. Holding its subsistence at the mercy of those who may either be its enemies, or whose fears for their own support may incline them to impose restraints on exportation, its prosperity stands evidently on a most precarious foundation; since its supply of food may at all times be stopt at the discretion of a foreign power. Against so fatal a catastrophe no country can be adequately secured, except by raising for itself an independent supply of subsistence; and the question

Digitized by Google

is, therefore, whether we should not rather submit for a time to the inconveniencies arising from a restricted importation of corn, than depend habitually for such an essential article on the caprice or policy of foreign states.

Such is the principle upon which Mr Malthus proposes to argue this question; and, in applying his reasonings to this country, we shall find, from the concurring evidence of all those who were lately examined respecting the state of our agriculture by the Committees of Parliament, that the late fall in the price of corn, and its expected continuance, has already been attended with a serious check to cultivation, as well as by a great loss of agricultural capital. On this subject Mr Malthus expresses himself in the following terms.

'Whatever may be said of the peculiar interests and natural partialities of those who were called upon to give evidence upon this occasion, it is impossible not to be convinced, by the whole body of it taken together, that, during the last twenty years, and particularly during the last seven, there has been a great increase of capital laid out upon the land, and a great consequent extension of cultivation and improvement; that the system of spirited improvement and *high farming*, as it is technically called, has been principally encouraged by the progressive rise of prices, owing in a considerable degree to the difficulties thrown in the way of the importation of foreign corn by the war; that the rapid accumulation of capital on the land, which it had occasioned, had so increased our home-growth of corn, that, notwithstanding a great increase of population, we had become much less dependent upon foreign supplies for our support; and that the land was still deficient in capital, and would admit of the employment of such an addition to its present amount, as would be competent to the full supply of a greatly increased population: but that the fall of prices, which had lately taken place, and the alarm of a still further fall, from continued importation, had not only checked all progress of improvement, but had already occasioned a considerable loss of agricultural advances; and that a continuation of low prices would, in spite of a diminution of rents, unquestionably destroy a great mass of farming capital all over the country, and essentially diminish its cultivation and produce.' p. 4, 5.

The obvious tendency of unrestrained importation is still farther to depress the price of our domestic produce; and, according to Mr Malthus, ultimately to degrade the cultivation of the country to the standard of this lower price. From the most accurate accounts, it appears, that for the last ten years, corn has been generally sold in France at a price equal to about 40 shillings per quarter; and Mr Malthus is of opinion, that, considering its vicinity to this country, we should derive our principal supplies from this quarter, in the event of any deficiency at home. In these circumstances, it appears obvious, according to

Digitized by Google

this statement, that, under an unrestrained importation of corn from France, not only all further improvements in agriculture would be checked, but cultivation would decline. A great portion of land of an inferior quality would be entirely neglected, and the actual supply of subsistence in the country would be proportionally diminished; in which case a large proportion of our population must subsist on corn imported from France. We should in this manner hold our subsistence at the mercy of France,—with which our intercourse is exposed to interruption from various causes, and where, in point of fact, a law has lately been passed, prohibiting the exportation of corn when the price rises to 49s. per quarter; so that the ultimate effect of this policy would be to increase our population by means of imported corn, at the same time that our agriculture was discouraged; and we should thus be gradually brought into an entire dependence on foreigners for bread, although they assure us in the mean time, that all our supplies will be rigorously stopped, the moment their prices rise so as to indicate the least deficiency among themselves.

It is in these circumstances that Mr Malthus recommends the policy of restrictions on the importation of corn:—Not that he objects generally to a free trade in corn:—but as we have no means of establishing this freedom out of our own territories—as we cannot secure to ourselves a share in the general supply of Europe, he thinks it evident, that if we import freely from other countries, we must submit to restrictions imposed at the discretion, and for the interest, of the foreign farmer; and he insists, that it is more expedient, by restraining importation, to encourage our own agriculture, and thus to render the country independent both of foreign supplies and foreign regulations. That by the farther application of capital to the soil of Great Britain and Ireland, a great increase of produce could be procured, appears from the evidence lately laid before Parliament; and all intelligent writers on agriculture concur in the same opinion. According to this theory, therefore, the necessary encouragement to cultivation only seems wanting to render the produce of the country fully equal to its consumption; and this object, it is considered by the advocates for restrictions desirable to obtain, even at the expense of a considerable augmentation of the present prices.

Having conducted his argument to this conclusion, Mr Malthus proceeds to examine more at large how the condition of the different classes of the community is likely to be affected by a fall in the price of corn; and to point out the effects that would necessarily be produced by such an occurrence: And in the course of this discussion, he seems to consider corn as a universal

Digitized by Google

standard of value; in reference to which, the price of every other article must necessarily be adjusted. In this view, holding the money-price of labour to be regulated by the money-price of corn, he is of opinion, that when wheat is selling for 80s. per quarter, the wages of labour corresponding to this price, though they may not enable the labourer to increase his supply of necessaries, will give him a much greater command over the luxuries of life, than when his wages are adjusted to a standard price of 50s. or 60s. per quarter; and that the low money-price of corn, therefore, unless it be counterbalanced by a great additional demand for labour, (and it is not likely that this will take place), may be a positive disadvantage to the labourer. Mr Malthus further remarks, that from theory, and from the experience of the last hundred years, it appears, that a free importation of corn, however it may reduce the average price, always produces great and sudden fluctuations, by which the labourer is inevitably exposed to serious inconvenience and distress. The period of our greatest importations, was from 1792 to 1805; and by the year 1801, the price was almost tripled. In the short period from 1798 to 1803, it rose from 50s. to 118s., and fell again to 56s. On these grounds, Mr Malthus concludes, that the free importation of corn will lower the wages of the labourer, and will also occasion much greater fluctuations in the price of corn; and that in these circumstances, a great additional demand for labour, of which there is little probability, will be necessary to counterbalance to the labourer the fall in its money-price; and the increasing fluctuations also which may be expected in the price of corn.

With regard to the other classes of the community, he thinks the effects would be different, according to the nature and source of their revenue. Of those, for example, who live upon the profits of stock,—the farmers, it is obvious, must be seriously injured by the free importation, and consequent reduction in the price of corn; and Mr Malthus is of opinion, that this system must be equally prejudicial to the manufacturer. The great trade of every country consists in that extensive exchange which takes place between the agricultural and commercial classes of which society is mainly composed; and such a reduction in the price of corn as deteriorates the circumstances of the farmers and landholders, must occasion a falling off in their demands for manufactures. The loss of agricultural capital, and the decline of rents, will in this manner speedily affect the prosperity of trade, and in the end will check the progress of industry, and of commercial wealth. This diminution of demand for manufactures, Mr Malthus assures us, has been already felt, in consequence of

Digitized by Google

the losses to which the farmers have been exposed; and under a free importation of corn, all these injurious effects will, he imagines, become more permanent and extensive.

With respect to the landlords, the next class to which Mr Malthus directs his attention, it is unnecessary to show that they must be injured by a diminution of rents; and he endeavours to prove, that the landlord's rent is a clear addition to the national wealth; and that a diminution of this rent, which would be the consequence of a reduction in the price of corn, is a general loss, which every member of the community is interested to prevent. He here repeats Dr Smith's theory respecting the peculiar productiveness of agricultural labour; because, after paying the wages of labour, and the profits of stock, its produce still leaves a surplus behind, which is appropriated to the landlord under the name of rent.

The stockholders, however, and all those who live upon fixed salaries, would, he admits, unquestionably benefit by the free importation of grain. Considering corn as a general measure of value, a fall in its price would be followed by a reduction in the price of all other articles. Money would thus become of more value, and the condition of those who received a monied income, would be undoubtedly improved. Mr Malthus calculates, that if corn were to fall to 50s. per quarter, money borrowed at 5 per cent. ten years ago, would now in reality pay 10 per cent.; or, taking it at 60s., the difference between a standard price of 60s and 80s., the price at which it is now proposed to permit importation, would be equal to a rise in the value of money, of about 33⅓ per cent. Estimating it at only 20 per cent., he reckons that on 40 millions, the sum annually due in this country to the national creditors, this reduction in the price of corn, and of all other articles in consequence, would be equivalent to an additional interest of 8 millions; and to this extraordinary generosity, as he terms it, towards the stockholders, he has only this objection, namely, that the additional money thus levied, would be taken from the income of labourers, manufacturers, and landlords, already diminished in proportion to the degradation which the reduction in the price of corn had occasioned in the general standard of value.

Such seem to be the principal reasons on which Mr Malthus concludes that it is wise and politic to pass a law for the purpose of raising the price of bread. We think they are insufficient. The scarcity and high price of provisions, is a calamity with which every country is unfortunately too familiar; and, in that case, the farmers and corn-dealers are exposed to the injustice and violence of the people, who would willingly compel

Digitized by Google

them to sell their commodities at a reduced price. In this country, however, matters are now entirely reversed. The abundance, and consequently the cheapness of the necessaries of life, is the evil for which *we* have to provide; and the landed proprietors and farmers, not content with the power of freely disposing of their produce, are now applying for a law to restrain the consumer in his choice of a market. As we know of no principle, however, which, in a season of scarcity, warrants a forcible reduction of price in favour of the consumer, we are equally at a loss to conceive upon what principle we are warranted, during a season of plenty, in artificially raising the price in favour of the landed proprietor or farmer. To pass a law for the purpose of raising the price of bread, is in effect to tax the commercial and manufacturing classes, for the benefit of the landed proprietor—to lay the profits of stock, and the wages of labour under contribution, for a fund to augment the rent of the landlords. To such experiments, we are decidedly averse; because, however plausible they may appear under the disguise of ingenious theories, we think they tend to unsettle all the great principles of commercial policy.

With regard to the peculiar circumstances of this country, from which Mr Malthus draws his chief reasons in favour of restrictions, we see no reason to believe, either that our agriculture, however it may be checked for a time, will permanently decline under a system of free importation, or that we shall ever be brought into an exclusive dependence on France for supplies of grain. The vicinity of the two countries, which he states as one important reason for such dependence, however it may facilitate their mutual connexion, will never, independent of other circumstances, occasion an exportation of subsistence from the one to the other. The agriculture of France has, no doubt, of late years, owing to the abolition of local restrictions and tyrannies, and to other important reformations introduced by the Revolution, made rapid progress; and a large surplus for exportation has been the necessary result. But France is in some degree a commercial and manufacturing, as well as an agricultural country; and as industry is improved, and commercial capital increases, her surplus subsistence will, in time, be required for the support of her own industrious manufacturers. Such, indeed, is the natural progress of every prosperous community; which possesses alternately, in consequence of the successive improvement of its agriculture, and of its commerce, a superabundant supply either of subsistence or of manufactures: And for this general reason, which we cannot now stop to explain more fully, we think it extremely unlikely that France will ever become a great exporting country. The restric-

Digitized by Google

tions which Mr Malthus states to have been lately imposed on exportation, when wheat rises to a price equal to 49s. per quarter, plainly imply, indeed, an apprehension rather of a deficient than of a superabundant produce. In a truly agricultural country, no such law could ever be passed; as its produce must, in all cases, so far exceed the demands of the population at home, that the great difficulty will be, to find a suitable market abroad; and its circumstances must be entirely changed, before it can be thought necessary to pass a law for the purpose of monopolizing the produce of the soil for domestic use.

Poland, on the other hand, is, in all respects, an agricultural country. It possesses neither capital nor industry; and its produce exceeds, out of all proportion, the wants of the consumers at home. There is little demand for labour; so that, though the produce of the soil could maintain a far greater population, no employment is provided, by which the new inhabitants could earn their respective shares of the subsistence necessary for their support. In the present state of the country, without commercial capital, and without any demand for labour, no equivalent can ever be provided by the mass of the population for the surplus produce of the soil; and it is only in the markets of rich manufacturing countries, that this equivalent can be found. To those countries, therefore, the surplus subsistence of the agricultural country will necessarily be sent; and commerce and agriculture will thus respectively profit by this mutual exchange of their produce.

America also is, and will probably continue for a century to come, a great agricultural country. Her surplus produce exceeds, in all cases, the wants of her inhabitants; and it is accordingly exported, in exchange for the manufactures of countries, in which capital and industry have made greater progress. With America, therefore, and the North of Europe, Great Britain has long carried on an extensive exchange of manufactures for the rude produce of the soil; and though she may occasionally procure grain from France, her great dependence for a regular supply, must still be on those agricultural countries, whose subsistence is exported because there are no inhabitants to consume it at home; and not on a commercial and manufacturing country, where the progress of capital and industry affords a standing encouragement to an increase of population, and where exportation could not take place to any great extent, without such a rise of price as would occasion discontent and alarm at home.

We confess, therefore, that the notion of our becoming dependent on France for a supply of subsistence, which seems so much to alarm Mr Malthus, appears to us to be quite chime-

Digitized by Google

rical. We may indeed become, or rather remain, dependent, for part of our subsistence, on the great agricultural countries within our reach; and they, in like manner, will remain dependent on our commercial country for a supply of necessary manufactures. But in this mutual dependence, which seems to be the order of nature, we see no ground for apprehension. It may, indeed, be violently interrupted by means of war. Such a catastrophe is within the compass of possibility; although those who imagine that our rulers will quarrel with every nation with which it is their interest to agree, must estimate their discretion at a very low rate. But in any event, we hold that we are not warranted, on such vague apprehensions and possibilities of evil, directly to infringe the great principles of commercial policy. Although speculative men, letting loose their fancies upon futurity, may devise plausible statements full of alarm, we do not think that these theories afford any safe rule of practice; and, far less, that they warrant us in rashly tampering with the price of the necessaries of life.

If we once interfere to regulate markets—if we once enter upon such a course of perilous legislation,—by what new principle do we mean to regulate our future proceedings? At present corn is abundant and cheap; and we are called upon for an artificial rise of price. But supposing, in the event of a scarcity and a high price, that we are required, by a discontented and infuriated populace, to pass a law for the purpose of reducing the price, what satisfactory answer can be made to this apparently just demand? When corn was abundant and cheap, we passed a law, for the purpose of rectifying, to the landholder, the evil of too low a price; and when corn is scarce and dear, what reason can we offer for refusing to redress the still more grievous evil of a high price? Formerly, indeed, we might have replied, that the freedom of trade was a sacred principle which we dared not presume to violate—that both justice and public liberty gave every man a right to dispose of his property to the best advantage—and that all restrictions were pernicious, even to those in whose behalf they were imposed. But, after passing a law for the purpose of raising the price of bread, we can no longer maintain this commanding tone of moderation and justice: We can no longer even oppose reason to the fury of a misguided populace. Another effect, which necessarily results from measures of this sort, is, that Government, by tampering with the price of provisions, becomes responsible, in the eyes of the people, for all subsequent variations of price; and, in the event of scarcity, the sufferings of the community are universally ascribed to its maladministration. All confidence in its purity or wisdom is thus shaken—the people are apt to become turbulent and discontented—the

Digitized by Google

seeds of domestic dissension are sown—and time alone is necessary to bring to maturity the bitter fruits.

In case our intercourse with those states on which we depend for supplies of grain should ever be interrupted, Mr Malthus threatens the country with the most formidable evils. But we confess we are somewhat sceptical on this point; and the most satisfactory mode of resolving all doubts on the subject, would be to ascertain; 1*st*, what is the proportion of imported corn to the domestic produce of the country; and, 2*dly*, in what proportion the price fluctuates, according as the supply is either diminished or increased. If we had this information, we could tell at once to what extent the supply at home would be diminished by the want of the usual quantities from abroad, and also how far the price would be raised by the deduction of this supply. We apprehend, however, that no data exist for answering either of these questions with precision; 1*st*, because we can never obtain any accurate account of the amount of our domestic produce; and, 2*dly*, because we have no principle by which we can discover the exact relation between the price and the supply. In these circumstances, the experience of the last four years supplies us with perhaps as near an approximation to this important truth as we can hope to obtain. Ever since the year 1793, this country has depended for its support on supplies of imported corn; and in the year 1810, the quantity of flour and wheat imported amounted to 1,454,906 quarters;—the quantity of all sorts of grain to 2,100,940 quarters. Immediately after this, however, owing to the combined hostility both of Europe and America, all foreign supplies were suddenly checked; and in 1811 and 1812, the quantity imported did not exceed 200,000 quarters.

Here then was the very crisis realised which Mr Malthus so much dreads: And what were its consequences?—a very great scarcity of provisions, no doubt—a very high price—and a most severe pressure on the labouring classes;—but, after all, not greater than has often been produced by an accidental failure of the domestic supply; and against *this* calamity it is not even asserted that we shall be protected by a system of restricted importation: Nay, it is evident that we shall be far less able to provide against it, when, by a general discontinuance of importation we shall have discouraged, in the agricultural countries, the regular growth of that surplus upon which we may thus be forced to make an unexpected, and consequently an ineffectual demand. Why then should we prohibit the importation of corn, and thus throw away the advantages of present cheapness, in order to guard against a calamity which experience proves not to be intolerable, and to which we shall be equally

Digitized by Google

subject under the restraints proposed, although from a different cause? We restrain the importation of corn, that we may not be dependent on foreigners for bread, and that they may not have it in their power suddenly to diminish our supply of subsistence;—while it appears that all the evils which we apprehend from such dependence, may equally arise from a deficiency of domestic produce; a calamity incident, in a most especial manner, to a system of restricted importation. Mr Malthus indeed asserts, that the distresses of that year (1812), would have assumed a ruinous aspect, 'if, from the very great 'extension of cultivation, during the four or five preceding 'years, we had not obtained a very great increase of average 'produce.' We know not upon what grounds he asserts that our average produce had increased so much during the four or five previous years. But, however this fact may stand, it is obvious that the demand for imported corn had not in the mean time declined; for in the year 1810, as we have already stated, corn was imported to the amount of about 2 millions of quarters. This then, is the exact case which Mr Malthus supposes —a country dependent on foreign supplies of grain, and these supplies suddenly interrupted. We have had experience of the calamity; and we find, that it is in no respect different from that produced by a deficient crop,—an evil against which no system of restrictions will be found to afford any security. It appears, in short, that all those expedients, for averting famine or scarcity, according as they secure the community on certain points, leave others proportionally defenceless; and in these circumstances, if we look merely to the interests of the country at large, we shall avail ourselves of all our present advantages, and trust, for the future, to the natural course of events.

In stating, that, from the year 1792 to 1805, the period of our greatest importations, the price of corn has been liable to greater fluctuations than before, does Mr Malthus consider, that the value of gold and silver has in the mean time decidedly fallen in the markets of Europe; and that those variations, therefore, in the price of corn, to which he alludes, must have been partly nominal? The price of corn has risen, *i. e.* the same quantity of it has exchanged for a greater quantity of gold and silver; not altogether because its own value has increased, but partly because the value of gold and silver has decreased; and if the variations in the nominal value be separated from the variations which have taken place in the real value, it will be found that those fluctuations of price are by no means unexampled in the experience of the last century.

In the view exhibited by Mr Malthus, of the effects of a low price of corn on the wages of labour, he enters into several re-

Digitized by Google

finements, which lead him, we think, to some rather strange conclusions; for if his reasonings be just, an abundance and low price of provisions would in all cases be a disadvantage to the labourer,—while a scarcity, with its necessary attendant a high price, would be an advantage. Ever since the publication of Smith's work, it has indeed been a commonly received doctrine, that the average price of corn regulates the rate of wages. The condition of the labourer is determined, it is said, by the circumstances of the country in which he is placed; and is comfortable or otherwise, according as it is advancing, stationary, or retrograde. It is not affected by a change in the money price of corn, which always produces a corresponding rise in the money price of labour; and, by this means, the power of the labourer in purchasing necessaries is the same as before. But Mr Malthus appears to push this principle to a greater length; for he maintains, that a high money price of corn gives the labourer the same command over the necessaries, *and a greater command* over the luxuries of life. Now we have always understood, that when corn rose in price, it was only that part of the labourer's wages which was converted into corn, that was supposed to be affected by the circumstance. A rise in the price of corn was always said to be followed by a *corresponding* rise of wages,—in other words, by such a rise as enabled the labourer to consume the same quantity of corn as before: But it was never understood, though Mr Malthus now seems to maintain this doctrine, that this rise of wages added to his power of purchasing *other* articles; nor are we aware, indeed, of any principle on which so startling a theory can be supported.

To show that the low price of provisions does not necessarily imply the prosperous condition of the labouring classes, Mr Malthus refers to the circumstances of various countries, both of Europe and of Asia;—where, though provisions are cheap, the labourer is in extreme misery. But we rather think that the cheapness of provisions in these countries, is the effect, and not the cause, of his poverty. Provisions are cheap, because the labourer has not wherewithal to purchase them. There is little demand for labour; it is of course poorly rewarded; and provisions naturally fall to the level of the labourer's circumstances, since, at a higher price, the supply could not be consumed. So far, therefore, from the price of subsistence regulating, in those countries, the wages of labour, we rather apprehend that it is the wages of labour which affect the price of subsistence. In a rich commercial country, on the other hand, there is a continually increasing demand for labour; wages are high; and a higher price of corn is necessary to proportion the consumption to the supply. But if by means of restrictions on the importa-

Digitized by Google

tion of corn into this country, the supply were diminished, will it be maintained, that any rise of wages would enable the labourer to consume the same quantity as before? If the general supply is diminished, will not each man's share be also diminished; and will not the labourer's condition be in this respect deteriorated, inasmuch as he will not be able to command the same supply of necessaries as formerly?

Respecting the connexion supposed to subsist between the money price of corn and the wages of labour, we confess indeed that we have always had great doubts; and to those who maintain this doctrine, even in its old extent, we would propose the following very simple considerations. Corn rises in price, because it is scarce: But wages, we are told, rise in proportion;—and for what purpose? Is it that the labourer shall be enabled to consume the same quantity as before? This is *impossible*. No rise of wages will enable him to consume the same quantity of a scarcer commodity. When the supply of corn is diminished, a smaller quantity of it *must* be consumed; and the price rises, for the purpose of putting the labourer on shorter allowance. Now, we do not well see why, in these circumstances, his wages should rise with the price of provisions, or that they should be even regulated by their average price, which must always depend on their plenty or scarcity; and from those, therefore, who maintain the opposite doctrine, we should be glad to have an explanation of the difficulty here stated.

There is indeed another principle, through the medium of which, we can easily conceive that the price of provisions may indirectly affect wages. Mr Malthus has explained, with admirable perspicuity, the influence of what he calls the preventive check to population; and where, from improved habits, the labourer will not marry, until he can command a certain portion of comforts, it is obvious that wages must rise to this level, as a continued supply of labour will not be provided on lower terms. If we suppose, therefore, the supply of subsistence to be considerably diminished, from whatever cause, and the labourer still to retain his former habits, those who are married and have children, will be reduced in their circumstances. Marriage will thus be discouraged; and population will decline, until it bears the same relation as formerly to the diminished supply of subsistence; after which, the wages of labour will rise, and the labourer will live in the same comfort as before. In this way, the price of provisions may be said not exactly to regulate, but indirectly to influence the wages of labour: And is there not a risk, after all, that if we persist in prohibiting the importation of corn, it will be by such a process that we shall become independent of foreign countries for support? It is quite certain, that if we refuse assistance from abroad, our domestic supply

Digitized by Google

must serve our population; but may we not, by our rash experiments, decrease our population to our diminished supply of subsistence, in place of increasing our subsistence in proportion to the wants of our increasing population?

The theory of Mr Malthus, respecting the public annuitants, we are totally at a loss to comprehend. That they will be benefited by the low price of corn, is indeed sufficiently obvious. But we cannot see that this is an unfair advantage, or that government displays any extraordinary generosity to the stockholder, by permitting the free importation of corn. The contract which subsists between these two parties, is for a certain sum of money; and it is duly fulfilled when the money is paid, however the price of corn, or of any other commodity may happen to vary. We confess we do not see the propriety of holding a fall in the value of corn to be synonymous with a rise in the value of money. Money may go farther in the purchase of commodities, either from an increase in its own value, or from a decrease in the value of the commodities purchased. But, when the effect is produced by the last, it is surely inaccurate to ascribe it to the first of those causes; and it is the more necessary to attend to those distinctions, as the subject is so intricate in itself that the least want of precision is sure to involve it in complete obscurity and confusion.

We have only further to add, that although we have no doubt of the severe shock which the agriculture of the country has sustained from the recent fall of prices, nor of the sufferings of the farmers and landholders in consequence—and although we may be even convinced that they would be relieved if the prices were forcibly raised, we really cannot take those considerations as any justification of the measure lately adopted. We do not think that the great mass of the community should be taxed for the benefit or relief of the landed proprietors and farmers, or even for the encouragement of agriculture. The price of corn, as it is fixed by the voluntary contract of the buyer and the seller, we consider to be the natural standard by which the agriculture of the country should be regulated. If it rises above this standard—if cultivation is extended to lands of which the produce at this standard price will not repay the original cost, these lands *ought* to lie waste. There is no demand in the country for corn at so high a price as will admit of their cultivation. If agriculture falls back, and the supply of subsistence is not sufficient for the demands of the country, the standard price will rise, and the progress of cultivation will soon correspond to the wants of the people. According to our notions, in short, there never was a more idle alarm, than that a nation, noted for capital, industry and enterprize, should blindly pursue trade and manufactures at

Digitized by Google

the expense of agriculture—in other words, should be anxiously providing a supply of luxuries, and be in the mean time starving for want of necessaries.

ART. XIV. *Tracts on the Spirit of Conquest, the Liberty of the Press, Constitutions and Ministerial Responsibility.* By BENJAMIN DE CONSTANT. Paris 1814 & 1815.

A Visit to Paris in 1814. By JOHN SCOTT.

Notes on a Journey through France. By MOSES BIRKBECK.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE is once more at Paris.

It is not yet twelve months since the surrender of that capital to an army commanded by the greatest Sovereigns of Europe, and composed of dwellers in every country, from the Rhine to the Wall of China. The same Prussians, Bavarians, Wirtembergers, &c. who had marched under Napoleon to the attack of Moscow, shared under Alexander the honours of a triumphal entry into Paris. That prediction of Rousseau, that Tartars should be encamped in that city, which was thought, and probably was in him a misanthropical rant, was literally verified. Bashkirs showed the hideous features of the Mongol race in the west, for the first time since the irruption of Atula and his Huns. Bands of Cossacks protected the property, and restored the liberty of the commercial cities of Hamburgh and Amsterdam; and thousands of them were hutted in the most brilliant promenades of the capital of France.

Under these auspices, the Millennium seemed to dawn upon Europe. 'The Lion and the Lamb lay down together.' The Emperor of Russia, aided by the counsels of M. Talleyrand, was to restore those hopes of liberty with which the French Revolution had opened, but which had seemed to be for ever blasted by the rage of anarchy, and the oppressions of military despotism. His Imperial Majesty was afflicted, and almost shocked, that the descendant of Hugh Capet should claim the Crown of France by hereditary right, or by any title but that which he derived from a constitution framed by Buonaparte's Senate, when they were surrounded by Russian bayonets! The most extravagant speculators of Paris employed their authority to repress the enthusiasm of the Imperial Demagogue. The same great Monarch became the Patron of Liberty throughout the world. Indignant at the lukewarmness of Lord Castlereagh in the great cause of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, he made the most strenuous exertions immediately to abolish all traffick in slaves—within the torrid Zone. As a Roman Emperor had

Digitized by Google

presented a philosophier with a city of Campania, as the subject of an experiment whether Plato's Republic could be realized, so Alexander presented the Pays de Vaud to his deserving and enlightened preceptor, Colonel La Harpe. He could not endure the idea that any district in Switzerland should again fall under the authority of the Republics under which it had flourished for centuries. The Czar of Muscovy exerted all his authority to check the despotism, and to resist the ambition of the Senate of Bern.

In the mean time, a sort of treaty was huddled up at Paris. It was signed within a month after the occupation of that capital. As might be expected, it stipulated nothing distinctly but the continental frontier of France, and the colonial cessions of England. All that could provoke the public temper in France, or disarm the Government of England, was to be immediately performed. Having thus exasperated one of these countries, and duped the other—while both were substantially laid aside,—the military Sovereigns adjourned to a more convenient season the partition of that immense booty which they held in their hands. They took care that the Jubilee should not be disturbed by the unavoidable squabbles about the division of the spoil. They appointed a Congress to be held at Vienna, composed nominally of all the parties to the treaties at Paris, of France and England, and even of Spain and Portugal;—but, as all men of common sense originally saw, influenced only by those Powers whose vast armies occupied the territories which were to be the subject of arrangement, and equivalent, and compensation, and indemnity, and of all the other operations designated by the various terms which the ingenious politeness of modern times has substituted instead of robbery. There, when the fit of enthusiasm had subsided, or the mask of magnanimity was thrown off,—when Statesmen were to act, who had hitherto allowed Emperors to talk, the conquerors of Poland and of Finland would revert to the maxims of solid and practical policy. There, it would not be difficult to re-establish the very ancient good understanding between liberal professions and selfish conduct. In theory it would be allowed—in public with a grave face, in private with a compassionate smile—that all nations, great and small, had equal rights. Justice would be owned to be the most excellent of all things. But—those admirable principles,—sublime and sacred as they are,—enforced by law,—consecrated by religion, are unfortunately not applicable to the present corrupt condition of human affairs! They are eternally true, and eternally inapplicable. It would indeed be childishness and imbecility, in any single State, to beggar and exhaust herself by their adoption, while all others were growing rich and

Digitized by Google

powerful by their violation. This last argument, the refuge of every practical politician in every desperate case, with which every state is sure to supply every other in abundance, had indeed often been urged by Lord Castlereagh in defence of our late valuable commerce on the coast of Africa; though in his last great stand on that subject, against a visionary administration, it had only influenced the Seventeen Members of the House of Commons, who formed his glorious minority.

It would have been singular, even if it had remained a mere matter of speculation, that during the feasts of the summer, or the cabals of the winter, none of the rulers of the world appear to have thrown away a thought upon that Terrible Personage who had so lately ceased to be the imperious master of most of them, and the most dreaded enemy of the few who escaped his yoke. It cannot be necessary to remind any of our readers, that, in virtue of a convention executed at Paris on the tenth of April, by the plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia and Prussia, on the one part, and Marshal Ney and Caulincourt on the part of Napoleon, it was stipulated that he should retain the Imperial title with the Sovereignty of the Island of Elba:—That Maria Louisa should retain the same title, with the dutchies of Parma, Placentia and Guastala, to be inherited by her son:—That all his family should retain the titles of Prince:—That about 80,000*l.* *per annum* should be settled on him, payable by the French treasury, of which one-half was to be settled on his wife in case of her survival;—and that in consideration of these conditions, 'his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon renounced, for himself, 'his successors and descendants, as well as for all the members 'of his Family, all right of sovereignty and dominion, as well 'to the French empire and the kingdom of Italy as over every o-'ther country.' These Articles the Allied Powers guaranteed, and engaged that they should be guaranteed by France. On the part of Great Britain, Lord Castlereagh acceded to this convention, as far as it conferred the sovereignty of Elba and Parma on Napoleon and Maria. But, probably, because Great Britain had never acknowledged either the Imperial dignity of Napoleon, or his Sovereignty over France, Lord Castlereagh declined to become a party to the treaty, and seems to have sacrificed to that diplomatic punctilio, the advantage of being one of the parties to whom Napoleon renounced the crown of France and Italy, and consequently the direct right of enforcing that fundamental condition, as far as such right arises out of the convention.

When the secret history of the negociations which passed from the 20th of March to the 10th of April, is disclosed to our posterity, the motives, if not the reasons, of this singular con-

Digitized by Google

vention may be understood. At the moment of its publication, all its conditions, but especially the place of his residence, excited universal astonishment. This sentiment was expressed by men of all parties and conditions, from the most celebrated statesmen of England to the porters of Vienna; and the former might have expressed them as openly as the latter did, if they had not been silenced by the most obvious considerations of prudence. The island of Elba appears to have been first (at least publicly) suggested by Marshal Ney. It is said that Buonaparte originally demanded *Corfu*, which was refused as too valuable a possession, under the ludicrous pretext that his residence there might disturb the tranquillity of *Turkey!* The island to which he was sent united every property which Buonaparte could have desired for new plans of ambition. Its small size and population disarmed jealousy, and gave it the appearance of a mere retreat. It contained an impregnable fortress, capable of being defended by a handful of faithful soldiers. It was within a few hours sail of the coast of Italy, even then dreading the yoke of her old masters. Through Italy and Switzerland, communications with the French army might be opened through unsuspected channels; and, in the long line of the Alps and the Jura, it was scarcely possible to intercept them. The distance from the coast of France somewhat diminished the facility of watching the port; and he was near enough to Provence for such a sudden enterprize as his situation allowed. If the globe had been searched for that residence in which Napoleon was most dangerous to France, all sagacious searchers must have pointed to Elba.

The decision of the majority who took a part in that deliberation, will not astonish those who know them: But it is not so easy to comprehend the acquiescence of such men as M. Talleyrand and M. Pozzo de Borgo; men certainly of distinguished talents, and familiarly acquainted with the character of Napoleon. Perhaps indeed it may one day appear, that they were both overruled. Perhaps in the noise of triumph, and in the eagerness to carry the main point, every contingent danger was overlooked; and in the insolence of victory, a prostrate enemy might be despised. The parade of cheap magnanimity which distinguishes some Sovereigns,—the family connexion of others with the deposed Emperor,—the remains of habitual deference from them all to their late master, probably contributed to their acquiescence in the plan which he had suggested, or which he had approved. The anxiety of all to prevent the bloodshed which the prolongation of uncertainty might still produce, was a commendable, and, within certain limits, a reasonable ground of action. It was thought proper, perhaps, to give a decent disguise to the

Digitized by Google

conduct of the Marshal or Marshals who had betrayed him, and a reasonable satisfaction to the scruples of the Marshals, who, though without personal attachment or political connexion, were influenced by the military virtue of fidelity to him from whom they had accepted command. Forty thousand soldiers, in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau, and probably thirty more in the provinces on the Loire, still showed symptoms of attachment to their chief; irregular, indeed, and fluctuating, sometimes appearing to be suspended, but at other times seeming to be capable of being kindled into a terrible flame. The dispositions of Soult were more than suspected; and it is now known that he fought the battle of Toulouse with a full knowledge of the changes at Paris. These military fears might, indeed, justify the purchase of Napoleon's abdication at a liberal price. But they do not account for the choice of his residence.

The sudden and apparently complete change in the opinion of the army as well as of the people, which followed the abdication, is a symptom of the character of Frenchmen and of armies, which deserves much more reflexion than we can bestow on it, though we shall presently say a few words on the subject.—He who, ten months before, had seemed the undisputed Sovereign of France, who a week before seemed to retain the enthusiastic affection of the flower of the army, was now conducted by four foreign officers to the place of embarkation—unnoticed during the first part of his journey—and, during the latter part of it, protected by a foreign escort from destruction by the populace of Provence. Every opponent yielded to the Bourbons. Carnot, with the garrison of Antwerp, proclaimed their submission, and exemplified it by the surrender of that fortress,—above all other conquests the object of national pride and policy. Davoust acknowledged the authority of a prince, before whom he was sure to be accused by the people of Hamburgh. Soult, who had rendered himself so odious to the Royal Family, by his insulting proclamations against the Duc d'Angouleme, evinced, by his tardy adhesion, that the torrent was too strong even for him to resist. The restoration of the House of Bourbon had every character of an unanimous national act. Louis XVIII. might almost wonder where his enemies had fled, and where his friends had been so long hidden.—All seemed to be allegiance, and jubilee, and triumph.

Zealous royalists considered the example of a restoration, and its tendency to strengthen the inviolable Rights of Kings, as more than sufficient to compensate for the concessions to liberty which circumstances had extorted, and from many of which more fortunate circumstances might gradually release the Sovereign. The friends of liberty, full of apprehensions and scru-

Digitized by Google

ples, (as they must ever be till they cease to deserve the name), were still delighted with the hope, that some institutions favourable to freedom were to compensate for the evils of the Revolution. All parties vied with each other in demonstrations of joy at this union of legitimacy and liberty, which promised to perpetuate the benefits of that long struggle, and to close its sufferings.

Napoleon appeared to be universally forgotten—except by some English travellers, whose restless and rambling curiosity led them to his retreat. Some idle societies still discussed the question, whether he ought to have fallen by his own hands? as questions of tyrannicide were formerly agitated in the Schools of Declamation at Rome. That numerous class of persons, who are full of candour to the powerful, and of severe justice to the fallen, boasted of their previous insight into his character, and declared that they had always despised him as a mean-spirited coward. Others listened with interest to the account of his own summing up of the arguments for and against suicide a few days before he left Fontainebleau, which he concluded with a declaration the most singular, in the degree of inconsistency between the subject and the manner, of any perhaps ascribed by history to extraordinary men at critical moments—'*Et d'ailleurs je ne suis* '*entierement depourvu de tout sentiment religieux!*' His conversations at Elba, with persons in every sense of the word distinguished, then amusing, are now become important. He admitted that he had consented to order poison to be given to a few of the patients in the hospital at Jaffa, who could not be removed. He predicted, that the Bourbons must perish if they got nothing for France in the scramble for spoil going on at Vienna. He said that France contained a martial youth, and half a million of men trained to arms;—that a hurricane would rise from the centre of France which would again tear Europe from its foundations. The worst part of his conversation, was his allegation that he had been instigated to the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, and to the destruction of the remaining Bourbons, by Talleyrand—of whose character, defective and faulty as it is, atrocity forms no element. In all these conversations, wandering and unequal as they were, displaying both a strange ignorance and an unaccountable knowledge, there appears a general character of incoherency—ascribed at the time to a mind disordered by reverses—but now, with the commentary of events, more probably imputed to the agitation of daring projects, and perhaps exaggerated to conceal them. If some of his visitors felt any degree of that ascendant which he constantly exercised over those who approached him, it is more honourable to their sensibility than discreditable to their judg-

Digitized by Google

ment, that adversity, however merited, lent an additional power to his commanding character; and they are certainly the very persons who may be expected to resist him most boldly in the hour of his strength.

Very soon after Buonaparte's arrival at Elba, those who had an opportunity of observing him closely, were convinced that he still harboured projects of ambition, and that he even seriously meditated a return to France, of which he often jestingly spoke. We have the best reason for believing, that these accurate observers did not conceal their conviction from the principal governments of Europe, especially from the government of Great Britain. Indeed, from the condition of some of them, it was impossible that their opinion, with its reasons, should not have found its way to the British Government. It is not our business to inquire, in what country, or by what ministers (we do not say statesmen) information relating to this subject was received with indifference and neglect, if not with scorn. The large remittances of money made to Joseph Buonaparte in the Pays de Vaud,—the preparations made by him to assemble men, under pretence of the differences between that country and their ancient sovereigns at Bern,—his arrangement of quarters for several hundred French officers in his pay, are said to have been communicated by the Swiss Government to the Great Courts, with no other than a most mischievous effect on their policy. In the villages around Paris, as well as on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, *the violet* was the secret symbol by which they denoted their chief, and recognized each other. They wore rings of a violet colour, with the device, 'Elle reparaitra au printems.' When they asked 'Aimez vous la violette?' if the answer was 'Oui,' they inferred, that the answerer was not a confederate. But if the answer was, 'Eh bien,' they recognized a brother, initiated in the secrets of the conspiracy; and they completed his sentence, '*Elle reparaitra au printems.*' These secret symbols, less important for their professed purposes of secrecy, than as a romantic garniture of conspiracy, calculated to excite the imagination, and peculiarly adapted in that respect to the character of Frenchmen, had been employed a twelvemonth before by the partizans of the House of Bourbon. A royalist then sounded any man, of whom he entertained hopes, by saying, 'Deli.' If the answer was, 'vrance,' the recognition of principle was reciprocal and satisfactory.

M. Ferrand, an old bigot of despotism, made a minister in France, for no apparent merit but the extravagance of his monarchical opinions, who was entrusted with the department of the Post-office, has, since the landing of Buonaparte, publicly said, that he had read the whole project in the letters broken open at

Digitized by Google

his office! The seizure of the correspondence on Lord Oxford, though it is said to have produced no discovery more interesting than that letter of Excelman to Joachim, was a proof of the suspicions of the French Government;—though it is not improbable, that Lord Oxford was chosen as bearer of so many letters to Italy, and information given of their number to the police, as a false scent to divert the attention of that Government from the real channels of communication.

The universality of the opinion, that Napoleon was not idle at Elba, cannot perhaps be better proved than by the following passages of a middling book, entitled, 'Essai sur la Revolution Française,' in three volumes, published at Paris in January. 'L'obscure retraite de Napoleon peut devenir celebre comme 'lui-même. Dans l'humble Lemnos reposerent long-tems oi-'sives les fleches auxquelles etoient attachés les destins de Troye. '*C'est au Monarque qui preside aux destinées de la France; c'est* '*aux Souverains qui stipulent en ce moment la paix et le repos du* '*monde qu'il appartient de prevoir et de detourner ce danger a-*'*larmant, tandis qu'il est possible.*' Vol. iii. p. 315.

'Qu'il soit desormais dans sa solitude libre des fougueuses passions—S'il etoit vrai qu'il negociat avec elles, *qu'il attendit le re-*'*tour de la fortune et la faveur des evenemens!* . . . . . Les hommes 'justes aiment à croire que ce soupçon est suscité par les haines 'trop meritées qui le poursuivent.' Ibid. p. 316.

The bad rhetoric and puerile mythology of this writer, are a tolerable proof that what *he* saw must have been obvious to most men; and the whole character of his book sufficiently proves that he was let into the secret of no party. Early in January, offers are understood to have been received by M. Blacas, the favourite of Louis XVIII., to disclose a plan for the restoration of Buonaparte. It was treated with contemptuous silence.

In defiance of every public reason for precaution, as well as of all those secret warnings of danger, the Allied Powers proceeded in their most offensive projects of dismemberment. The British Government made various arrangements which indicated their expectation of a long peace. The Bourbons seemed to slumber at the Thuilleries, amidst the brilliant gaiety of profound security, which restored Paris to her antient place as the seat of the amusements and pleasures of Europe. Notwithstanding the atrocious projects ascribed to the Congress of Vienna, the people of all the countries to the north of the Alps and the Pyrenees, partook the confidence of their Sovereigns, which they very naturally ascribed to a thorough knowledge that no danger existed; and indulged themselves in the delightful hope of a long tranquillity, during which the manners and opinions of civilization would insensibly correct much of the evil meditated,

Digitized by Google

and in part consummated, by partitioning princes. Even the voice so loudly raised in the British Parliament on behalf of Justice, was an indication of that calm in which alone such a voice can be heard.

In a moment the hurricane broke out. Napoleon Buonaparte landed at *Cannes* in Provence, on the 1st of March, a day or two before Lord Castlereagh entered London, considering himself as having completed the new treaty of Westphalia, and about to receive those plaudits of his majority which were to attend his pacific triumph. The journey of Buonaparte (for the military term *march* would be misplaced) from Cannes to Paris, was without parallel in history, and much beyond the limits of probable fiction. Every soldier sent against him joined his force. Where resistance seemed for a moment to be threatened, it was disarmed by the sound of his voice. The ascendant of a victorious leader over soldiers; the talent of moving armed multitudes by a word; the inextinguishable attachment of an army to him in whom its glory is concentrated and embodied, were never before so brilliantly and tremendously exemplified. Civilized society was never before so terribly warned of the force of those military virtues, which are the greatest of civil vices. In twenty days he found himself quietly seated on the throne of France, without having spilt a drop of blood. The change had no resemblance to a Revolution in an European country, where great bodies of men are interested in the preservation of authority, and where every body takes some interest for or against political mutation. It had nothing of the violence of a popular revolt. It was a bloodless and orderly military sedition. In the levity with which authority was transferred, it bore some resemblance to an Oriental Revolution. But the total absence of those great characteristic features, the murder or imprisonment of princes, destroyed the likeness. It is, in short, an event of which the scene could have been laid by a romance writer, bold enough to have imagined it, in no other time and country than France in the year 1815. How it could have occurred in that time and country, is the question respecting which we shall now proceed to offer a few observations. But before we make any attempt towards an answer of a more general and refined sort, it is necessary to say something on the question, 'How came Napoleon to be left with the means of leaving Elba?'—which requires more immediate consideration, and surely admits, as much as it imperiously requires, a plain and short answer.

Whether the Convention of Fontainebleau was wise or necessary, is not an open question. It was made. The faith of Europe was pledged to its observance; and no consideration

Digitized by Google

could have justified its violation. The breach of it must either have disgraced or disgusted the French Marshals, who were substantially its guarantees. It might have produced an explosion in the French army, known to be in a most inflammable state. Perfidy towards so memorable a person must have produced a powerful effect on the moral feelings of mankind:—it must either have perverted the conscience, or excited the indignation of all Europe; and it would have transmitted the infamy of the actors in such a scene to the latest posterity, in characters as indelible as those which must preserve his name. Whether the contract was foolish or wise, there never was any which it was more necessary to observe. Only one policy could be conceived;—religiously to observe the treaty, and rigorously to exact, and, if necessary, to enforce the observance of it by Napoleon. The grand stipulation on his part was the renunciation of the Crown of France. In this stipulation was contained an engagement, that he would do nothing which could endanger the new Government of France, or disturb the tranquillity of that country. He evidently bound himself to consent to every measure absolutely necessary to give effect to his renunciation. Now, it is too obvious to require being stated, that, among such measures, the first,—the most important,—that which comprehended every other, consisted in the precautions necessary to prevent his quitting Elba, or at least to afford the most perfect security against his reappearing in France. The right of the Allied Powers to employ such precautions, so clearly arose from their duty, that he could not with the least shadow of plausibility have complained of its exercise. Such a complaint would have been an avowal of bad faith. No unnecessary restriction, indeed, no act of disrespect or discourtesy would have been excusable. Every indispensable precaution ought to have been firmly and frankly, though with all possible decorum, communicated to him, after measures had been taken to render it impossible for him to resist or evade it. The residence of avowed diplomatic agents at Elba would have facilitated such measures; and the omission of that establishment must have arisen from a very puerile fear of its being thought humiliating—if not from (what we should rather not believe) a mutual jealousy which made the powers of Europe suspect each other of intriguing with the deposed Emperor. In plain English, they ought to have watched him, without attempting to cheat him. They are said to have done precisely the reverse.

The Government of France publicly resisted the payment of his stipulated pension, under the miserable pretext that they were not parties to a convention to which they owed the un-

Digitized by Google

disputed possession of the kingdom. They sequestrated his private property, and that of his family, without any colour of law and justice. Considered as against him, these measures were odious, without being in the least degree effectual. The appearance of a poverty unjustly suffered by him who had yesterday commanded the treasures of Europe, created a feeling in his favour. The success of such enterprizes as he could execute, depended entirely on his personal qualities, and could not be in the slightest degree affected by having or wanting thirty or forty thousand pounds. Every payment of his pension received by Buonaparte, would have been an oath of allegiance by him to Louis XVIII. The impression of such circumstances on armies and mobs, is much greater than in reason it ought to be. Perhaps few things would have tended more to disenchant his character, and dispel the illusion of his superiority. And, on the other hand, punctual honesty towards a mortal enemy, would have been a great source of credit to, and a considerable mark of conscious strength in, the Bourbon Government. Even the ground which it would naturally have afforded for the residence of a faithful Agent at Elba, would have been no contemptible advantage.

The secrets of the Congress at Vienna are not yet made known to the world. But there seems to be no doubt that they hesitated about executing the article which related to Parma; and that (however incredible such imbecility may appear) they manifested an expectation of being able to persuade Napoleon to remove voluntarily to a residence more safe for Europe, but fatal to all his own hopes. Instead of taking such measures as would have made it impossible to resist justifiable restraint, they appear to have apprized him of plans which must have been most alarming to him, without using a single previous measure of common prudence; and in the fullest expectation that this man, of whose pride and ambition and impetuosity they had spoken so justly and so strongly, would patiently and tamely wait their pleasure, and expect the moment when they thought fit to execute their plans. It never seems to have occurred to them, that he might escape as an adventurer, in order to ensure his not being carried away as a prisoner.

It may be thought that the duty of watching the issues of Elba, ought to have been more especially performed by the French marine. But it was a very dangerous service to commit to them. The fidelity of the French navy, and especially of the Toulon fleet to the Bourbons, was more than suspected. And even if it had been otherwise, it was a measure capable of making a very mischievous impression in France, whether it

Digitized by Google

were considered as an act of tyrannical rigour, or as a symptom of fear. The duty could have been performed easily, effectually, and safely, by England alone. Can it then be true that our Naval Officers in the Mediterranean had no instructions to detain Buonaparte, even if they met him out at sea, clearly making for the French coast? It has even been said, though that be incredible and unnecessary, that our ships had positive orders not to stop him. Will there be now found a single man in Europe, to say that Porto Ferraïo ought to have been a day without two or three British frigates in the harbour, at the disposal of a constantly resident accredited agent, avowedly with the purpose of ensuring the performance of Napoleon's engagements? * With this simple, obviously necessary, and absolutely inoffensive precaution, the escape of Napoleon, with a suffi-

* The following is an extract of a letter, published in a London newspaper, apparently by the friends of Sir Neil Campbell; and we republish it here, both to illustrate the subject of our reasoning, and from a sense of justice to the high character of that gallant and deserving officer.

"From this period, until the assembling of the Congress at Vienna, Buonaparte evinced the greatest predilection for the constant personal presence and society of Sir Neil Campbell; *but the discussions, &c. of the Allied Powers, touching his future situation, and the arrangements of the Italian States, seemed to awaken his slumbering passions, and create rancour in his mind; and he evidently alienated himself from the habits he had before cultivated with the British Resident.* Buonaparte's restlessness and dissatisfaction with his situation at Elba daily increased. About this time, several of his relations and old friends arrived at Elba from the Continent; and a frequent intercourse commenced between him, Italy, &c. (*via* Leghorn, Florence, &c.); and he evidently showed Sir N. Campbell, that his company was not so acceptable as formerly. Under these, *and other circumstances, which cannot at present be disclosed,* Colonel Campbell found it expedient occasionally to visit the Continent, for the purpose of being the better enabled to watch, ascertain, and communicate to his Government, and its functionaries on the Continent, such intrigues and ramifications of Buonaparte, as might be carried forward, and which it was impossible to do by a constant residence at Elba; *and there is reason to believe, that he did not fail to report, from time to time, what appeared to him deserving of notice, as well on the Continent as in Elba.*— It is therefore to be presumed, that even this exposition of the footing on which he was at Elba, will evince the injustice of the disgraceful language in which the public prints have indulged, in attributing to him a situation which he would have scorned to hold,—a power which he did not possess,—and a negligence, which the whole tenor of his military life most decidedly contradicts: Nor will the judgment of a discerning public, ascribe to an insulated individual,

Digitized by Google

cient force to cover his landing, would have been literally impossible.

It seems, indeed, that, with this precaution, he could have escaped in no other manner than singly, and in a fishing-boat, even if the vigilance of the British resident had slumbered sufficiently to allow his escape at all. We shall doubtless be told in due time, why such precautions were omitted. Till that explanation be given—till we hear what mysterious obstacles prevented the adoption of measures of prudence so very obvious, the world will believe, that all the dangers with which we are threatened, and all the evil which we may suffer—the new desolation which may arise from French victories—the terrible though inferior mischiefs which must result from France being conquered, if that event be possible—the waste of happiness, of civilization, of morals, (to say nothing of blood and treasure) which must attend a protracted struggle, are to be ascribed to the criminal supineness, or the almost frantic security of the British administration. We must not, therefore, wonder at the absurd reports prevalent in France, which ascribe to us the intention of letting loose Napoleon to excite a civil war. All those who have just fled from France, describe this as the universal opinion of the common people. It will contribute somewhat to swell that torrent of prejudice and antipathy against England, which have arisen from the thousand false and absurd rumours that have been propagated during the last twenty years, the particulars of which are mostly forgotten, and would be disclaimed if they were now distinctly renewed, but which have left behind, as their permanent effect, a general hatred of the British name. This rumour, false as it most certainly is, cannot, after all, be said to be the most absurd of popular rumours, or even quite so absurd as that conduct on the part of statesmen for which it professes to account. It is remarkable that the same opinion is maintained, whether it be believed or not, by the higher classes of Frenchmen—by the Royalists, notwithstanding the gratitude of the King to England, and his hopes from her in future—and by Napoleonists, though it may seem strange that they should thus derive, from so impure a source, the event which has completely fulfilled their wishes.

---

so situated, the means of preventing his departure from Elba;—the signal for which, had Colonel Campbell been on the spot, would have been his imprisonment, and consequent deprivation of all means of previous report to Government. It is necessary to observe, that Colonel Campbell's absence from Elba, at the time of Buonaparte's departure from it, was as short as possible, consistent with the performance of the public duty on which he was then employed."

Digitized by Google

But both these parties guard their speculations by the salvo, that the English Government ventured on this Machiavelian expedient, only because they thought the success and restoration of Napoleon to be impossible; and that the only consequence of it would be a civil war, sufficient to exhaust the strength, and to crush the rival industry of France. In the mean time, it is said that the Netherlands would be secure from an invasion, which Louis XVIII. himself must have attempted as soon as he ceased to fear his own army more than foreign states. The union between Belgium and Holland would have had time to consolidate; and the Congress of Vienna would have proceeded in their partitions, undisturbed even by those feeble remonstrances, which a decent regard to the safety, if not to the glory of France, must have extorted from the weakest monarch; —so extravagant are the opinions to which the apparently incomprehensible negligence of the British administration has given currency.

The causes which produced the restoration of Buonaparte, must be chiefly referable to the condition and character of the French people,—to the administration of the French Government,—to the example of other restored governments,—and, most of all, though not as many think, exclusively, to the state of the French army;—to say nothing, for the present, of the policy of the Congress at Vienna, which, as it affects the present and future situation of all Europe, requires a separate and a very extensive discussion, though it cannot be doubted, that, except the military spirit, it was the most powerful agent in subverting the throne of the Bourbons.

On each of these subjects we shall throw out a few reflexions, which it would be presumptuous to publish if they were not the result of some thought and observation, but which it would, in our estimate of things, be pusillanimous to suppress from any fear of the disadvantages of haste in mere writing. To appreciate the effects of the French Revolution on the people of France, is an undertaking for which no man now alive has sufficient materials, or sufficient impartiality, even if he had sufficient ability. It is a task from which Tacitus and Machiavel would have shrunk; and to which the little pamphleteers who speak on it with dogmatism, prove themselves so unequal by their presumption, that men of sense do not wait for the additional proof which is always amply furnished by their performances.

The French Revolution was a destruction of great abuses, executed with much violence, injustice and inhumanity. The destruction of abuse is, in itself, and for so much, a good. Injustice and inhumanity would cease to be vices, if they were

Digitized by Google

not productive of great mischief to society. This is a most perplexing account to balance.

As applied for instance to the cultivators and cultivation of France, there seems no reason to doubt the unanimous testimony of all travellers and observers, that agriculture has advanced, and that the condition of the agricultural population has been sensibly improved. *M. De la Place* calculates agricultural produce to have increased one-fifth during the last twenty-five years. M. Cuvier, an unprejudiced and dispassionate man, rather friendly than adverse to much of what the Revolution destroyed, and who in his frequent journeys through France, surveyed the country with the eyes of a naturalist and a politician, bears the most decisive testimony to the same general result. *M. Candolles*, a very able and enlightened Genevese, who is Professor of Botany at Montpellier, is preparing for the press the fruit of several years devoted to the survey of French cultivation, in which we are promised the detailed proofs of its progress. The apprehensions lately entertained by the landed interest of England, and countenanced by no less an authority than that of Mr Malthus, that France as a permanent exporter of corn would supply our market, and drive our inferior lands out of cultivation, though we consider them as extremely unreasonable, must be allowed to be of some weight in this question. No such dread of the rivalship of French corn growers, was ever felt or affected in this country in former times. Lastly, the evidence of Mr Birkbeck, an independent thinker, a shrewd observer, and an experienced farmer, though his journey was rapid, and though he perhaps wished to find benefits resulting from the Revolution, must be allowed to be of high value.

'*Montpellier, Aug.* 18. From Dieppe to this place, we have seen scarcely a working animal whose condition was not excellent;—oxen, horses, and now mules and asses, fat and well looking, but not pampered. This looks like prosperity. And when I add, that we have not seen among the labouring people one such famished, worn out, wretched object as may be met with in every parish of England, *

* The author seems to be aware that he was visited by a propensity to exaggerate, which easily besets careless and animated writers. But, even if it were literally correct, it would not in the least shake the certain truth, that the condition of the people of England is superior to that of all other nations. From our populousness, our liberty, our wealth, and particularly from our mixed character as an agricultural and manufacturing nation, our industry is much more adventurous and ambitious than that of any other people. Greater objects are aimed at—greater failures must necessarily occur. Some examples of greater distress than is elsewhere to be seen, may there-

Digitized by Google

—I had almost said on every farm. This, in a country so populous, so entirely agricultural, denotes real prosperity. Again, from Dieppe to this place, I could not easily point out an acre of waste, a spot of land that is not *industriously* cultivated, though not always *well*, according to our notions. France, so peopled, so cultivated, moderately taxed, without paper money, without tithes, without poor-rates, almost without poor, with excellent roads in every direction, and overflowing with corn, wine and oil, must be and really is a rich country.

'*Aug.* 19. Waited on M. ——, for whom we had letters. He is better informed probably than any other man on the actual state of the kingdom; having been occupied for a series of years, under the direction of government, in visiting the country from department to department, with a view to obtain a precise knowledge of its agriculture and resources. This gentleman confirms our observations in every particular, and enables us with safety to generalize the result of the information we have collected.

'1*st*, The labouring class, formerly the poor, are now rich,* in consequence of the national domains having been sold in small allotments, at very low rates; and with the indulgence of five years for completing the payment. Thus, there are few labourers or domestic servants, who are not proprietors of land.

'2*d*, By the Revolution, every oppression on agriculture was done away; tithes, game-laws, corvées, &c. &c.

'3*d*, Since that time, much new land has been brought into cultivation, and none of the old abandoned.

'4*th*, The modes of husbandry have improved in many districts, by the introduction of fallow crops and artificial grasses—"*prairies artificielles.*" The general wages of labourers in husbandry, 20d. per day; which, compared with prices, is equal to 3s. 4d. with us.' p. 51–53.

We cannot resist the temptation, to copy here, though out of place, the account which this discerning farmer gives of the first impression made upon his mind by the people of France.

'There is more appearance of enjoyment, and less of positive suffering, than I ever beheld before, or had any conception of; but it is not the sort of enjoyment which suits my habits. What a pains-

---

fore naturally be expected. But the general condition of a people, whose faculties are roused to the highest pitch of enterprize and energy, must be more desireable.

* We must recommend to Mr B., to soften and limit this alarming proposition in the next edition of his valuable and amusing little book. To change the poor, *i. e.* the majority, into *rich*, is not only impracticable, but inconceivable, and an absolute contradiction in terms, as long as the word *rich* continues to denote what it does at present—*those who are richer than most others.*

Digitized by Google

taking, unfortunate race are we,—so busy about living, that we really have not time to live. Our recreations have so much vice in them, that serious folks have imagined it impossible to be both merry and wise. *The people here, though infinitely behind us in the accommodations of life, seem to be as much our superiors in the art of living.*' p. 5.

We have no time to point out the exaggeration and mistake, mixed with the truth, which this short passage conveys, in so striking a manner. They must be allowed to amount at least to the average sacrifice of accuracy to vivacity, which is required in the manufacture of pointed sentences.

The first impression made on the mind of Mr Scott, on his landing at the same port of Dieppe, is very curious, from its relation to those terrible events, which it was impossible for him to foresee, and is in itself characteristic of the powers and habits of mind, which distinguish that eloquent and philosophical traveller. It is less marked than most other passages of the volume, by that enthusiasm for English manners and institutions, at which only the vulgar can wonder in the Editor of what is called an Opposition Journal; and by that severe and indignant invective against the vices, and even the frailties, of the French nation, which sometimes more resembles the language of a moral satyrist, than that of an estimator of national character.

'But the most impressive feature of the crowd before us, and that which most struck us with a sense of novelty and of interest, was its military aspect. Almost every man had some indication of the military profession about his person, sufficient to denote that he had been engaged in war; at the same time, there was a self-willed variety in the dress of each, which had a very unpleasant effect, inasmuch as it prevented us from recognizing that *stamped assurance of legitimacy as an armed force*, which is impressed on the aspect of British troops. We could scarcely imagine, that the dark-visaged beings, some in long, loose great coats, some in jackets, some in cocked hats, some in round ones, some in caps, who darted at us keen looks of a very over-clouded cast, had ever belonged to regiments, steady, controlled, and lawful;—they seemed, rather, the fragments of broken-up gangs, brave, dexterous, and fierce, but unprincipled, and unrestrained. Much of this irregularity and angriness of appearance was doubtless occasioned by the great disbandment of the army that had just taken place. The disbanded had no call to observe the niceties of military discipline, although they still retained such parts of their military uniform as they found convenient. They had not then either pursuits to occupy their time, or even prospects to keep up their hopes; they still lounged about in idleness, although their pay had been stopped; and disappointment and necessity threw into their faces an expression deeper than that of irritation,—approaching, in fact, to the indications of indiscriminate

Digitized by Google

and inveterate hatred. They carried about with them in their air, the branded characteristics of forlorn men, whose interests and habits opposed them to the peace of mankind;—men who would cry with the desperate Constance,

"*War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!*" KING JOHN. p. 22–24.

But to return—Whatever may have been the benefits conferred by the Revolution on the cultivators, supposing them to have been more questionable than they appear to have been, it is at all events obvious, that the division of confiscated land among the peasantry, must have given that body an interest and a pride in the maintenance of the order or disorder which that Revolution had produced. All confiscation is unjust. The French confiscation being the most extensive, is the most abominable example of that species of legal robbery. But we speak only of its political effects on the temper of the peasantry. These effects are by no means confined to those who had become proprietors. The promotion of many inspired all with pride. The whole class was raised in self-importance by the proprietary dignity acquired by numerous individuals. Nor must it be supposed that the apprehensions of such a rabble of ignorant owners, who had acquired their ownerships by means of which their own conscience would distrust the fairness, were to be proportioned to the reasonable probabilities of danger. The alarms of a multitude for objects very valuable to them, are always extravagantly beyond the degree of the risk, especially when they are strengthened by any sense, however faint and indistinct, of injustice, which by the immutable laws of human nature, stamps every possession which suggests it with a mark of insecurity. It is a Panic fear;—one of those fears which are so rapidly spread and so violently exaggerated by sympathy, that the lively fancy of the antients represented them as inflicted by a superior power.

Exemption from manorial rights and feudal services was not merely, nor perhaps principally, considered by the French farmers as a relief from oppression. They were connected with the exulting recollections of deliverance from a yoke, of a triumph over superiors, aided even by the remembrance of licentiousness with which they had exercised their saturnalian privileges in the first moments of their short and ambiguous liberty. They recollected these distinctions as an emancipation of their caste. The interest, the pride, the resentment and the fear, had a great tendency to make the maintenance of these changes a point of honour among the whole peasantry of France. On this subject, perhaps, they were likely to acquire that jealousy and susceptibility which the dispersed population of the country rarely exhibit, unless when their religion, or their national pride, or their

Digitized by Google

antient usages are violently attacked. The only security for these objects would appear to them to be, a Government arising, like their own property and privileges, out of the Revolution.

We are far from commending these sentiments, and still farther from confounding them with the spirit of liberty. If the forms of a free constitution could have been preserved under a counter-revolutionary government, perhaps these hostile dispositions of the peasants and new proprietors against such a government, might have been gradually mitigated and subdued into one of the auxiliaries of freedom. But, in the present state of France, there are unhappily no elements of such combinations. There is no such class as landed gentry,—no great proprietors resident on their estates,—consequently no leaders of this dispersed population, to give them permanent influence on the public counsels, to animate their general sluggishness, or to restrain their occasional violence. In such a state they must, in general, be inert;—in particular matters which touch their own prejudices and supposed interest, unreasonable and irresistible. The extreme subdivision of landed property, might, under some circumstances, be favourable to a democratical government. Under a limited monarchy it is destructive of liberty, because it annihilates the strongest bulwarks against the power of the crown. Having no body of great proprietors, it delivers the Monarch from all regular and constant restraint, and from every apprehension but that of an inconstant and often servile populace. Wherever it is not the companion of democracy, it naturally tends to produce despotism; and, melancholy as the conclusion is, it seems too probable that the present state of property and prejudice among the larger part of the people of France, rather disposes them towards a despotism deriving its sole title from the Revolution, and interested in maintaining the system of society which it has established, and armed with that tyrannical power which may be necessary for its maintenance.

Observations of a somewhat similar nature are applicable to other classes of the French population. Many of the tradesmen and merchants, as well as of the numerous bodies of commissaries and contractors, grown rich by war, had become landed proprietors. These classes in general had participated in the early movements of the Revolution. They had indeed generally shrunk from its horrors—but they had associated their pride, their quiet, almost their moral character to its success, by the extensive purchases of confiscated land, made by many of their number. These feelings were not to be satisfied by any assurances, however solemn and repeated, or however sincere, that the sales of national property were to be inviolable. The necessity of such assurance continually reminded them of the

Digitized by Google

odiousness of their acquisitions, and of the light in which the acquirers were considered by the Government. Their property was to be spared as an evil, incorrigible from its magnitude. What they must have desired, was a Government from whom no such assurances could have been necessary.

The middle classes in cities were precisely those who had been formerly humbled, mortified, and exasperated by the privileges of the nobility—for whom the Revolution was a triumph over those who, in the daily intercourse of life, treated them with constant disdain, and whom that Revolution raised to the vacant place of these deposed chiefs. The vanity of that numerous, intelligent and active part of the community, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, tradesmen, lawyers, attornies, physicians, surgeons, artists, actors, men of letters, had been humbled by the monarchy, and had triumphed in the Revolution. They rushed into the stations which the gentry, emigrant, beggared or proscribed, could no longer fill. The whole government fell into their hands.

Buonaparte's nobility was an institution framed to secure the triumph of all these vanities, and to provide against the possibility of a second humiliation. It was a body composed of the Revolutionary Aristocracy, with some of the ancient nobility, either rewarded for their services to the Revolution, by its highest dignities, or compelled to lend lustre to it, by accepting its secondary ranks, with titles inferior to their own, and with many lawyers, men of letters, merchants, physicians, &c. who often receive inferior marks of honour in England, but whom the ancient system of the French Monarchy rigorously excluded from such distinctions. The military principle predominated; not only from the nature of the government, but because military distinction was the purest that was earned during the Revolution. The Legion of Honour spread the same principle through the whole army, which probably contained six and thirty thousand out of the forty thousand who composed the order. The whole of these institutions was an array of new vanities against old vanities. The vanity of the former roturiers was embodied against the vanity of the former nobility. The new knights and nobles were daily reminded by their badges, or titles, of their interest to resist the re-establishment of a system which would have perpetuated their humiliation. The real operation of these causes was visible during the short reign of Louis XVIII. Military men, indeed, had the courage to display their decorations, and to avow their titles. But all gentlemen renounced them on their own part, and laughed at them in others. Most civilians were ashamed, or afraid to use their new names of dignity. They were conveyed, if at all, in a subdued

Digitized by Google

voice, almost in a whisper. They were considered as extremely unfashionable and vulgar. Talleyrand renounced his title of Prince of Benevento; and Massena's resumption of his dignity of Prince was regarded as an act of audacity, if not of intentional defiance.

From these middle classes were chosen another body, who were necessarily attached to the Revolutionary government—the immense body of civil officers who were placed in all the countries, directly or indirectly, subject to France; in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Holland, in the Netherlands, for the purposes of administration of finance, and of late to enforce the vain prohibition of commerce with England. These were all thrown back on France by the peace. They had no hope of employment. Their gratitude, their resentment, and their expectations, bound them to the fortune of Napoleon.

The number of persons in France interested directly or indirectly in the sale of confiscated property by original purchase, by some part in the successive transfers by mortgage or by expectancy, has been computed to be ten millions. This must be a great exaggeration: But one half of that number would be more than sufficient to give colour to the general sentiment. Though the lands of the church and the crown were never regarded in the same invidious light with those of private owners, yet the whole mass of confiscation was held together by its revolutionary origin: the possessors of the most odious part were considered as the outposts and advanced guards of the rest. The purchasers of small lots were peasants. Those of considerable estates were the better classes of the inhabitants of cities. Yet in spite of the powerful causes which attached these last to the Revolution, it is certain that, among the class called '*La bonne bourgeoisie*,' are to be found the greatest number of those who approved the restoration of the Bourbons as the means of security and quiet. They were weary of revolution, and they dreaded confusion. But they are inert and timid, and almost as little qualified to defend a throne as they are disposed to overthrow it. Unfortunately, their voice, of great weight in the administration of regular governments, is scarcely heard in convulsions. They are destined to stoop to the bold;—too often, though with vain sorrow and indignation, to crouch under the yoke of the guilty and the desperate.

The populace of great towns (a most important constituent part of a free community, when the union of liberal institutions, with a vigorous authority, provides both a vent for their sentiments, and a curb on their violence) have, throughout the French Revolution, showed at once all the varieties and excesses of plebeian passions, and all the peculiarities of the French

Digitized by Google

national character in their most exaggerated state. The love of show, or of change—the rage for liberty or slavery, for war or for peace, soon wearing itself out into disgust and weariness—the idolatrous worship of demagogues, soon abandoned, and at last cruelly persecuted—the envy of wealth, or the servile homage paid to it:—all these, in every age, in every place, from Athens to Paris, have characterized a populace not educated by habits of reverence for the laws, or bound by ties of character and palpable interest to the other classes of a free commonwealth. When the Parisian mobs were restrained by a strong government, and compelled to renounce their democratic orgies, they became proud of conquest—proud of the splendour of their despotism—proud of the magnificence of its exhibitions and its monuments. Men may be so brutalized as to be proud of their chains. That sort of interest in public concerns, which the poor, in their intervals of idleness, and especially when they are met together, feel perhaps more strongly than other classes more constantly occupied with prudential cares, overflowed into new channels. They applauded a general or a tyrant, as they had applauded Robespierre, and worshipped Marat. They applauded the triumphal entry of a foreign army within their walls as a grand show; and they huzzaed the victorious Sovereigns, as they would have celebrated the triumph of a French general. The return of the Bourbons was a novelty, and a sight which, as such, might amuse them for a day. But the establishment of a pacific and frugal government, with an infirm monarch and a gloomy court, without sights or donatives, and the cessation of the gigantic works constructed to adorn Paris, were sure enough to alienate the Parisian populace. There was neither vigour to overawe them, nor brilliancy to intoxicate them, nor foreign enterprize to divert their attention.

Among the separate parties into which every people is divided, the Protestants are to be regarded as a body of no small importance in France. Their numbers were rated at between two and three millions: But their importance was not to be estimated by their numerical strength. Their identity of interest, their habits of concert, their common wrongs and resentments, gave them far more strength than a much larger number of a secure, lazy, and dispirited majority. It was, generally speaking, impossible that French Protestants should wish well to the family of Louis XIV., peculiarly supported by the Catholic party. The lenity with which they had long been treated, was ascribed more to the liberality of the age than of the Government. Till the year 1788, even their marriages and their inheritances depended more upon the connivance of the tribunals, than upon the

Digitized by Google

sanction of the law. The petty vexations, and ineffectual persecution of systematic exclusion from public offices, and the consequent degradation of their body in public opinion, long survived the detestable but effectual persecution which had been carried on by missionary dragoons, and which benevolently left them the choice to be hypocrites, or exiles, or galley-slaves. The Revolution first gave them a secure and effective equality with the Catholics, and a real admission into civil office. It is to be feared that they may have sometimes exulted over the sufferings of the Catholic Church, and thereby contracted some part of the depravity of their ancient persecutors. But it cannot be doubted that they were generally attached to the Revolution, and to governments founded on it.

The same observations may be applied, without repetition, to other sects of Dissidents. Of all the lessons of history, there is none more evident in itself, and more uniformly neglected by governments, than that persecutions, disabilities, exclusions, all systematic wrong to great bodies of citizens, are sooner or later punished; though the punishment often falls on individuals who are not only innocent, but who may have the merit of labouring to repair the wrong.

The voluntary associations who have led or influenced the people during the Revolution, are a very material object in a review like the present. The very numerous body who, as Jacobins or Terrorists, had participated in the atrocities of 1793 and 1794, had, in the exercise of tyranny, sufficiently unlearned the crude notions of liberty with which they had set out. But they all required a government established on revolutionary foundations. They all took refuge under Buonaparte's authority. The more base accepted clandestine pensions or insignificant place. *Barrere* wrote slavish paragraphs at Paris. *Talliien* was provided for by an obscure or a nominal consulship in Spain. *Fouché*, who conducted this part of the system, thought the removal of an active Jacobin to a province cheaply purchased by five hundred a year. Fouché himself, one of the most atrocious of the Terrorists, had been gradually formed into a good administrator under a civilized despotism; regardless indeed of forms, but paying considerable respect to the substance, and especially to the appearance of justice; never shrinking from what was necessary to crush a formidable enemy, but carefully avoiding wanton cruelty and unnecessary evil. His administration, during the earlier and better part of Napoleon's government, had so much repaired the faults of his former life, that the appointment of Savary to the police was one of the most alarming acts of the internal policy during the violent period which followed the invasion of Spain. At the head of this sort of persons, not

Digitized by Google

indeed in guilt, but in the conspicuous nature of the act in which they had participated, were the Regicides. The execution of Louis XVI. being both unjust and illegal, was unquestionably an atrocious murder. But it would argue great bigotry and ignorance of human nature, not to be aware, that many who took a share in it must have viewed it in a directly opposite light. Mr Hume himself, with all his passion for monarchy, admits that Cromwell probably considered his share in the death of Charles I. as one of his most distinguished merits. Some of those who voted the death of Louis XVI. have proved that they acted only from erroneous judgment, by the decisive evidence of a virtuous life. One of them perished in Guiana, the victim of an attempt to restore the royal family.

But though among the hundreds who voted for the death of that unfortunate Prince, there might be seen every shade of morality, from the blackest depravity to the very confines of purity —at least in sentiment,—it was impossible that any of them could be contemplated without horror by the brothers and daughter of the murdered Monarch: Nor would it be less vain to expect that the objects of this hatred should fail to support those revolutionary authorities, which secured them from punishment, which covered them from contempt by station and opulence, and which compelled the Monarchs of Europe to receive them into their Palaces as Ambassadors. They might be—the far greater part of them certainly had become, indifferent to liberty,—perhaps partial to that exercise of unlimited power to which they had been accustomed under what they called a free government. But they could not be indifferent in their dislike of a government, under which their very best condition was that of pardoned criminals, whose criminality was the more odious on account of the sad necessity which made it pardoned. All the terrorists, and almost all the regicides had accordingly accepted emoluments and honours from Napoleon, and were eager to support his authority as a revolutionary despotism, strong enough to protect them from general unpopularity, and to ensure them against the vengeance or the humiliating mercy of a Bourbon government.

Another party of revolutionists had committed great errors in the beginning, which cooperated with the alternate obstinacy and feebleness of the counter-revolutionists, to produce all the evils which we feel and fear, which can only be excused by their own inexperience in legislation, and by the prevalence of erroneous opinions at that period, throughout the most enlightened part of Europe. These were the best leaders of the Constituent Assembly, who never relinquished the cause of liberty, nor disgraced it by submissions to tyranny, or participation in guilt.

Digitized by Google

The best representative of this small class, is M. de La Fayette, a man of the purest honour in private life, who has devoted himself to the defence of liberty from his earliest youth. He may have committed some mistakes in opinion; but his heart has always been worthy of the friend of Washington and of Fox. In due time the world will see how victoriously he refutes the charges against him of misconduct towards the Royal Family, when the Palace of Versailles was attacked by the mob, and when the King escaped to Varennes. Having hazarded his life to preserve Louis XVI., he was imprisoned in various dungeons, by Powers, who at the same time released regicides. His wife fell a victim to her conjugal heroism. His liberty was obtained by Buonaparte, who paid court to him during the short period of apparent liberality and moderation, which opened his political career. M. de la Fayette repaid him, by faithful counsel; and when he saw his rapid strides towards arbitrary power, he terminated all correspondence with him, by a letter, which breathes the calm dignity of constant and intrepid virtue. In the choice of evils, he considered the prejudices of the court and the nobility as more capable of being reconciled with liberty, than the power of an army. After a long absence from Courts, he appeared at the levee of Monsieur, on his entry into Paris; and was received with a slight,—not justified by his character—nor by his rank—more important than character in the estimate of Palaces. He returned to his retirement, far from courts or conspiracies; with a reputation of purity and firmness, which, if it had been less rare among French leaders, would have secured the liberty of that great nation, and placed her fame on better foundations than those of mere military genius and success.

This party, whose principles are decisively favourable to a limited monarchy, and indeed to the general outlines of the institutions of Great Britain, had some strength among the reasoners of the capital, but represented no interest and no opinion in the country at large. Whatever popularity they latterly appeared to possess, arose but too probably from the momentary concurrence, in opposition to the Court, of those who were really their most irreconcileable enemies,—the discontented Revolutionists and concealed Napoleonists. During the late short pause of restriction on the Press, they availed themselves of the half liberty of publication which then existed, to employ the only arms in which they were formidable—those of argument and eloquence. The pamphlets of M. Benjamin Constant were by far the most distinguished of those which they produced; and he may be considered as the literary represen-

Digitized by Google

tative of a party, which their enemies, as well as their friends, called the Liberal; who were hostile to Buonaparte and to military power; friendly to the general principles of the constitution established by Louis XVIII., though disapproving some of its parts, and seriously distrusting the spirit in which it was executed, and the maxims prevalent at Court. M. Constant, who had been expelled from the *Tribunat*, and in effect exiled from France, by Buonaparte, began an attack on him before the Allies had crossed the Rhine, and continued it till after his march from Lyons. He is unquestionably the first political writer of the Continent, and apparently the ablest man in France. His first Essay, that on Conquest, is a most ingenious development of the principle, that a system of war and conquest, suitable to the condition of Barbarians, is so much at variance with the habits and pursuits of civilized, commercial, and luxurious nations, that it cannot be long lived in such an age as ours. If the position be limited to those rapid and extensive conquests which tend towards universal Monarchy,—and if the tendency in human affairs to resist them be stated only as of great force, and almost sure within no long time of checking their progress, the doctrine of M. Constant will be generally acknowledged to be true. With the comprehensive views, and the brilliant poignancy of Montesquieu, he unites some of the defects of that great writer. Like him, his mind is too systematical for the irregular variety of human affairs; and he sacrifices too many of those exceptions and limitations, which political reasonings require, to the pointed sentences which compose his nervous and brilliant style. His answer to the Abbé Montesquiou's foolish plan of restricting the press, is a model of polemical politics, uniting English solidity and strength with French urbanity. His tract on ministerial responsibility, with some errors (though surprizingly few) on English details, is an admirable discussion of one of the most important institutions of a free government; and, though founded on English practice, would convey instruction to most of those who have best studied the English constitution. We have said thus much of these masterly productions, because we consider them as the only specimens of the Parisian press, during its semi-emancipation, which deserve the attention of political philosophers, and of the friends of true liberty in all countries. In times of more calm, we should have thought a fuller account of their contents, and a free discussion of their faults, due to the eminent abilities of the author. At present we mention them, chiefly because they exhibit, pretty fairly, the opinions of the liberal party in that country.

But not to dwell longer on this little fraternity, who are too enlightened and conscientious to be of importance in the shocks of

Digitized by Google

faction, and of whom we have spoken more from esteem for their character, than from an opinion of their political influence, it will be already apparent to our readers, that many of the most numerous and guiding classes in the newly arranged community of France, were bound, by strong ties of interest and pride, to a revolutionary government, however little they might be qualified or sincerely disposed for a free constitution, which they struggled to confound with the former; that these dispositions among the civil classes formed one great source of danger to the administration of the Bourbons, and that they now constitute a material part of the strength of Napoleon. To them he appeals in his proclamations, when he speaks of 'a new dynasty 'founded on the same bases with the new interests and new in-'stitutions which owe their rise to the Revolution.' To them he appeals, though more covertly, in his professions of zeal for the dignity of the people, and of hostility to feudal nobility, and monarchy by Divine right.

It is natural to inquire how the conscription, and the prodigious expenditure of human life in the campaigns of Spain and Russia, were not of themselves sufficient to make the government of Napoleon detested by the great majority of the French people. But it is a very melancholy truth, that the body of a people may be gradually so habituated to war, that their habits and expectations may be at last so adapted to its demand for men, and its waste of life, that they become almost insensible to its evils, and may require long discipline to reinspire them with a relish for the blessings of peace, and a capacity for the virtues of industry. The complaint is least when the evil is greatest. It is as difficult to teach such a people the value of peace, as it would be to reclaim a drunkard, or to subject a robber to patient labour.

A conscription is, under pretence of equality, the most unequal of all laws,—because it assumes that military service is equally easy to all classes and ranks of men. Accordingly, it always produces pecuniary commutation by the sedentary and educated classes. To them in many of the towns of France it was an oppressive and grievous tax. But to the majority of the people, always accustomed to military service, the life of a soldier became perhaps more agreeable than any other. Families even considered it as a means of provision for their children; each parent labouring to persuade himself that his children would be among those who should have the fortune to survive. Long and constant wars created a regular demand for men, to which the principle of population adapted itself. An army which had conquered and plundered Europe, and in which

Digitized by Google

a private soldier might reasonably enough hope to be a Marshal or a Prince, had more allurements, and not more repulsive qualities, than many of those odious, disgusting, unwholesome, or perilous occupations, which in the common course of society are always amply supplied. The habit of war unfortnately perpetuates itself. And this moral effect is a far greater evil than the mere destruction of life. Whatever may be the justness of these speculations, certain it is, that the travellers who lately visited France neither found the conscription so unpopular, nor the decay of male population so perceptible, as plausible and confident statements had led them to expect.

It is probable that among the majority of the French, (excluding the army), the restored Bourbons gained less popularity by abolishing the conscription, than they lost by the cession of all the conquests of France. This fact affords a most important warning of the tremendous dangers to which civilized nations expose their character by long war. To say that liberty cannot survive it, is saying little. Liberty is one of the luxuries which only a few nations seem destined to enjoy, and they only for a short period. It is not only fatal to the refinements and ornaments of civilized life.—Its long continuance must inevitably destroy even that degree (moderate as it is) of order and security which prevails even in the pure monarchies of Europe, and distinguishes them above all other societies ancient or modern. It is vain to inveigh against the people of France for delighting in war, for exulting in conquest, and for being exasperated and mortified by renouncing those vast acquisitions. These deplorable consequences arise from an excess of the noblest and most necessary principles in the character of a nation, acted upon by habits of arms, and 'cursed with every granted prayer,' during years of victory and conquest. No nation could endure such a trial. Doubtless those nations who have the most liberty, the most intelligence, the most virtue,—who possess in the highest degree all the constituents of the most perfect civilization, will resist it the longest. But, let us not deceive ourselves:—long war renders all these blessings impossible. It dissolves all the civil and pacific virtues—it leaves no calm for the cultivation of reason—and by substituting attachment to leaders instead of reverence for laws, it destroys liberty, the parent of intelligence and of virtue.

The French Revolution has strongly confirmed the lesson taught by the history of all ages, that while political divisions excite the activity of genius, and teach honour in enmity, as well as fidelity in attachment, the excess of civil confusion and convulsion produces diametrically opposite effects,—subjects society to force, instead of mind,—renders its distinctions the prey of boldness and atrocity, instead of being the prize of ta-

Digitized by Google

lent,—and concentrates the thoughts and feelings of every individual upon himself, his own sufferings and fears. Whatever beginnings of such an unhappy state may be observed in France, —whatever tendency it may have had to dispose the people to a light transfer of allegiance, and an undistinguishing profession of attachment,—it is more useful to consider them as the results of these general causes, than as vices peculiar to that great nation.

To this we must add, before we conclude our cursory survey, that frequent changes of government, however arising, promote a disposition to acquiesce in change. No people can long preserve the enthusiasm, which first impels them to take an active part in change. Its frequency at last teaches them patiently to bear it. They become indifferent to governments and sovereigns. They are spectators of revolutions, instead of actors in them. They are a prey to be fought for by the hardy and bold, and are generally disposed of by an army. In this state of things, revolutions become bloodless,—not from the humanity, but from the indifference of a people. Perhaps it may be true, though it will appear paradoxical to many, that such revolutions, as those of England and America, conducted with such a regard for moderation and humanity, and even with such respect for established authorities and institutions, independent of their necessity for the preservation of liberty, may even have a tendency to strengthen, instead of weakening, the frame of the commonwealth. The example of reverence for justice,—of caution in touching ancient institutions,—of not innovating, beyond the necesssities of the case, even in a season of violence and anger, may impress on the minds of men those conservative principles of society, more deeply and strongly, than the most uninterrupted observation of them in the ordinary course of quiet and regular government.

We have no time to say much at present on the remaining divisions of this great subject.—Wise administration, in the situation of Louis XVIII, was so extremely arduous a task, that the consideration of his misfortunes is not necessary to repress all propensity to severe censure. The restoration of the French Monarchy was impossible. Its elements were destroyed. No proprietary nobility—no opulent church—no judiciary bodies —no army. Twenty-five years had destroyed and produced more than several centuries usually do. The King of France could not be restored. A Bourbon Prince was placed at the head of revolutionized France. It was not merely a loose stone in the edifice.—It was a case of repulsion between the Government and all the Elements of the Society.

It is difficult to determine whether any prudence could have averted the catastrophe. In justice it ought to be allowed, that

Digitized by Google

more civil liberty was enjoyed during these ten months, than during any period of French history. There were no arbitrary imprisonments;—not above one or two feeble attempts to exile obnoxious men to their country houses. Once, or perhaps twice, during the Revolution, there had been more political liberty,—more freedom of the press,—more real debate in the Legislative assemblies. But, in those tumultuous times there was no tranquillity,—no security of person and property.

The King and the Court could not indeed love liberty;—few Courts do;—and they had much more excuse than most others for hating it. It was obvious that his policy consisted in connecting himself with the purest part of the Revolutionists,—in seeing only in the Revolution the abuses which it had destroyed,—in keeping out of sight those claims which conveyed too obvious a condemnation of it,—in conquering his most natural and justifiable repugnance to individuals, when the display of such a repugnance produced or confirmed the alienation of numerous classes and powerful interests,—and, lastly, the hardest but most necessary part of the whole, in the suppression of gratitude, and the delay of justice itself, to those whose sufferings and fidelity deserved his affection, but who inspired the majority of Frenchmen with angry recollections and dangerous fears. It is needless to say that so arduous a scheme of policy, which would have required a considerable time for a fair experiment, and which, in the hands of an unmilitary Prince, was likely enough, after all, to fail, was scarcely tried by this respectable and unfortunate Monarch. The silly attack made by his ministers on the press, rendered the Government odious, without preventing the publication, or limiting the perusal of one libel. It answered no purpose, but that of giving some undeserved credit for its suppression to Buonaparte, who has other means of controuling the press than those which are supplied by laws and tribunals. Macdonald, who spoke against it with most rigour and spirit in the House of Peers, was one of the last Marshals who quitted the King (if he has quitted him); and Constant, who wrote against it with such extraordinary talent and eloquence, was the last French writer of celebrity who threw himself into the breach, and defied the vengeance of the Conqueror.

The policy of some of the restored Governments in other countries of Europe, was extremely injurious to the Bourbon administration. Spain, governed by a Bourbon Prince, threw discredit, or rather disgrace, upon all ancient Governments. The conduct of Ferdinand at Valençay was notorious in France. It was well known that he had importuned Napoleon for a Princess of the Imperial Family, and that he wrote constant letters of con-

Digitized by Google

gratulation to Joseph on his victories over the Spanish armies, whom Ferdinand called the rebel subjects of Joseph. It was known, that, besides all those imbecilities of superstition which disgraced his return,—besides the re-establishment of the Inquisition,—besides the exile, on various grounds or pretexts, of several thousand families, he had thrown into prison more than five thousand persons, for no other crime than that of administering or seconding a Government which all Europe had recognized,—which had resisted all the offers of Buonaparte, and under whom the resistance was made to which he owed his Crown. Many cases of oppression were familiarly known in France, which are hitherto little spoken of in this country. Among them, that of *M. Antillon* deserves to be mentioned. That gentleman, a pre-eminent Professor in an University, had distinguished himself both in the Cortes, of which he was a Member, and by his writings, especially by several excellent works against the Slave Trade, of which he was the most determined enemy. The first care of King Ferdinand was to imprison such mischievous men. Early in June, he issued a warrant for the apprehension of M. Antillon, whom the officer appointed to execute the warrant found labouring under a severe and dangerous malady at his house in Arragon. Upon the representation of the physicians, the officer hesitated to remove the prisoner, and applied for farther instructions to the Captain General of Arragon. The Captain General suspended the execution of the order till his Majesty's pleasure could be ascertained. The Ministers immediately intimated to the Viceroy the Royal dissatisfaction at the delay. They commanded M. Antillon to be instantly conducted to Madrid. The order was executed; and M. Antillon died on the road, shortly after he had began his journey!—Such is the narrative which we have received from persons who appear to us worthy of faith. If it be entirely false, it may easily be confuted. If it be exaggerated, it may with equal ease be reduced within the limits of the exact truth. Until it be confuted, we offer it as a specimen of the administration of the Spanish Monarchy.

The Pope and the King of Sardinia seemed to be ambitious of rivalling Ferdinand in puerile superstition, if their limited means forbade them to aspire to rivalship in political oppression. They exerted every effort to give a colour to the opinion, that the restored governments were the enemies of civilization and of reason, and that the great Destroyer was necessary to pave the way for wise institutions, even at the expense of tyranny for a time. Spain was represented at Paris as a mirror, in which all nations might see the destiny prepared for them by restored Princes, and the yoke which would be imposed on them if the

Digitized by Google

Sovereigns were not restrained by fear of their people. These impressions were not effaced even by the policy which induced Louis XVIII. to suffer the Journals of Paris to discuss the administration of his Cousin in Spain, as freely as those of London.

The Army!—We have not time to develop all that is suggested by this terrible word. And it is unnecessary. The word conveys more than any commentary could unfold.

Many readers will say, that this word alone might have been substituted for the whole of what we have written. Short and dogmatical explanations of great events are at once agreeable to the pride of intellect, and very suitable to the narrow capacity and indolent minds of ordinary men. To explain a revolution by a maxim, has an imposing appearance of decisive character and practical good sense. But great revolutions are always produced by the action of some causes, and by the absence of others, without the full consideration of which it is impossible to form a true judgment of their origin. In the case before us, we must consider as well what might have prevented, as what actually produced the catastrophe. The spirit of a soldiery inured to victory, and indignant at defeat—the discontent of officers whose victories were gained over the allies of the government whom they now served—the ambition of generals whose companions had obtained principalities and kingdoms—the disrespect of a conquering army for an unwarlike sovereign—the military habits spread over the whole population of France,—did certainly constitute a source of danger to the restored monarch, against which no wisdom could devise, or even conceive a perfect security. But, to retard, is, in such cases, to gain a chance of preventing. Every delay had at least a tendency to unsoldier the army. Time was the Ally of Tranquillity. Two years of quiet might have given the People of France a superiority over the Soldiery,—and thus might have ensured Europe against military barbarism. It is true, that the frame of society produced by the Revolution, which we have attempted to describe, contributed to render perhaps the larger, certainly the more active part of the civil population, not cordially affected to the authority of the Bourbons. Even in this very difficult case much had been accomplished to appease the alarms, and (what was harder) to soothe the wounded pride of that numerous body who derived new wealth or consequence from the Revolution. But the wisest policy of this sort required a long time, and an undisturbed operation. The moderate administration of Louis might have accomplished, in a great degree, the work of conciliation. But it was indispensable that it should have been secure against violent interruption for a reasonable period, and that it should not have

Digitized by Google

been brought into a state of continual odium and suspicion by the contemptible folly of some powers in their internal administration, and by the detestable ambition of others in their projects of foreign policy. It was essential that the French people should not be goaded into daily rage at the treaty which confined them within their own ancient limits, by the spectacle of the great military powers bartering republics, confiscating monarchies, adding provinces and kingdoms to their vast dominions. Notwithstanding the natural sources of internal danger, if even some of these unfavourable causes had been absent, the life of Napoleon Buonaparte (supposing him to have been as vigilantly watched as it would have been just and easy to watch him) might have proved a security to the Throne of the Bourbons, by preventing any other military chief from offering himself to the army till they had subsided into a part of the people, and imbibed sentiments compatible with the peace and order of civil life.

As things stand at present, the prospects of the world are sufficiently gloomy;—and the course of safety and honour by no means very plain before us. Two things, however, seem clear in the midst of the darkness;—one, that a crusade in behalf of the Bourbons and the old monarchy is as palpably hopeless as it is manifestly unjust;—and the other, that that course of policy is the wisest and most auspicious, which tends most to reclaim the population of France from its military habits, and to withhold it from those scenes of adventure in which its military spirit has been formed.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From November 1814, *to February* 1815.

AGRICULTURE.

The Farmer's Magazine; a Periodical Work, exclusively devoted to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. (Published Quarterly.) No. LXI., being the First Number of Vol. XVI. 3s.

A Review (and Complete Abstract) of the Reports to the Board of Agriculture, from the Midland Department of England. By M. Marshall. 8vo. 14s.

Bath Papers. Vol. XIII. Part II. 8vo. 10s.

ANTIQUITIES.

The First Number of a Work relative to the Antiquities of Great Britain, entitled the Antiquarian Itinerary. To be continued Monthly in Numbers. Each to contain Twelve or more Engravings, with Descriptions. In Demy 8vo. and Foolscap 8vo.

Digitized by Google

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Encyclopædia Britannica, or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Fifth Edition; with a greatly Improved Set of Engravings. Vol. XIII. Parts I. & II.—and Vol. XIV. Part I. 18s. each.

Memoir respecting a new Theory of Numbers. Part I. By Charles Broughton, Esq. 4to. 12s.

ARTS (FINE.)

An Interesting Collection of Scripture Prints, engraved from the Paintings of Eminent Masters. By Mr Freeman. Adapted to illustrate Bibles, Common Prayers, and all Works of Scripture History. 8vo. Paper, 1*l.* 1s. Ditto Coloured, 2*l.* 2s. 4to Paper, 1*l.* 5s. Ditto Coloured, 2*l.* 10s.

Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris. By Messrs Segard and Testard, aequatinted in Imitation of the Drawings. By Mr Rosenberg. 4to. 1*l.* 11s. 6d. Plain. Coloured, 2*l.* 2s.

The British Gallery of Pictures, No. XI. Containing a highly-finished Engraving, exquisitely coloured from the Original Picture, painted by Parmigiano, entitled, *The Marriage of St Catherine.* Uncoloured, 10s. 6d. Proofs, 1*l.* 1s. Coloured, 6*l.* 6s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Biographical Dictionary. Vol. XVIII. XIX. & XX. Edited by Alex. Chalmers, F. S. A. 8vo. 12s. each.

A Gallery of British Portraits; containing those of Distinguished and Noble Personages during the Reigns of James I., Charles I., and under the Commonwealth. From Original Pictures and Drawings, not before Engraven; with Biographical Notices, collected from the best authorities. By James Caulfield. Parts I. and II. To be completed in Six Parts (each containing Six Portraits.) 15s. Plain; and 1*l.* 10s. in Colours.

History of that Inimitable Monarch, Tiberius. By the Rev. J. Rendle, M. A. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

DRAMA.

The Tragedies of Vittorio Alfieri. Translated from the Italian. By Charles Lloyd. 3 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 7s.

Old English Plays, Vol. III. 10s.

Theatrical Pocket Book, or Brief Dramatic Chronology. By Ralph Wewitzer. 18mo. 3s.

EDUCATION.

A Compendious Dictionary of the Latin Tongue, for the Use of Schools. By Alexander Adam, LL. D., late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. The Second Edition. To which are added, An English and Latin Dictionary, and an Index of Proper Names. 8vo. 18s.

Practical Hints to Young Females, on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family. By Mrs Taylor of Ongar, Author of 'Maternal Solicitude.' Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

Ellen, or the Young Godmother, a Tale for Youth. By A. C. Mant. 3s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Introduction au Style Epistolaire des François. Par George Sanley. 2s.

An Easy Grammar of Sacred History. By M. A. Rundal, of Percy House, Bath. A New Edition, enlarged. 4s.

New Orthographical Exercises. By Alex. Power. 3s.

Rules of Life; with Reflections on the Manners and Dispositions of Mankind. 12mo. 8s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A Sketch of the United States of North America, at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century, from 1800 to 1810: With Statistical Tables, and a New Map. By the Chevalier Felix de Beaujour. Translated by Wm. Walton, Esq. 8vo. 16s.

A General Description of Switzerland, according to the Last Division in Nineteen Cantons; interspersed with Historical Anecdotes, and Remarks on the Dress and Manners of the Inhabitants. Illustrated by Fifty Coloured Engravings of the Costume. By an English Lady. 2 vol. Royal 8vo. 3*l.* 13s. 6d.

The East India Gazetteer. By Walter Hamilton. 8vo. 25s.

Sketches of the History and Present State of the Russian Empire. By the Rev. William Anderson. 8vo. 12s.

Russia, Austria, China, England, and Turkey; Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of those Nations; illustrated by 274 Engravings, 5 vol. Royal 8vo. 15*l.* 15s.

Josy's General Description of Switzerland, 2 vol. large 8vo. coloured plates. 3*l.* 13s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Annals of Scotland, from the Yeir 1514 to the Yeir 1591. By George Marjoreybanks, Burgess of Edinburghe. (Only 50 Copies printed.) 8vo. 16s.

A Circumstantial Narrative of the Campaign in Russia, embellished with Plans of the Battles of Moscow and Malo-Jaroslavitz. By Eugene Labaume. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Narrative of the Retreat of the British Army from Burgos, in a Series of Letters. By G. F. Burrough. 8vo. 6s.

The History of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Accession of Edward the First, in two Parts. Part the First—comprising the Civil and Political History. Part the Second—containing the Literary History of England during that Period. By Sharon Turner, F. S. A. 4to. 1*l.* 16s.

Decrets, Ordonnances, Traités de Paix, Manifestes, Proclamations, Discours, &c. de Napoleon Bonaparte, depuis 1792 jusqu'à son Abdication en 1814. Extrait du Moniteur, par Lewis Goldsmith. 6 vol. 8vo. 7*l.* 7s.

A Genealogical History of the English Sovereigns, from the Conquest to George III. By W. Toplis. 16s.

Memoires sur la Guerre des Français en Espagne, pendant les Années 1808, 9, 10. Par M. de Rocca, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Campaign of Paris in 1814. To which is prefixed, a Sketch

Digitized by Google

of the Campaign in 1813, compiled from authentic Documents, and the Testimony of Eyewitnesses. From the French of P. F. F. J. Giraud. 8vo. 6s.

Crevier's History of the Roman Emperors, from Augustus to Constantine. Translated from the French by John Mill esq. 10 vol. 8vo. 4*l*.

LAW.

A Treatise on the Abuses of the Laws, particularly in Actions of Arrest. By A. Pearce, Gent. 6s.

Trial of Major William Gordon for the Murder of George Gregory. 2s.

An Inquiry into the Nature of the Kingly Office, and how far the Act of Coronation is an indispensable Solemnity. By T. C. Banks, esq. 8vo. 7s.

The Trial of Colonel Quintin, of the 10th Hussars, by a General Court-Martial, on the 17th of October 1814. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Principles and Practice of the Court of Chancery, under the following Heads:—1. Common Law Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; 2. Equity Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; 3. Statutory Jurisdiction of the Chancellor; 4. Specially delegated Jurisdiction of the Chancellor. By Henry Maddock esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister. 2 vol. 8vo. 2*l*. 6s.

The Practice of the Insolvent Court. By J. P. Smith esq., Barrister. 8vo. 7s.

Observations on the Marriage-Laws, particularly in reference to the Case of Desertion, or a fraudulent and violated Contract; in which the Right of the injured Party is supported by Religious, Moral, and Historical Evidence, demonstrating the Necessity of Legislative Interference. 8vo. 12s.

A Practical Guide to the Quarter and other Sessions of the Peace, adapted to the Use of young Magistrates and Gentlemen of the Legal Profession at the Commencement of their Public Duties. By W. Dickenson esq. Barrister-at-law, &c. 8vo. 12s.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, AND ANATOMY.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, exhibiting a concise View of the latest and most important Discoveries in Medicine, Surgery, and Pharmacy. (Published Quarterly.) No. 41 & 42. 3s. each.

A Practical Explanation of Cancer in the Female Breast, with the Method of Cure, and Cases of Illustration. By John Rodman, M. D. Surgeon, and Medical Superintendant of the Dispensary. Paisley. 8s.

A Treatise on the Puerperal Fever, illustrated by Cases which occurred in Leeds and its Vicinity, in the years 1809—12. By William Hey junior. 8vo. 8s.

A Practical Treatise on Porrigo or Scald Head, and Impetigo, the Humid or Running Tetter: with coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Diseases. By the late Robert Willan, M. D. F. R. S. and

Digitized by Google

F.A.S. Edited by Ashby Smith, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons. 4to. 12s.

Cases of Tetanus and Rabies Contagiosa, or Canine Hydrophobia; with Remarks, chiefly intended to ascertain the Characteristic Symptoms of the lattef Disease in Man and certain Brutes, and to point out the most effectual Means of Prevention. By Caleb Hillier Parry, M.D. F.R.S. 8vo.

Observations on Adhesion; with Two Cases, demonstrative of the Powers of Nature to reunite Parts which have been by Accident totally separated from the Animal System. By William Balfour, M.D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Surgical Works of John Abernethy, F.R.S. A new Edition. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 9s.

Blumenbach's Institutions of Physiology. 8vo. 8s.

Statement of the Last Illness and Death of Mrs Southcott. By Dr Reece. 8vo. 4s.

Engravings of the Thoracic and Abdominal Viscera, and the Canals connected with them; representing the natural Appearance of those important Parts immediately after Death, and without being affected by previous Disease. Drawn under the Direction of, and with descriptive Letter-press, by Alexander Monro junior, F.R.S. Royal 4to. 16s.

A Statement of the Early Symptoms which lead to the Disease termed Water in the Brain, with Observations on the necessity of a watchful attention to them, and on the fatal consequences of their neglect, in a letter to Dr Wall, of Oxford. By G. D. Yeats, M.D. of Trinity College, Oxford, and of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

A Dissertation on Gunshot Wounds. By Charles Bell, Surgeon. Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings. royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. The fifth volume; with Eight Plates. 8vo. 18s.

Pathological Researches. By J. R. Farre, M.D. royal 8vo. 7s.

The Morbid Anatomy of the Brain, in Mania and Hydrophobia; with the Pathology of these two Diseases, as collected from the Papers of the late Andrew Marshall, M.D. To which is prefixed a Sketch of his Life. By S. Sawrey. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

An Illustration of Mr Hunter's Doctrine, particularly concerning the Life of Blood, in Answer to the Edinburgh Review of Mr Abernethy's Lectures. By Joseph Adams, M.D. 1s. 6d.

The Physiognomical System of Drs Gall and Spurzheim, founded on an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Nervous System in general, and of the Brain in particular; and indicating the Dispositions and Manifestations of the Mind. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. Illustrated by numerous Plates. Royal 8vo. 1*l.* 10s.

Delineations of the Cutaneous Diseases, comprised in the Classification of the late Dr Willan; being a republication of the greater part of the Engravings of that author, in an improved state; to-

Digitized by Google

gether with a New Series, which will comprehend the Remainder of the System. By T. Bateman, M. D. F. L. S. Physician to the Public Dispensary, and to the Fever Institution. With Six coloured Plates. Fasciculus I. Part I. 4to. 1*l.* 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Proposal for improving the System of Friendly Societies, or of Poor Assurance Offices, so as to render Parochial Taxation unnecessary. By Jerome Count de Salis. 2s. 6d.

Manuel du Voyageur, or Traveller's Pocket Companion; containing 50 Dialogues on the most usual Expressions in travelling, and different circumstances in Life. By M. de Genlis. In English, French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese. 8s.

Miscellaneous Tracts on Religious, Political, and Agricultural Subjects. By Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Llandaff. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

System and no System; or the Contrast. By Maria Benson. 12mo. 6s.

The Maskers of Moorfields, a vision. By the late Arthur Griffinhoof. 3s.

Theory on the Classification of Beauty and Deformity, exemplified in various Works of Art and Nature, and by Forty-two Charts and Plates. By Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. 4to. 3*l.* 13s. 6d.

Boxiana, or Sketches of Ancient and Modern Pugilism; with Thirty Portraits. 12s.

The Cheap Magazine; having for its object the Prevention of Crimes. With Sixty-five Cuts. 2 vol. 9s. 1200 pp.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1812. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 4s.

A Letter to William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. Vice-President of the African Institution, &c. &c.; containing Remarks on the Reports of the Sierra Leone Company, and African Institution: with Hints respecting the Means by which a Universal Abolition of the Slave Trade might be carried into effect. By Robert Thorpe, Esq. LL. D. Chief Justice of Sierra Leone. 3s.

A Special Report of the General Committee of the London Infirmary, for curing Diseases of the Eye. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Brown and Jackson's Calculator. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Gaol of the City of Bristol compared with what a Gaol ought to be. By a Citizen. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Report of the London Society for the Encouragement of Faithful Female Servants, instituted 1813. 6d.

No. I. of a new Literary Journal, entitled the British Lady's Magazine. To be continued monthly. 2s.

The Museum, or Man as he is; being a Chrono-Demono-Mytho-Patho-Theo-Deo, and several other O-Logical Dissertations on the Dignity of Human Nature, calculated to display a few of the various and curious materials of which it is composed; by a Lord of the Creation. With a Frontispiece by Rowlandson. 12mo. 5s.

Morsels for Merry and Melancholy Mortals; with a coloured Frontispiece. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

Digitized by Google

A Familiar Treatise on Drawing, for Youth; being an Elementary Introduction to the Fine Arts, designed for the instruction of Young Persons whose genius leads them to study this elegant and useful branch of Education. By C. Taylor. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

East India Register and Directory, for 1815, corrected to November. 7s. 6d.

The English Works of Roger Ascham, Preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, with some Original additions. 21s.

The Printer's Job Price-Book, containing eighty-one tables of the master-printer's charges to the public, for various descriptions of jobs, on paper of different qualities, with corresponding degrees of workmanship. Also, a Table, showing the quantity of paper to be given out for the respective sizes and numbers. By Philip Rose and John Evans, master-printers, in Bristol. Foolscap 8vo. 8s.

Tabulæ Arithmeticæ, or the Counting-House Assistant, containing upwards of forty of the most approved Arithmetical Tables, extended and arranged upon a new Plan. By Joseph Taylor.

A Table of Remarkable Circumstances attending particular Numbers, from 1 to 9. By Joseph Taylor.

A Treatise on the Coal Trade, and its Abuses; with Hints for Amelioration; an Historical Account of Coal-mining; a Chronological Deduction of the Rights, Liberties, Charters, and Regulations, under which the Coal Trade has existed from the Reign of Henry III. to the present Time; with extracts from the Appendix of the Ninth Report of the Commissioners of Naval Enquiry. By R. Edington. Second edition. 9s.

Letter to Lord Viscount Melville. By a Member of the Society of Writers to the Signet. 8vo. 5s.

The Pocket Herald, or Gentleman's Companion, a concise Introduction to Heraldry. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Time's Telescope for 1815. 12mo. 9s.

Evening Amusements for the Year 1815. By William Frend, esq. M. A. 12mo. 3s.

MATHEMATICS.

Geometria Legitima, or an Elementary System of Theoretical Geometry, in eight Books; including the Doctrine of Ratios, &c. By Francis Reynard. 7s. 6d.

A Key to Bonnycastle's Trigonometry. By Griffith Davies. 8vo. 5s.

An Enquiry into the Principles of the Elements of Mathematics. By George Douglas.

The first Six Books of Euclid restored to their original purity; to which are added, the Principles of Sines, Tangents, and Secants, with the manner of constructing the same. By George Douglas.

A Treatise on the Construction of Maps; in which the Principles of the Projections of the Sphere are demonstrated, and their various practical relations to Mathematical Geography deduced and explained. Systematically arranged, and scientifically illustrated, from 20 Plates of Diagrams. By Alexander Jamieson. 8vo. 9s.

Digitized by Google

A New Translation of Dedacus Placidus de Titus's Primum Mobile, or Celestial Philosophy; illustrated by upwards of 30 remarkable Nativities of the most eminent Men in Europe. By John Cooper, Teacher of Mathematics. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

The Gentleman's Mathematical Companion for the year 1815; containing answers, &c. to the last year's questions. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Treatise on Mechanics, intended as an Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. B. Bridge, B.D. F.R.S. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

Tables of Cube Measure. By T. D. W. Dearn. 12mo. 3s. 6d. bound.

MINERALOGY.

Mineralogical Nomenclature, alphabetically arranged with Synoptic Tables of the Chemical Analyses of Minerals. By Thomas Allan, esq. 8vo. 12s.

An Attempt to establish a pure Scientific System of Mineralogy; by J. Jacob Berzelius, M.D. F.R.S. Translated from the Swedish original, by John Black. 8vo. 6s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Observations on some interesting Phenomena in Animal Physiology, exhibited by several species of Planariæ, illustrated by coloured figures of living Animals. By John Graham Dalyell, esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A General Description of Shells, arranged according to the Linnean System. By William Wood, F.R.S. and L.S. &c. No. VII. 5s.

An Introduction to Geology, illustrative of the general Structure of the Earth; comprising the Elements of the Science, and an Outline of the Geology and Mineral Geography of England. By Robert Bakewell. With several coloured Plates and Illustrations, a new edition, enlarged. 8vo. 16s.

The Naturalist and Traveller's Pocket Guide. By Geo. Graves, F.L.S. Author of British Ornithology. With coloured Plates. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer. By the Author of 'Waverley.' 3 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 1s.

Discipline; by the Author of 'Self-Control.' 3 vol. post 8vo. 1*l.* 4s.

Records of a Noble Family; by Jane Harvey, Author of 'Memoirs of an Author,' &c. &c. 4 vol. 18s.

Tales for Cottagers; accommodated to the present Condition of the Irish Peasantry. By Mary Leadbetter and Eliz. Shackleton. 12mo. 4s.

Rosanna, or a Father's Labour Lost. By Lætitia Matilda Hawkins. 3 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 7s.

The Magic of Wealth. By T. S. Surr, Author of the 'Winter in London,' &c. 3 vol. 18s.

The Guerilla Chief. By Emma Parker. 3 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 1s.

Digitized by Google

Hawthorn Cottage, a Tale. By J. Jones. 2 vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Modern Times, or the Age we Live in; a Posthumous Novel. By Eliz. Helme. 3 vol. 16s. 6d.

The Spanish Campaign, or the Jew. By Mrs Meeke. 3 vol. 18s.

The Saxon and the Gael, or the Northern Metropolis. 4 vol. 1*l.* 1s.

Anna, or Edinburgh. By Mrs. Roche. 2 vol. 10s.

Christabelle, the Maid of Rouen. By Mrs Hanway. 4 vol. 12mo. 1*l.* 4s.

The Fugitive, or Family Incidents. By the Author of 'Private History of the Court of England,' &c. &c. 3 vol. 12mo. 13s. 6d.

The Bachelor's Journal, inscribed (without permission) to the Girls of England. Edited by Miss Byron. 2 vol. 10s. 6d.

Secret Avengers, or the Rock of Glotzden. By Anne of Swansea. 4 vol. 1*l.* 4s.

Novice, or the Heir of Montgomery. By Matthew Moral. 3 vol. 16s. 6d.

Paired, not Matched, or Matrimony in the Fifteenth Century. By Mrs Ross. 4 vol. 1*l.*

A Father as he should be, or Obedience. By Mrs Hofland. 4 vol. 1*l.* 4s.

The Victim of Seduction; or the Memoirs of a Man of Fashion; a Tale of Modern Times. By the late Miss Gunning. 2 vol. 10s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Lord of the Isles: a Poem. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. 2*l.* 2s.

Same Work in 8vo. Second Edition. 14s.

Home: a Poem. By Ann Cuthbert Knight. 6s.

Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect. By Robert Tannahill. foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Modern Dunciad; a Satire. With Notes Biographical and Critical. 5s. 6d.

The Cloud Messenger of Calidasa, translated by H. H. Wilson, Esq. of Calcutta. 8vo. 7s.

Dermid; or Erin in the Days of Born; a Poem. By John d'Alton, Esq. Barrister at Law. 4to. 2*l.* 5s.

The Triumph of Innocence: a Poem. 2s. 6d.

Ovid's Metamorphoses; translated by T. Orger, with the Latin Text printed in form of Notes. 8vo. 21s.

Laurea Corona, or a Garland of Bays: a Lyric Poem, with explanatory Notes.

Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise Delivrée, Poëme Epique, en Vingt-quatre Chants. Par Lucien Bonaparte, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. 2 vol. 4to. 4*l.* 4s. Royal, 7*l.* 7s.

Roderick, the last of the Goths; a Tragic Poem. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet-Laureat, &c. 4to. 2*l.* 2s.

The Flower of Wye, a Poem, in six Cantos. By Henry Ingram. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Pilgrims of the Sun, a Poem. By Jas. Hogg. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Familiar Poems, Moral and Religious. By Susannah Wilson, a Servant Girl. 18mo. 2s.

The Lay of the Poor Fiddler, a Parody on the Lay of the Last Minstrel. By an admirer of Walter Scott. Foolscap. 5s.

Jephtha, a Poem. By Edw. Smedley, jun. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Original Lines and Translations. By the Author of the 'Bioscope.' Foolscap 8vo. 4s.

Lothaire: a Romance, in Six Cantos, with Notes. By Robt. Gilmour. 5s.

The Cadet, a Poem, in Six Parts; containing Remarks on British India. 2 vol. foolscap 8vo. 14s.

Sir Wilibert de Waverley, or the Bridal Eve, a Poem. By Eliza S. Francis. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

The Only Child, in Two Cantos. 3s. 6d.

A Poem, descriptive of a Cruise in the Channel, with the last Voyage of Mungo Park to Africa. 2s. 6d.

The Life and Lucubrations of Crispinus Scriblerus. Part I. 8vo. 4s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the probable Effect of a great Reduction of Corn Prices by Importation; upon the relative Condition of the State and its Creditors; and of Debtors and Creditors in general. 8vo. 3s.

Observations on lowering the Rent of Land, and on the Corn Laws. By George Booth. 8vo. 7s.

Letters from Albion to a Friend on the Continent; written in the years 1810 to 1813. 2 vol. 12mo. 14s.

An Exposé on the Dissensions of Spanish America; containing an Account of the Origin and Progress of those fatal Differences, &c. &c. By William Walton, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

A Letter to Lord Ellenborough, by Lord Cochrane. 5s.

Secret Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte; written by one who never quitted him for fifteen years. 2 vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Reflections on the Financial System of Great Britain, and particularly the Sinking Fund; written in France in the Summer of 1812. By Walter Boyd, Esq. 2s. 6d.

The Objections against the Corn Bill, Refuted. By W. Spence, Esq. 2s. 6d.

Considerations on the Expediency of continuing the Property-Tax a certain number of Years. 2s. 6d.

A Letter in Reply to M. Carnot, by an Englishman.

The Grounds of an Opinion on the Policy of restricting the Importation of Foreign Corn. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent, and the Principles by which it is regulated. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus. 8vo. 3s.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL.D., a New Edition: With Notes, and an additional Volume, containing Observations on the Subjects treated of in the Text of Dr Smith: By David Buchanan, 4 vol. 8vo. 2*l.* 8s.

Digitized by Google

PHILOLOGY.

A Synopsis of French Grammar, comprehending the most useful and necessary Rules in Chambaud's Grammar. By P. F. Merlet. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A French Delectus, or Sentences and Passages collected from the most esteemed French Authors. By the Rev. Israel Worsley. 12mo. 4s.

Elements of Hebrew Grammar, in two Parts.—Part I. the Doctrine of the Vowel Points, and the Rudiments of the Grammar.—Part II. the Structure and Idioms of the Language, with an Appendix, containing the Notation of the Hebrew Words in Roman Letters. By J. F. Gyles Esq. A. M. 8vo. 12s.

The French Interpreter, or a Vocabulary of Words and Phrases, for the Use of Persons unacquainted with the French Language, in a neat pocket volume. By F. W. Blagdon esq. 5s.

French Pronunciation, alphabetically exhibited, with Spelling Vocabularies, and New Fables, French and English. By C. Gross. 2s.

A Grammar of the English Language: to which is added, an ample Series of Polished Examples of the Structure of Sentences. By the Rev. J. Sutcliffe. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

Discourses on the Evidence of the Jewish and Christian Revelations, with Notes and Illustrations. By Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood, Bart. D. D. F. R. S. Edin. 8vo. 12s.

Sermons by William Crawford, D. D. Minister of Straiton. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

Sermons, chiefly on Devotional Subjects. By the Rev. Archd. Bonar, Minister of Cramond. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Sermons by the Rev. E. Cooper, Vol. III. 12mo. 5s.

Discourses on Practical Subjects. By Job Orton. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s.

A Collection of Scripture Maps; exhibiting the principal places mentioned in the Old and New Testament; accurately coloured. 8vo. 14s. 6d. or 4to. 18s.

Plain Discourses, delivered to a Country Congregation. By the Rev. Wm. Butcher, M. A. 2 vol. 12mo. 10s.

Creed Philosophic, or Immortality of the Soul. By Nathaniel Cooke, Esq. 4to. 12s.

The Doctrines of Devils, illustrated in Epistles from Satan to Arian, Socinian, and other Deists. By Robt. Thomson. 5s.

Short Discourses on the Lord's Prayer, chiefly designed for the use of country villages. By Isaac Man. 2s. 6d.

A Brief and Connected View of Prophecy, being an Exposition of the Second, Seventh, and Eighth Chapters of the Prophecy of Daniel; together with the Sixteenth Chapter of Revelation; to which are added, some Observations respecting the Period and Manner of the Restoration of the Jews. By Captain Maitland, Royal Artillery. 8s. 6d.

Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford. By Edward Garrard Marsh, M. A. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Christian Morals, or Practical Precepts and Rules of Duty; selected from the Epistles of St Paul, St James, St Peter, and St John, 8d.; or 9s. a dozen.

Sermons on several Subjects and Occasions. By the late Rev. John Hoare, Chancellor and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Limerick, Ireland. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Body of Divinity, wherein the Doctrines of the Christian religion are explained and defended, being the substance of several Lectures on the Assembly's larger Catechism By T. Ridgley, D.D. 4 vol. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s.

An Inquiry into the Antiquity of the Sabbath, chiefly with reference to the Opinion of Dr Paley. By Wm. Cooper, B. D. 1s. 6*d.*

An Essay on the Holy Eucharist, or a Refutation of the Hoadleyan Scheme of it. By Henry Card, M. A. 13s.

A New Edition of Dr Gill's Body of Doctrinal and Practical Divinity. 4to. 1*l.* 15s.

A Summary of the History of the English Church, and of the Sects which have departed from its Communion; with Answers to each Dissenting Body, relative to its Pretended grounds of Separation. By Johnson Grant, M. A. 2 vol. 8vo. 14s.

Devotional Exercises and Prayers, for the private use of Reflecting and Sincere Christians; from the German of the Rev. G. S. Zollikoffer. By the Rev. William Fecke. 8vo. 12s.

A Sermon, never preached, but respectfully addressed to both Houses of Parliament. 8vo. 2s.

The Wanderings of the Human Intellect, or a Dictionary of all Religions into which the World is divided. By the Rev. John Bell. 10s. 6d.

Sermons by the Rev. J. Venn, M. A. Rector of Clapham. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 1s.

Female Scripture Characters, exemplifying Female Virtues. By Mrs King. 12mo. 8s.

ΑΙΡΕΣΕΩΝ ΑΝΑΣΤΑΣΙΣ: or a New Way of deciding Old Controversies. By Basanistes. Third edition, enlarged. 8vo. 7s.

Sermons by Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. Dean of Bocking. 2 vol. 8vo. 18s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Historical, Topographical, and Descriptive Account of the Weald of Kent. By T. W. Dearn. 8vo. 15s.

A Picturesque Delineation of the most Beautiful Scenery on the Banks of the Thames, from its Source to its Confluence with the Sea; from Original Drawings made by Owen, Clennell, and others, No. 2. 1*l.* 1s. Proofs 1*l.* 10s.

A Statistical Account, or Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn up from the Communications of the Clergy. By Wm. Shaw Mason, Esq. M. R. I. A. Remembrancer and Receiver of First-Fruits, and Secretary to the Board of Public Records. 8vo. Vol. I. 1*l.* 10s.

A Topographical Account of Bawtry and Thorne (Yorkshire), with the villages adjacent. By W. Peck. 4to. 1*l.* 11s. 6d.

Digitized by Google

Roberts's Cambrian Antiquities, coloured plates. 8vo. 18s.

The History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Churches of Great Britain. Vol. I. containing Canterbury, Chichester, Lincoln, Oxford, Peterborough, and Winchester Cathedrals; with complete Lists of the Bishops and Deans; illustrated by sixty-four highly finished Engravings, representing the most interesting monuments, exterior and interior views, ground plans, &c.; executed by James Storer. 8vo. 3*l.* 3s.—super-royal 5*l.*—4to. India paper proofs, 8*l.* 12s.

The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland; Comprising Specimens of Architecture and Sculpture, and other Vestiges of former Ages, accompanied by Descriptions; together with Illustrations of Remarkable Incidents in Border History and Tradition. By Walter Scott, Esq. in Imperial 4to and Medium 4to., eleven parts; containing 66 plates. Medium 4to. 5*l.* 15s. 6d.; Imperial 4to. 8*l.* 16s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, during the Years 1810 and 1811. By a French Traveller, with Remarks on the Country, its Arts, Literature, and Politics, and on the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants; with numerous Engravings. 2 vol. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s.

The Narrative of Capt. Dennis Henchy O'Brien, R. N.; containing an Account of his Shipwreck, Captivity, and Escape from France, after undergoing a series of sufferings, which lasted for nearly five years. 7s.

Alpine Sketches, comprised in a short Tour through Parts of Holland, Flanders, France, Savoy, Switzerland, and Germany, during the Summer of 1814. By a Member of the University of Oxford. 8vo. 9s.

Narrative of a forced Journey through Spain and France, as a Prisoner of War, in the Years of 1810 to 1814. By Major-General Lord Blayney. 2 vol. 8vo. 1*l.* 6s.

Travels in South Africa, on Account of the Missionary Society. By the Rev. J. Campbell, with plates. 8vo.

Notes on a Journey through France, in July, August, and September, 1814. By Morris Birbeck. 8vo. 4s.

A Tour through some Parts of France, Switzerland, Savoy, Germany, and Belgium, during the Summer and Autumn of 1814. By the Honourable Richard Boyle Bernard, M. P. 8vo. 9s.

A Voyage to Cadiz and Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean to Malta and Sicily, in 1810 and 1811, including a descriptive Tour of Sicily and the Lipari Islands, and an Excursion in Portugal. By Lieutenant-General G. Cockburn, with 30 Plates and coloured Maps. 2 vol. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s.

INDEX.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

Africa, Journal of Mr Park's mission to the interior of, 471.

Agriculture, history of, during the feudal system, 74—causes of the change in the practice of English agriculture in the fifteenth century, ib.—remarks on its low state in Scotland about the end of the seventeenth century, 76—beneficial effects of the introduction of turnips and clover in rendering inferior soils productive, 83—little efficacy derived from potatoes in the improvement of agriculture, 85—remarks on the discovery and produce of the potatoe oat, ib.—alternation of white and green crops, 87—application of lime to the purposes of husbandry, 88—management of live stock in Scotland, ib.—Small's improved mode of the Scotch plough, 90—superior economy of employing horses in ploughs in place of oxen, 92—powerful effect of the thrashing-mill in diminishing the charges of husbandry, and augmenting the marketable produce of land, 93—observation on the proper size of farms, 97—on leases, 100.

Agriculture of Scotland, observations on the, by Sir John Sinclair, 72. (See *Sinclair*.)

America, researches concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of, 133. (See *Humboldt*.)

America, right and practice of impressment, as concerning Great Britain, &c. 243—the war entered into by both parties with reluctance a probable ground for its speedy termination, ib.—partiality of the government of America towards France, 244—their conduct when Britain rescinded the Orders in Council, ib.—a certain degree of animosity created between America and Britain, by the emancipation of the former, ib.—while it left behind it in America a feeling of gratitude towards France, 245—constitution of America purely democratical, 216—remarks on the evils arising from this form of government, ib.—observations on the Milan and Berlin decrees with respect to America, 247—on our Orders in Council, 248—impressment of American seamen, ib.—our expectations on the success of the war with America disappointed, 249—proposal made to the American government for peace, 250—remarks on the continuation of the war with America, 252—character of the American nation, 254—population, ib.—their means of defence, and war resources, 255—probable result of the contest, ib.—observations on the present state of Europe, 259—general dissuasive arguments against prosecuting the war with America, 260—remarks on the agriculture of, 498.

Andes, petrified sea-shells found in the summits of the, 155.

Anster Fair, a poem, by W. Tennant, 174.

Antillon, M. remarks on the conduct of the Spanish government with regard to, 535.

Digitized by Google

Antelope, description of the, found on the banks of the Missouri, 422.
Arblay, Madame de, the Wanderer, or Female Difficulties, a novel by, 320—general remarks on novel writing, ib.—remarks on the history of Don Quixote, 322—on Gil Blas, 325—on the character of Fielding, Smollet, Sterne and Richardson, as novel writers, 326—on the character of Mrs Radcliffe and Mrs Inchbald, 335—of Miss Edgeworth, 336—of Miss Burney's novels, 337—of Madame d' Arblay, 338.
Arkansaw, factory established by the United States on that river, 437.
Ass of Apuleius, story of the, 50.
Bears, white and brown, description of, found on the banks of the Missouri river, 422.
Birkbeck, Moses, Notes on a Journey through France by, 505.
Brain, Sir E. Home's observations on the functions of the, 439—instances in which particular portions of that organ have been found wanting or destroyed, 441—cases where the destruction or deficiency seems to have extended to the whole organ, ib.—instances where the whole brain has been destroyed without loss of sensibility, 446—cases in which the brain has been removed in quadrupeds, &c. without the loss of sensibility in any of their organs, 450—no part of the brain seem to be concerned in the operations which give rise to sensation, 450.
Brande, William Thomas, F. R. S. &c. additional observations by, on the effects of magnesia in preventing an increased formation of uric acid, &c. 369—two cases described, wherein are shown the beneficial effects of magnesia as a cure for gravelish complaints, 370—of muriatic acid in calculous complaints, 371—of citric and carbonic acids, 372—opinions of medical men on the properties and harmlessness of magnesia, 372—constant use of soda water supposed in many cases to have done harm, 374.
Brewster, Dr, extracts from his observations on a particular kind of micrometer, 35.
Boyd, Hugh Stuart, his select passages of the writings of St Chrysostom, St Gregory Nazianzen, and St Basil, 58—remarks on the merits of the Fathers, 58—character of St Justin the Martyr, 60—the chief advantage to be derived by the perusal of the Fathers, is the light they throw upon the rites and tenets of the Pagans, 66—remarks on Mr Boyd's translations, 68—extracts, 69—observations on his style and manner of writing, 72.
Buonaparte, Labaume's history of the Campaign in Russia by, 374.
Buonaparte, Napoleon, his arrival in Paris, 505—ambitious projects harboured by him soon after his arrival in the Island of Elba, 511—his landing at Cannes, 513—remarks on the Government of France refusing payment of his stipulated pension, 514—causes which produced his restoration, 518.
Cambden, Earl, letter from Mr Park to, dated Sansanding 17th Nov. 1805, 480.
Canada, Tartarian inscription found in the Savannahs of, in 1746, 146—Gray's letters written from, in the years 1806, 1807 and 1808, 243.

Digitized by Google

Carnot's, M. Memorial, 182—his character, 184—proceedings of the French Government upon the publication of his memorial, 187—remarks on the merits of his pamphlet, 189—extracts, 190, 191—M. Carnot's remarks on the accession of Lewis XVIII. to the throne of France, 193—remarks on the opinions of M. Carnot, 200—his birth and education, 201—his character as a soldier, 202—as a statesman, 204—his literary character, 206.

Chunboraso, description of the mountain of, 143.

Columbia, river, singular instance of the trunks of pine trees being found standing erect in the bed of the, 437.

Constant, Benjamin de, tracts on the spirit of conquest, liberty of the press, &c. by, 505.

Corn Laws, observations on the effects of the, 491. (See *Malthus.*)

Cotapaxi, description of the volcano of, by Humboldt, 142.

Cuvier, M., observations by, on the agriculture of France, 519.

Dickson, Mr Park's letter to, 478.

Dunlop, John, his history of fiction, being a critical account of the most celebrated prose works of fiction, from the earliest Greek romances to the novels of the present age, 38—tales, entirely and professedly fictitious, appear exclusively the production of a civilized age, 38—fiction in ruder times consisted not so much in the troublesome task of inventing incidents as in exaggeration, 39—view of the character of Arabian and Gothic fiction, 42—compared with the fables and superstitions of the Northern Bards, 43—earliest fictions obviously entitled to the greatest attention, on account of the information which may be extracted from them with regard to the history, manners and opinions, of the nation and age to which they belong, 46—two material defects in the plan of the author's works, his omission of the origin of fictitious narrative, and the limitation of his plan to prose fiction, 46—the reason alleged for this exclusion unsatisfactory, 47—character of the work, 48—remarks on the proper merit of a romance, 49—story of the ass of Apuleius, 50—history of the fictions of chivalry, 52—history of Merlin the enchanter, 54—general remarks on the work, 57.

Elba, island of, remarks on the impolicy of ceding it to Buonaparte, 508.

Excursion, the, a poem by William Wordsworth, 1—character of the work, compared with his former publications, ib.—the disproportion between the author's taste and his genius accounted for, 3—moral and religious enthusiasm, dangerous inspirers of poetry, 4—examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness, taken from the lowest ranks of society, absurd, 5—remarks on the doctrine which the work is intended to enforce, ib.—extracts, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

Fayette, M. de la, character of, 529.

Fiction, the history of, by John Dunlop, 38. (See *Dunlop.*)

France, tracts on the spirit of conquest, &c. by Constant, 505—visit to Paris, by Scott, ib.—Birkbeck's Notes of a Journey through

Digitized by Google

France, ib.—Napoleon Buonaparte in Paris, ib.—remarks on the treaty of Paris, 506—on the Congress at Vienna, ib.—on the impolitic measure of giving the Island of Elba to Buonaparte, 508—ambitious projects harboured by him soon after his arrival there, 511—his landing at Cannes, 513—remarks on the Convention of Fountainebleau, ib.—on the Government of France refusing payment of the stipulated pension to Buonaparte, 514—extract of a letter from Sir Niel Campbell, 516—causes which produced the restoration of Buonaparte, 518—M. Cuvier, remarks on the flourishing state of agriculture in France since the Revolution, 519—Mr Birkbeck's remarks on the same subject, ib.—Mr Scott's observations on the people of France, 525—effects of the French confiscation on the temper of the peasantry, 522—character of M. de la Fayette, 529—of M. Constant, 530—numerous classes in France bound by strong ties of interest and pride to a revolutionary government, 531—remarks on the conscription, and prodigious expenditure of human life in the campaigns of Spain, ib—unhappy effects of the revolution to be considered as the results of general causes, rather than vices peculiar to the French nation, 533—frequent changes of government promote a disposition to acquiesce in change, ib.—difficult to determine whether any prudence could have averted the present catastrophe, 533—the attack made by the ministers of Louis XVIII. upon the press, rendered his government odious, 534—policy of some of the restored governments in Europe extremely injurious to the Bourbon administration, ib.—observations on the government of Spain, ib.—case of M. Antillon, 535—remarks on the French army, 536—a crusade in behalf of the Bourbons, hopeless, 537—that course of policy that tends most to reclaim the population of France from its military habits, recommended, ib.

Gray, Hugh, letters written from Canada Bay, in the years 1806, 1807, and 1808, 243.

Hamilton, Robert, LL. D. &c., his inquiry concerning the rise and progress, the redemption and present state, and the management of the National Debt of Great Britain, 294—extracts from Dr Price's calculations, 295—remarks on the benefit of compound interest, which accrue to a nation in its transactions with the public creditor, 296—observations on the supposed utility of Government loans, 298—on the sinking fund, 303—extracts, 307, 308, 316—average value of different stocks in time of peace, 312—observations on Mr Vansittart's plan of finance, 314—general remarks on the funding system, 319.

Hogg, James, the Queen's Wake, a Legendary Poem, by, 157—the great end of criticism is public example and information, ib.—character of the work, 158—History of the Author, 159—Mr Hogg's qualifications as a Poet, 161—extracts from his Winter Morning Piece, 162—from the Story of Kilmeny, 164—from the Story of the Abbot of MacKinnon, 168—from the Witch of Fife, 172.

Home, Sir Everard, his Observations on the Functions of the Brain,

Digitized by Google

439—Speculations respecting the Nature of Mind universally abandoned, 439—corporeal Phenomena with which the operations of mind are connected, seem not to have been studied of late years with deserving attention, ib.—certain changes in the bodily organs necessary to the production of those states of mind which constitute sensation, thought, and volition, ib.—their seat in the nervous system, ib.—nothing known respecting their nature, ib.—intention of the editor's remarks on the phenomena of the nervous system, solely to promote investigation, 440—his observations confined to sensation, ib.—the precise parts of the nervous system affected, previous to sensation, not to be ascertained by direct observation, 440—different method of investigation proposed, ib.—two classes of cases relative to the brain examined, 441—*1st*, Instances in which particular portions only of this organ have been found wanting or destroyed, ib.—*2d*, Cases, where the destruction or deficiency seems to have extended to the whole organ, ib.—obvious conclusions deduced, *1st*, That the whole of the brain is not necessary to the changes preceding sensation, 445—*2d*, That none of the parts of this organ, which, in the cases referred to, are particularly specified to have been destroyed, are essential to these changes, ib.—instances in which the whole brain has been destroyed, without loss of sensibility, 446—character of the work, 448—extracts, 449—cases in which the brain has been removed in various quadrupeds, &c. without the loss of sensibility in any of their organs, 450—no part of the brain concerned in the operations which give rise to sensation, ib.—opinions advanced to the contrary, examined, ib.—precise parts of the nervous system, which are concerned in the changes preceding sensation, seem to be confined entirely to the nerves, 452.

Humboldt, Alexander de, his researches concerning the institutions and monuments of the ancient inhabitants of America, &c. 133—general remarks on books of travels, ib.—character of M. de Humboldt as a traveller, 134—description of two natural bridges found in the valley of Icononzo, 135—of the valley of Ordessa, ib.—of the waterfall of Tequendama, 137—of M. Humboldt's passage over the mountains of Quindiu, 139—of the volcano of Cotopaxi, 142—of the mountain of Chimborazo, 143—of the volcano of Jorulla, 144—curious mode of conveying intelligence between the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, and the provinces situated on the east of the Andes, 145—observations on the hieroglyphical writing of the Mexicans, ib.—Tartarian inscription found in the Savannahs of Canada in 1746, 146—inscription, supposed to be Phenician, found engraved on the rocks near the banks of the Taunton River, in New England, ib.—M. Humboldt's remarks on the hieroglyphical writing of the American nations, 147—of Mexican paintings, 148—history of the Toltecks, 149—of Mexican manuscripts and traditions, 150—their mode of computing time, 151—general conclusions by M. Humboldt, from his survey of the New World, 154—an attentive examination of the geological constitution of America, gives no countenance to the opinion that the

Digitized by Google

New Continent emerged from the ocean at a later period than the Old, 155—petrified sea shells found on the summit of the Andes, ib.—there is no proof that the existence of man is much more recent in America than in the other Continent, ib.—characteristic form and appearance of the American race, ib.—remarks on the beginning of civilization on the New Continent, 156.

Iconanzo, in South America, description of two natural bridges found in the valley of, 135.

Jorulla, description of the volcano of, 144.

Irvine, Dr, his view of the distribution of heat in different forms of the same body, 239.

Kater on the light of telescopes, 31—a new field of inquiry opened, ib.—his experiments on the Gregorian and Cassagrainian telescopes, 33—remarks upon the relative value of the conclusions deduced from the author's experiments, 35—extract from Dr Brewster's observations on a particular kind of micrometer, ib.—the photometer of Mr Leslie, in measuring the quantity of light, recommended, 36—hints and queries by the editor for the purpose of promoting farther inquiry on this subject, 37.

Kilmeny, story of, by Hogg, 164.

Kooskooskee River, description of the, 435.

Labaume, Eugene, his narrative of the campaign in Russia, 374—war, though the greatest curse and reproach of humanity, is nevertheless the most popular and interesting of all themes, ib.—Claims which the expedition of Bonaparte to Russia possess, not only in itself, but in the results which followed, 375—the army destined for the subversion of the Russian empire, one of the grandest displays of human power ever witnessed by the world, ib.—reflections suggested by its sudden destruction, ib.—the author's difficulties in the prosecution of this work, 376—character of the work, 377—abstract of the narrative, ib.—description of the scene presented after the storming of Smolensko, 378—of the battle of the Moskwa, 380—advice to politicians on the cruelty of war, 383—description of Moscow, 384—its conflagration, ib.—retreat of the French army, 388—description of the complicated sufferings endured on its retreat, 389—remarks on the existence of great armies, 394—to maintain a large class of men with such habits unsafe and inexpedient, 394—if war is again to commence, it is to the unhappy diffusion and prevalence of the military character in France that we shall be indebted for this dreadful catastrophe, 395—the probable share which Britain is likely to take in the contest, 395—and consequent results likely to follow, 396.

Leake, William Martin, researches in Greece by, 353—observations on the plan and outlines of the work, 357—style and manner of writing, 358—his philological qualifications, 360—extracts, 367.

Leslie, John, F. R. S. E. a short account of experiments and instruments depending on the relations of air to heat and moisture, by, 239—analysis of the work, ib.—Dr Irvine's view of the distribution of heat in different forms of the same body, adopted by Mr Leslie, ib.—this theory not generally understood on the Conti-

Digitized by Google

nent, 340—two modes in which heat is discharged from bodies, explained, ib.—extract from his experiments on the different quantities of heat discharged by radiation, ib.—remarks on Mr Leslie's opinion as to the transmission of heat by pulsation, 341—striking illustrations of the comparative effects of different surfaces in discharging and absorbing heat, 342—description of the differential thermometer, 344—his inventions for discovering the relations of air to moisture, 345—of his atmometer for discovering the quantity of evaporation from a humid surface in a given time, 348—remarks on his theory of rain, 349—his experiment of causing water to freeze by the cold produced by its own evaporation, 351—character of the work, 353.

Lewis and *Clarke*, Captains, their travels to the source of the Missouri river, and across the American Continent to the Pacific Ocean, in the years 1804, 1805, 1806, 412—general notion of the portion of the American Continent traversed on this expedition, ib.—number of persons employed in the expedition, 413—character of the narrative, ib.—description of the Missouri river, ib.—of the Platte river, ib.—of the Sioux Indians, 416—their population on the decline, ib.—supposed from the ravages of the small-pox, ib.—conference held with their tribe and Captains Lewis and Clarke, 417—their extreme poverty, ib.—description of the Ricaras, an Indian nation, 418—of the Mandans, 419—their religion, ib.—tradition of their origin, ib.—festivities, 420—their wonderful power in enduring cold, ib.—description of the antelope, 422—of white and brown bears, ib.—of the falls of the Missouri, 425—of an eagle's nest found on an island in the Missouri, ib.—of the Shoshonees, an Indian tribe, 428—their population and manner of subsistence, 432—dress, 433—and domestic economy, ib.—description of the Kooskooskee river, 435—singular instance of the trunks of pine trees being found standing erect in the bed of the Columbia river, 437—intention of the United States in placing a colony at the mouth of the Columbia, ib.—factory established near the Arkansaw river, ib.—remarks on the able manner in which the expedition to the sources of the Missouri was planned and conducted, 438.

Lord of the Isles, a Poem, by W. Scott, Esq. 273. (See *Scott*.)

Magnesia, Brande's observations on the effects of, in preventing an increased formation of uric acid, &c. 369.

Malthus, Rev. T. R. his observations on the effects of the corn laws, &c. 491—Primary importance of agriculture, ib.—Agricultural and commercial classes, decidedly at variance respecting the corn laws, ib.—opinions of speculative men divided on the question, ib.—Mr Malthus's opinion, in favour of a system of restrictions in the importation of corn, ib.—the Editor's remarks, on the policy of any measure inconsistent with the freedom of trade, ib.—Abstract of the arguments of Mr Malthus on the subject, 492—insufficient to prove the necessity of such restrictions, 496—to pass a law for the purpose of raising the price of bread, is in effect to tax the commercial and manufacturing classes for the benefit of

Digitized by Google

the landed proprietor, 497—Mr Malthus's chief reasons drawn from the peculiar circumstances of this country in conclusion, 497—remarks on the agriculture of France, ib.—of Poland, 498—of America, ib.—the notion of our being dependent upon France for a supply of subsistence chimerical, ib.—an interference with the regulations of markets, dangerous, 499—quantity of grain imported into Great Britain in 1810, 1811, and 1812, 500—effects of a low price of corn on the wages of labour, 501—connexion supposed to subsist between the money price of corn and the wages of labour, 503.

Mandans, the, an Indian nation, 419—description of their religion, ib.—tradition of their origin, ib.—festivities, 420—their wonderful power in enduring of cold, ib.

M'Kinnon, Abbot of, the story of the, by Hogg, 168.

Merlin, the enchanter, history of, 54.

Mexicans, observations on the hieroglyphical writings of the, 143—their paintings, 148—manuscripts and traditions, 150—their mode of computing time, 151.

Missouri, River, Captains Lewis and Clarke's travels to discover the source of, 412.

Moscow, description of, 384—Burning of, ib.

Moskwa, description of the battle of the, 380.

National Debt, Hamilton's inquiry concerning the rise and progress of, 294. (See *Hamilton*).

Niger, opinions as to the true termination of the, 487.

Ordessa, description of the victory of, 135.

Paradise of Coquettes, a poem, 397—character of the work, 397—remarks on the author's contrast of English poetry and manners, ib—powerful emotion the predominant characteristic of the popular poetry of the present day, 398—society at present distinguished, more by a sober, level and equable tone, than by extraordinary gaiety, ib.—the author's ideas of modern poetry incorrect, proved by his own composition, 400—his remarks on the ballad style of writing, ib.—outline of the poem, 401—extracts, 403, 406, 409—the author's character as a poet, 411.

Park, Mungo, the journal of a mission to the interior of Africa, in the year 1805, by, 471—his first journey performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, 471—first accounts of his death, 472—publication of his papers for behoof of his family, undertaken by the African Institution, ib.—character of the work, ib.—abstract of the latter part of Park's first journey, and his return home, 473—interesting account of the manner in which Park's mind was made up to undertake his second journey, 474—extracts from letters to Mrs Park and Mr Dickson, 478—death of Mr Anderson, 479—letter to Earl Cambden, dated Sansanding, 17. Nov. 1805, 480—to Mrs Park, 481—on the ambiguity of Isaaco's journal, 482—his account of Mr Park's death, 484—narrative of the route pursued by Mr Park, compared with the track of his former journey, 485—information respecting Sansanding, 486—practicability of conducting a caravan of

Digitized by Google

Europeans across that country, which lies between the Gambia and the Niger, proved, 486—remarks on the proper season for conducting such an undertaking, ib.—two striking examples of the admirable effects of the system of universal education in Scotland, 487—project for reaching Tombuctoo formed, and partly executed, by two Englishmen, ib.—opinions as to the true termination of the Niger, ib.—summary account of the great increase of trade which has taken place with the African nations since the abolition of the slave trade, 489—character of Mr Park, 490.

Platta, River, Captain Lewis and Clarke's description of, 413.

Poland, remarks on the agriculture of, 498.

Price, Dr, remarks on his calculations of compound interest, 295.

Queene's Wake, a legendary poem, by James Hogg, 157. (See *Hogg.*)

Quindiu, M. Humboldt's passage over the mountain of, 139.

Reece, Dr Richard, wonderful instance of credulity in his belief of Joanna Southcott's pregnancy, 464—extracts from his opinions in this case, ib.

Ricaras, an Indian tribe, description of, 418.

Romilly, Sir Samuel, remarks on his speech respecting the revival of the slave trade, 117.

Sansanding, information respecting the town of, 486.

Scott, John, a visit to Paris by, 505—his observations on the people of France, 525.

Scott, Walter, Esq. the Lord of the Isles, a poem by, 273—character of the work, ib.—remarks on Mr Scott's character as a poet, 274—general outline of the story, 276—extracts, 281 to 293.

Sharp, William, his discovery of the delay occasioned in the appointment of Joanna Southcott to her divine commission, 457.

Shoshonees, an Indian tribe, description of the, 428—their population and manner of subsistence, 432—dress, and domestic economy, 433.

Sinclair, Sir John, his Observations on the System of Husbandry adopted in the more improved districts of Scotland, with the improvements of which they are further susceptible, 72.

Sinclair, Sir John, his General Report of the Agricultural State and Political Circumstances of Scotland, drawn up for the consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, under his directions, 72—history of agriculture during the feudal system, 74—causes of the change in the practice of agriculture in England in the fifteenth century, ib.—remarks on the low state of agriculture in Scotland about the end of the seventeenth century, 76—character of the work, 81—beneficial effects of the introduction of turnips and clover in rendering inferior soils productive, 83—little efficacy derived from potatoes in the improvement of agriculture, 85—remarks on the discovery and produce of the potato-oat, ib.—alternation of white and green crops peculiarly distinguish the improved husbandry of Scotland, 87—remarks on the application of lime to the purposes of husbandry, 88—management of live-stock in Scotland, ib.—observations on the improvement made on the Scotch plough by James Small, 90—

Digitized by Google

superior economy of employing horses in ploughs in place of oxen, 92—powerful effect of the thrashing-mill, in diminishing the charges of husbandry, and augmenting the marketable produce of land, 93—remarks on the proper size of farms, 97—on leases, 100.

Sioux Indians, description of the, 416—their population on the decline, ib.—supposed from the ravages of the small-pox, ib.—conference held with their tribe by Captains Lewis and Clarke, 417—their extreme poverty, ib.

Slave Trade, revival of the, 107—conduct of the Bourbons respecting the slave traffic, ib.—of the British Ministry, 108—views of the French people in carrying on the slave trade, 109—remarks on Mr Wilberforce's letter to Talleyrand, 110—extracts, 114—Sir Samuel Romilly's speech, 117—extracts, 117, 118, 119—observations on the views of the government and people of France, in attempting to reconquer the Island of St Domingo, 124—zeal and ability displayed by the Duke of Wellington, in obtaining from the French Government an additional edict, fulfilling the stipulation of Lord Castlereagh, respecting the boundary of the slave trade on the African coast, 125—population of St Domingo, 127—state of Christophe's government and court, 128—letter from an English merchant, residing at St Domingo, on the means to be adopted, should the Island be attacked by a French army, 130—advice to the people of France, 131.

Smolensko, scene presented after the storming of, 378.

Southcott, Joanna, warning to the whole world, from the sealed prophecies of, &c. &c. &c. 452—remarks on the connexion between passion and credulity, 453—this infirmity of mind may be traced in all characters, ib.—birth and character of Joanna Southcott, 455—anecdotes of her youthful days, 456—appointed a prophetess by divine commission in 1792—cause of the long delay in her appointment to this office, discovered by Mr Sharp, 457—unanimous decision of 23 persons appointed by divine command to examine the writings of Joanna Southcott, that her calling was of God, 459—extracts from her warning to the whole world, 459, 460, 461, 462—her declaration of pregnancy by divine influence, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, the last and most extraordinary of all her delusions, 464—wonderful credulity of Dr Reece in this case, ib.—extracts of his opinions respecting Joanna Southcott's pregnancy, ib.—the authority of Dr Reece's opinions contributed much to make converts to Joanna Southcott's delusion, 466—his conversation with Mr Foley on her divine mission, 467—faith of her disciples not extinguished by her death, 469—great love and veneration expressed for Mrs S. by her disciples, even when their hopes were at the lowest, 470—strong suspicions that some writings have been published falsely in her name, ib.—the sect not confined to the lowest and most ignorant persons, as has been represented, ib.—mission of Joanna Southcott an extremely curious article in the history of human credulity, 471.

St Domingo, views of the government and people of France in attempting to reconquer it, 124—its population, 127—state of Chris-

Digitized by Google

tophe's government and court, 128—letter from an English merchant residing there, on the means to be adopted, should the island be attacked by a French force, 130.
Taunton river in New England, inscription, supposed to be Phenician, found engraved on the rocks near the banks of the, 146.
Tennant, W. his Poem of Anster Fair, &c. 174—character of the work, ib.—history of the author, 175—extracts, 177.
Tequendama, description of the waterfall of, 137.
Toltecks, history of the, 149.
Tombuctoo, project for reaching, formed, and partly executed, by two Englishmen, 487.
Tully Veolan, description of the hamlet of, 213.
Vansittart, Ch. of Exch., observations on his plans of finance, 314.
Wanderer, the, or Female Difficulties, by Madame d' Arblay, 320.
Waverley; or, 'tis Sixty Years Since, a novel, 208—character of the work, ib.—the author's object in this novel, 209—a faithful and animated picture of the manners and state of society that prevailed in the Northern part of Britain delineated, 209.—short outline of the story, 211—extracts, 213—description of the hamlet of Tully Veolan, ib.—Waverley's first interview with the Baron of Bradwardine, 216—curious description of his entertainment, 217—Waverley's excursion with Evan Dhu Maccombich, 222—extract from the closing scene of Fergus Macivor and Evan Maccombich, 233—description of the Baron of Bradwardine's situation after his discomfiture, 238—general remarks upon the work, 243.
Wellington, Duke of, remarks on the zeal and ability displayed by him, in obtaining from the French government an additional edict fulfilling the stipulation of Lord Castlereagh, respecting the boundary of the slave trade on the African coast, 125.
Wilberforce, W., Esq., remarks on his letter to M. Talleyrand on the slave trade, 110.
Witch of Fife, extracts from Hogg's story of the, 172.
Wordsworth, William, the Excursion, being a portion of the Recluse, a poem by, 1.

END OF VOLUME TWENTY-FOURTH.

No. XLIX. *will be published in June.*

D. Willison, printer, Edinburgh.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on o[illegible]te stamped below.

A fine o[illegible] incurred by retaining it b[illegible]ime.

Please return promptly.

HW 3MR6 E

DUE MAR 3 1 '47

OCT 20 '51 H

OCT 13 '58 H

42268 3

SEP 14 '63

CANCELLED

AUG 24 '63 H

STA[illegible] STUDY

CHARGE

CANCELLED

Digitized by Google